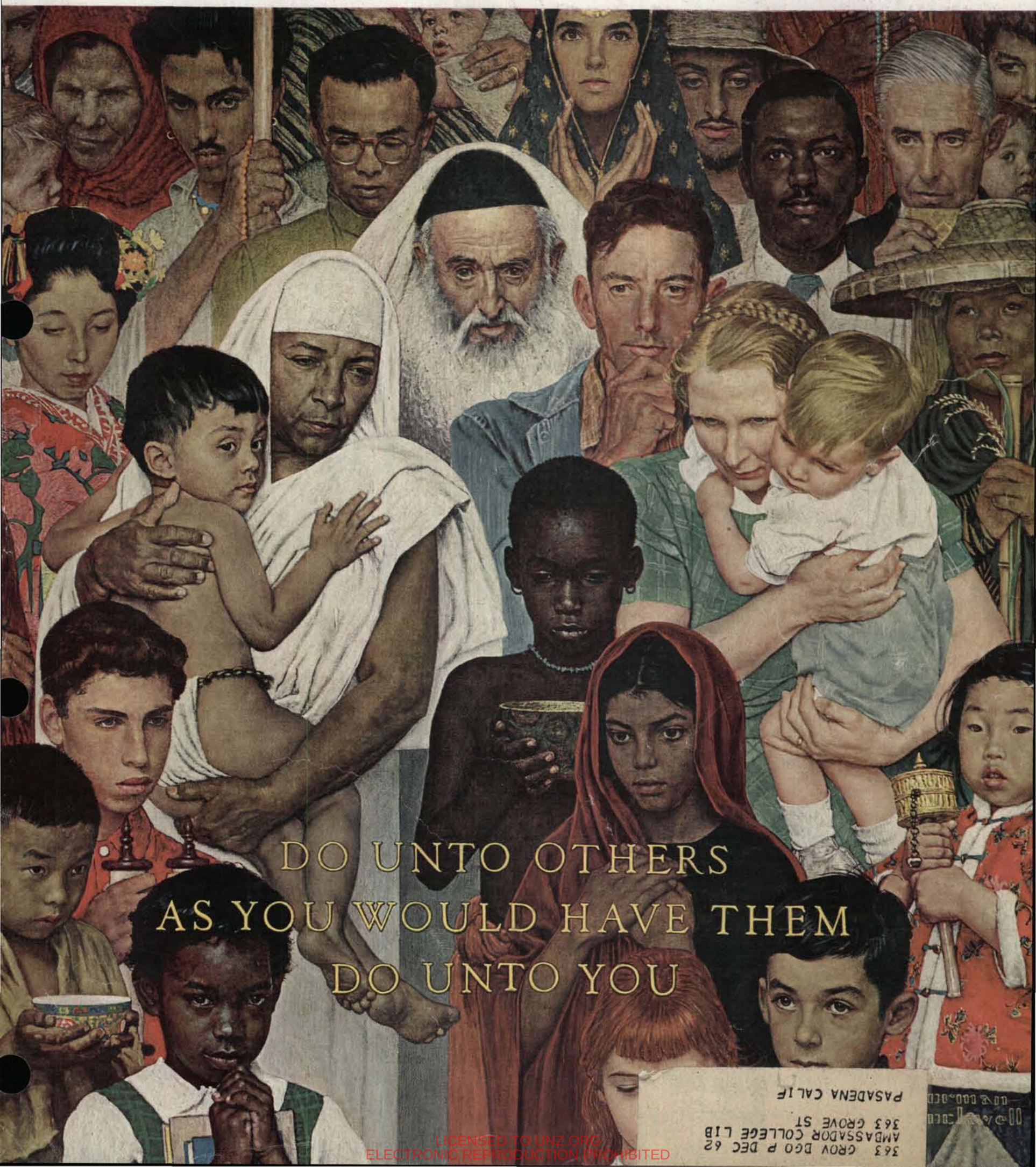
The Saturday Evening
POST
April 1, 1961 – 15¢

THE NEW UTAH

My Adventures Among the U.S. Senators

By DEAN ACHESON



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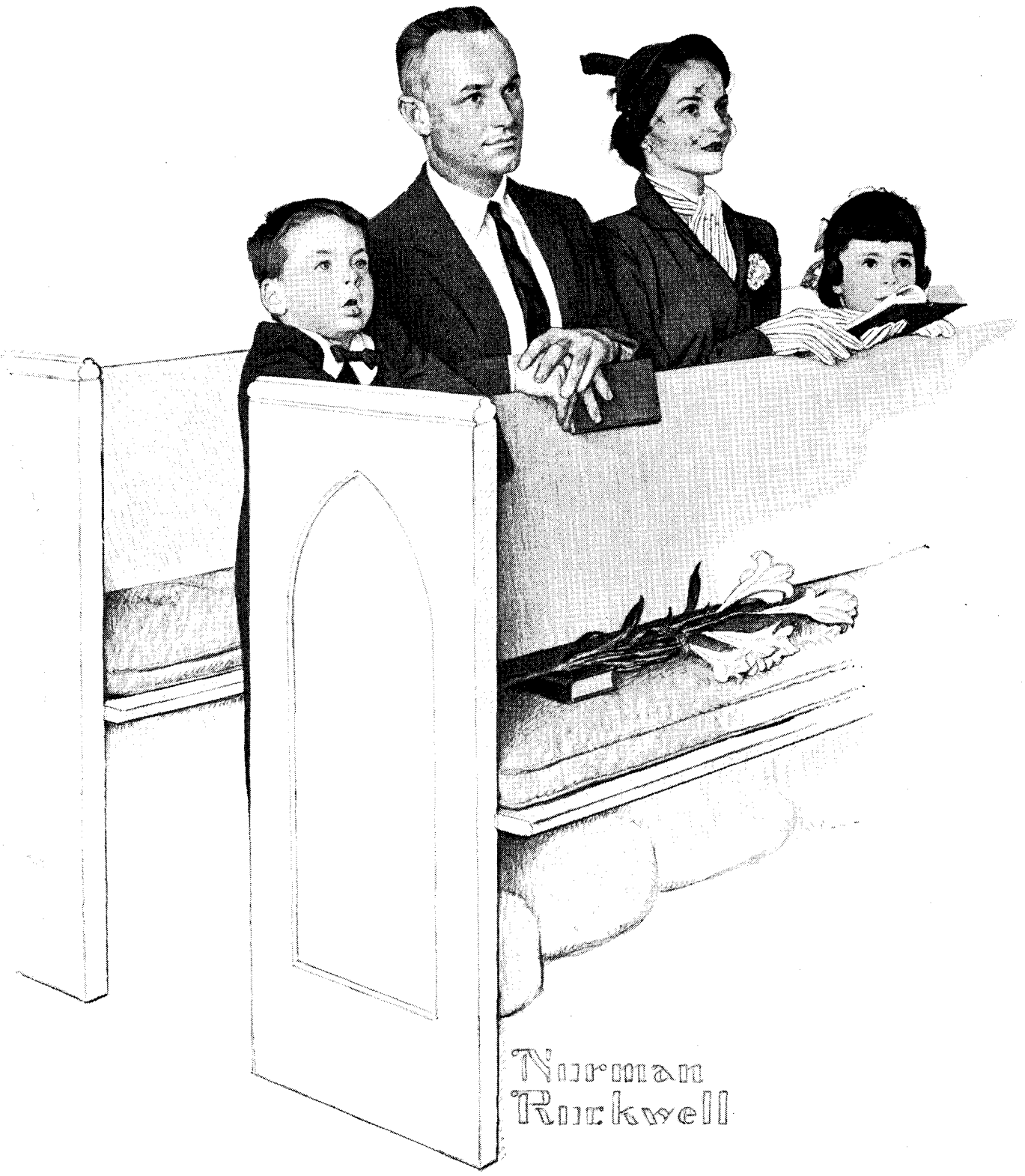

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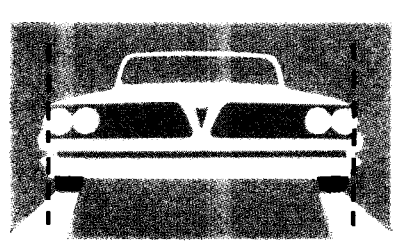

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THE COVER

The Buddhists say, "Hurt not others with that which pains yourself." The apostle Matthew wrote, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." In the Jewish *Talmud* we find, "What is hurtful to yourself, do not to your fellow man." And in the Hindu *Mahabharata*—"Do naught to others which if done to thee would cause thee pain." A fitting message for Easter and the Passover. Likewise fitting is that Norman Rockwell recently was cited by the National Conference of Christians and Jews for "dedication to the highest ideals of amity, understanding and co-operation among all men; and for artistic leadership in depicting with exacting technique and unfailing humor the universal fact that all men, great and unknown, are members of One Family of Man under God."

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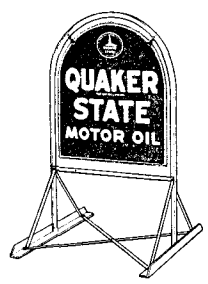

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Letters

Benton vs. Business Schools

Dear Sirs:

William Benton's article, THE FAILURE OF THE BUSINESS SCHOOLS [as told to Stanley Frank, Feb. 18] is as flagrant a piece of sterile criticism as can be imagined.

GEORGE D. WELCH
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

The article is 90 per cent hogwash.

HAROLD A. FREY
Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Benton's success in the advertising world attests to his mastery of the art of communication. Fortunately for him, advertising flourishes on emphatic statements without proof and a loose sense of ethics.

He might do a better job of discussing the issues of the day if he had studied some business-school subjects such as research, statistics and ethics.

RALPH WESTFALL
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Benton certainly knocks the props from under the specialization theory of education in the primary college curriculum. My heartiest congratulations to Mr. Benton, and may his ideas spread.

MARTIN J. REIDY JR.
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to William Benton . . . What he, Admiral Rickover and others are saying is that specialization in undergraduate years has produced low-caliber, vocational-and-technological "barbarians" of a subprofessional caliber. These "barbarians" find out too late that they have been seduced by a cafeteria-style curriculum pointed up for job-getting, not education.

MAURY M. TRAVIS
(Stanford '26, '30)
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

I'm a business-school product myself (N.Y.U. '36), and I've been hollering for a quarter of a century that I never learned anything about business till I *left* college.

ALFRED D. ROSENBLATT
Laconia, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

On campus you can tell the business majors. Their rooms are dark. They are either asleep or out on the town. A colleague of mine passed a course in business without attending classes. He thought he had dropped the course at six weeks and was amazed to find a passing grade on his grade report! This is not particularly encouraging for those who must work for their degrees.

LEONARD TAFEL, *Research Engineer*
Chicago, Ill.

The Profs and Benton

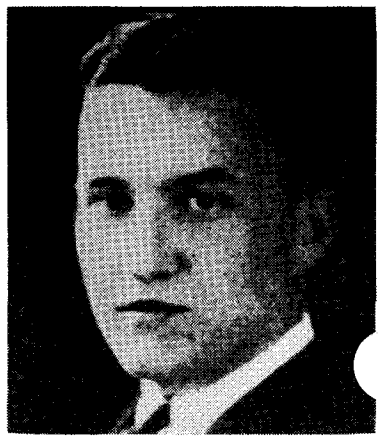
Dear Sirs:

Mr. Benton points to Clarence Randall, retired chairman of Inland Steel, as a man who believes his training in Greek and Roman languages served him well in his successful business career. He ignores the fact that Frederic G. Donner, chairman and chief executive of General Motors; Seth C. Beise, president of the Bank of America; C. R. Smith, president of American Airlines, and C. B. Burn president of Johns-Manville, are pr ucts of undergraduate education for bu ness.

RICHARD DONHAM, *Dean*
School of Business
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I note that Mr. William Benton is a product of a business curriculum. I note also that he has met with fabulous success. I contemplate with awe, therefore, the



Benton, the business major, in the Yale 1921 classbook.

heights which he might have attained had his foundation been in liberal arts rather than business.

WILLIAM M. STULL, *Assistant Professor*
Sacramento State College, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Benton's article leaves little doubt that he did receive a bad education.

JAMES W. CULLITON, *Dean*
College of Commerce
University of Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

There is another side to this story.

WILLIS J. WINN, *Dean*
Wharton School of Finance and Commerce
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Benton . . . left out much, nota perspective.

DAVID R. ROBERTS, *Dean*
College of Business Administration
Butler University
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

This article does incalculable and unjust damage to business education on the undergraduate level.

GORDON M. TRIM, *President*
Babson Institute of Business Administration
Babson Park, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

May I direct attention to a quotation ascribed to me in the article, stemming from the interview which I gave Stanley Frank. While there is much to be criticized in business education—and I have often been critical—it is most unfortunate that this quotation was significantly garbled.

I did tell Mr. Frank about my effort to enlarge the scope of the American Association of Collegiate Schools of Business, an effort which was defeated.

I also discussed with him the prop of the Ford and Carnegie reports to crease the requirement for nonbusiness

(Continued on Page 6)

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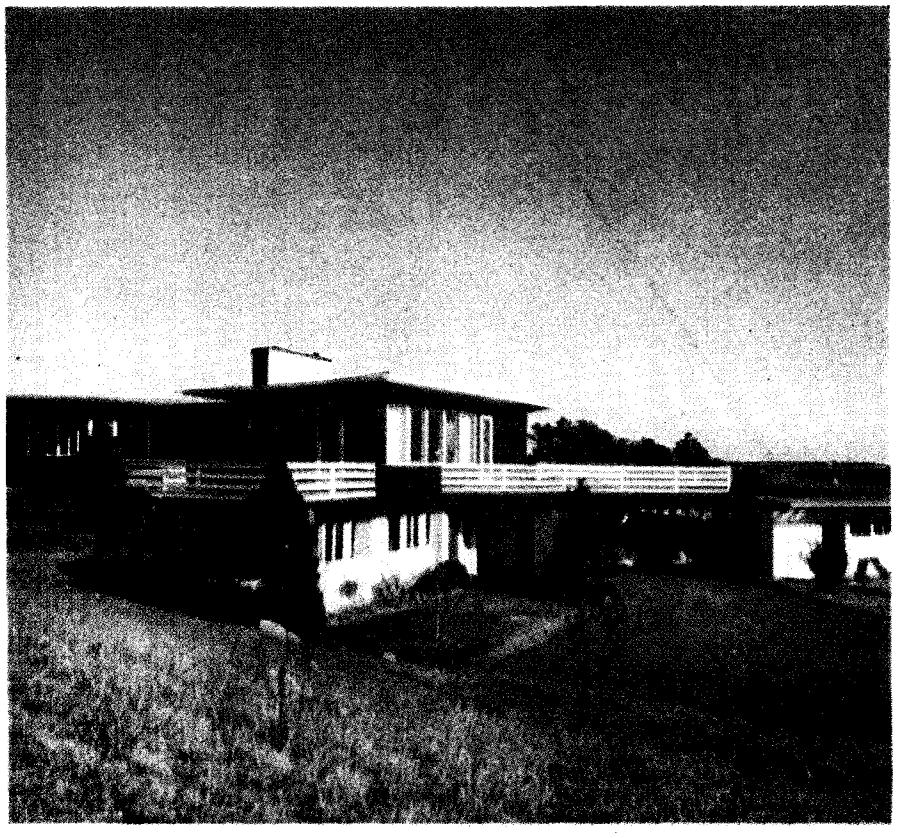

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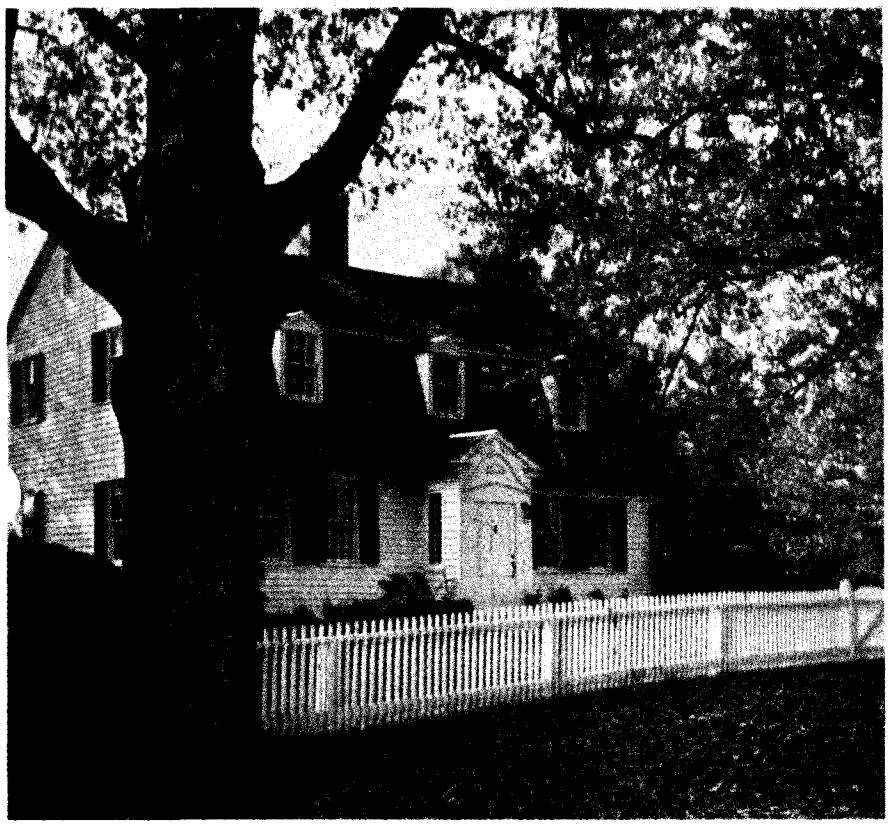

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

subjects from 40 to 60 per cent of total curriculum, a proposal with which I expressed hearty agreement.

In the article these discussions were combined to have me say I had been defeated in the A.A.C.S.B. in an effort to raise the requirement for nonbusiness subjects. This simply did not happen.

STANLEY F. TEELE, *Dean*
Harvard University Graduate School of Business Administration
Boston, Mass.

● *Stanley Frank replies: "Dean Teele is enthusiastic in his support of higher standards in business education. His descriptions of the two events came at me so rapidly that I got the erroneous impression that they took place at the same time." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Despite the deluge of mail you must surely have received from business-school faculty and administrators, not all schools of business are committed to the type of overspecialization and mediocrity Mr. Benton so strongly condemns. Our Department of Management, after two years of study, has just completed an undergraduate curriculum built around the kind of interdisciplinary core Mr. Benton recommends . . .

We expect fewer, but better, students.

DAVID W. BELCHER, *Chairman*
Department of Management
San Diego State College, Calif.

● *Reader Belcher is right about the "deluge of mail." Letters objecting to the article in varying degrees were received also from these business educators: Howard W. Johnson of M.I.T., Howard M. Norton of L.S.U., Howard T. Healy of Marquette, Glen Wing of Arkansas, Glenn A. Welsch of Texas, Robert L. Burke of Gonzaga, Rollin H. Simonds of Michigan State, M. S. Heidingsfield of Villanova, R. C. McAllister of Montana State, John W. McAuliffe of Detroit, A. W. Patrick of Virginia, Luke Rivers of Carroll College, R. F. Patterson of South Dakota, Burke A. Parsons of Baylor, Donald S. Gates of Albright College, Stephen A. Zeff of Michigan, and Mary Edna Seanor of Keuka College. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I was delighted to read the article. It says what I have been preaching for years.

FR. JOHN T. LOFTUS, *O.F.M. Conv., Dean*
Bellarmine College
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

As commanding officer of the U.S. Naval Officer Candidate School, which trains one half of all junior officers commissioned in the Navy each year, I say a hearty "amen" to Mr. Benton's indictment of business colleges. My "amen" is based on observations of the nearly 5000 young men who have been enrolled in the school since I became commanding officer in August, 1959. . . . In each class, about 13 per cent fail to pass. Invariably, business-college graduates make up a large percentage of those failures . . .

I personally interview each officer candidate who is failing, and I am convinced that business-college graduates in general are grossly lacking in mental discipline and reasoning power. Their education has in no way equipped them to become thinking leaders of men, which junior officers in the Navy must be. . . .

Business-college graduates, beware!

CAPT. R. W. CLARK, USN
Newport, R.I.

Dear Sears

Dear Sirs:

My eight-year-old daughter was looking over my shoulder while I was reading the current issue of *The Post*. After a minute or so she asked if Sears published *The Post*. I looked back to the previous pages to see if there was a Sears Roebuck ad and, finding none, asked where she got that idea. She said everybody was writing to Sears and pointed to the salutations in your LETTERS page, "Dear Sirs."

CHARLES K. LE VINE
Denver, Colo.

ZOOM SHOES

Dear Sirs:

"Sooner or later it was bound to come to that," says the caption for Shirvanian's amusing Feb. 25 cartoon. It did come sooner, by more than fifty years. Motor-driven skates were invented in 1906 by one Alphonse Constantini. They failed to gain universal popularity.

HENRY SHAW
Weston, Mass.

"Sooner or later it was bound to come to that."

● *Above, the inventor getting set for a run. Not surprisingly, photos of Alphonse successfully under way are unattainable. —Ed.*

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Reading across pages, then down:
4–Yale University News Bureau. • 6–From Motor Magazine. • 13, 14, 15–Frank Ross. 16, 17–Austin Briggs. • 18, 19–Farrell Grehan. • 20–Mike Ludlow. • 21–Larry Fried. 23–Jacob Lofman. • 24–United Press International; five by R. Satakopan. • 25–Robert Levering. • 26–Wide World. • 27–Ollie Atkins. • 28–United Press International; two from Wide World. • 29–Ollie Atkins. • 30, 31–Edwin Georgi. • 32, 33–Joern Gerdts. 34, 35–Bernard D'Andrea. • 36, 37–Austin Briggs. • 92–From Douglas Borgstedt; John R. Wells; Joern Gerdts.

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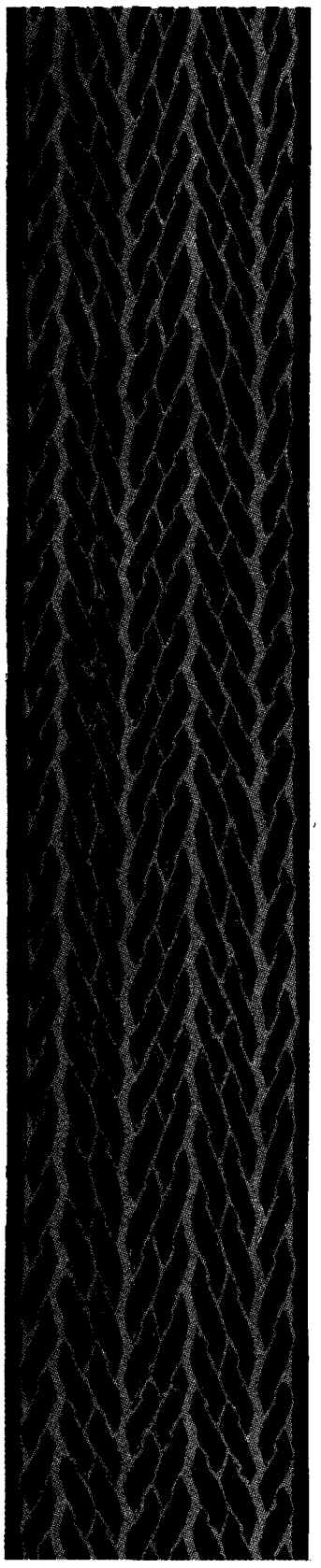

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Editorials

Did the Sanctions Against Trujillo Help the U.S.A.?

By DONALD M. DOZER

It is time to appraise the effects of the action taken against the Dominican Republic by the foreign ministers of the American nations at San José, Costa Rica, last August.

Last summer, at a time when the Castro revolution in Cuba was boiling furiously, the Inter-American Peace Committee, headed by United States Ambassador John C. Dreier, attributed the increase of tensions in the Caribbean to the "flagrant and widespread violations of human rights which have been committed and continue to be committed in the Dominican Republic."

Later a special Inter-American committee of five members, including Mr. Henry C. Reed for the United States, reported to the foreign-ministers' meeting that Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo Molina, who has ruled the Dominican Republic for the past thirty years with dictatorial force and considerable brutality, had been implicated in an attempted assassination of President Betancourt of Venezuela. Thereupon, the foreign ministers, including the then Secretary of State Herter, "emphatically" condemned the Dominican Republic, called for a rupture of diplomatic relations with it, banned all trade with it "in arms and implements of war of every kind" and agreed to study the desirability of extending this boycott to other articles of trade.

The Inter-American system, for the first time since its establishment in 1889, outlawed a member. Several American governments, including the United States, broke relations with the Dominican Republic. In doing so at the behest of the Organization of American States, the State Department abandoned our previous diplomatic practice of not employing this drastic sanction except where the interest of the United States itself is definitely involved. The Eisenhower Administration sought to deny the dictator's government a portion of the Cuban sugar quota that was due it under an act of Congress, but could not receive the necessary Congressional authorization. Though it was forced by law to assign the sugar quota to the Dominican Republic, it nevertheless penalized that country by offering to pay 35 per cent less a pound than we are paying other foreign suppliers of sugar.

What has all this done to America's position in the Caribbean? For one thing, Trujillo, whose co-operation with the United States in anti-Communist measures has been exemplary for a quarter of a century, has removed the ban on the Communist Party and now allows it to operate as the only legal opposition party in his country. He has temporarily withdrawn into the background of Dominican politics and is permitting the restoration of civil rights, many of which were denied by his regime. His newspapers and the powerful Radio Caribe are subscribing for the first time to Tass, the official Soviet press agency. A *rapprochement* between the Dominican Republic and Cuba is in the making. Politics has often made stranger bedfellows than Trujillo and Castro.

The choice at San José seemed to lie between the principle of nonintervention and the goal of representative democracy. The foreign ministers decided in favor of the latter, but in trying to impose an unfamiliar system upon the Dominican Republic they weakened the solidarity of the Americas and impaired our national defenses in the Caribbean, which have deteriorated to an alarming extent.

They did so at a time when Castro is making a squeeze play on our Naval base at Guantánamo, when the United States has been forced by nationalists in the West Indies Federation to surrender five of the bases that we acquired in the destroyer-bases deal of 1940. Any compensating advantage to this country from going along with the O. A. S. in this matter is difficult to detect.

Doctor Dozer is associate professor of history at the University of California, Santa Barbara. He is the author of *Are We Good Neighbors?* (University of Florida Press).
—THE EDITORS

This Hitching Post Makes a Profit for Many Communities!

According to the American Municipal Association, which is winding up an exhaustive study of parking meters in this country, in 1960 "no less than 1,950,000 parking meters were collecting $127,350,000 annually in 3850 communities." Prior to 1935, curbstone space went for free, and there may be some nostalgic souls who look back on that era with fond regret. The devices still are banned by state law in North Dakota.

Nevertheless, aside from a few unreconstructed individualists, the parking meter has become an accepted and even welcome fixture in a great many communities. The average motorist gets a feeling of relief when he spots a vacant space along a busy curb, and he is likely more than willing to feed nickels, dimes or quarters into the silent sentinel that doles out time in portions ranging from five minutes to twelve hours.

The American Municipal Association's study, expertly summarized in *Traffic Quarterly* by John R. Kerstetter, has unearthed a bundle of interesting facts. Between Escanaba, Michigan, with five parking meters, and New York City, which has 53,739, are ranged almost 4000 communities which have adopted the ingenious devices. Baltimore, which was the last major holdout, succumbed in 1956. The revenue collected from parking meters ranges from five dollars to $279 per meter annually, for an average take of about sixty-five dollars.

The study also reveals the doleful fact that inflation is creeping along the curbs. The nickel-an-hour parking meter, like the nickel cigar and the nickel candy bar, is vanishing rapidly. In 1951, 91 per cent of the meters dispensed an hour of parking time for five cents. By 1960, only 78 per cent did.

However, the parking meter heads confidently into its second quarter century. While it can be rather exasperating when one is without the proper coins to feed it, the meter has made life a bit more tolerable for most city motorists.

In Germany the Appeal of Socialism Seems on the Wane

When Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer meets the forty-seven-year-old mayor of West Berlin, Willy Brandt, in the upcoming election, it does not appear that the issue will be more or less socialism. The Social Democrats have put Brandt at the head of a not-so-socialist shadow cabinet, in case of success.

Germany's Socialists have learned the lesson of many a lost election. Adenauer's party has helped the nation's economic prosperity by consistently backing free enterprise and by whittling away the socialistic structures that are contained in Germany's economy.

Adenauer's party points to an opinion poll, taken by an organization in the city of Bielefeld. Voters were asked this question: "If it should happen, one day, that Doctor Adenauer were to leave the post of federal chancellor, who in your opinion would be most suited to fill his post?" Of those questioned, 27 per cent chose Finance Minister Ludwig Erhard, and only 14 per cent selected Brandt.

This choice points up the Socialists' dilemma. Erhard has been the most successful figure in the Adenauer regime, courageously battling socialistic pressures. Brandt has not made his position on economic questions clear. The Vienna daily *D Presse*, watching Germany's political scene with a practiced eye from across the border, reports that "functionaries of his own party tend to view Brandt with suspicion," on the assumption that he has little use for ideological remnants of socialism within his own party.

Brandt has criticized what he terms "the West's failure to exploit imaginatively and energetically" the anti-Communist outbreaks in Germany in 1953 and the Hungarian rebellion in 1956. He thinks the Adenauer government pays "more attention to events in the Congo or Cuba" than to East Germany.

In any event, the Germans will have a chance to choose between politicians of high quality. No trend toward some form of "neutralism" need be feared.

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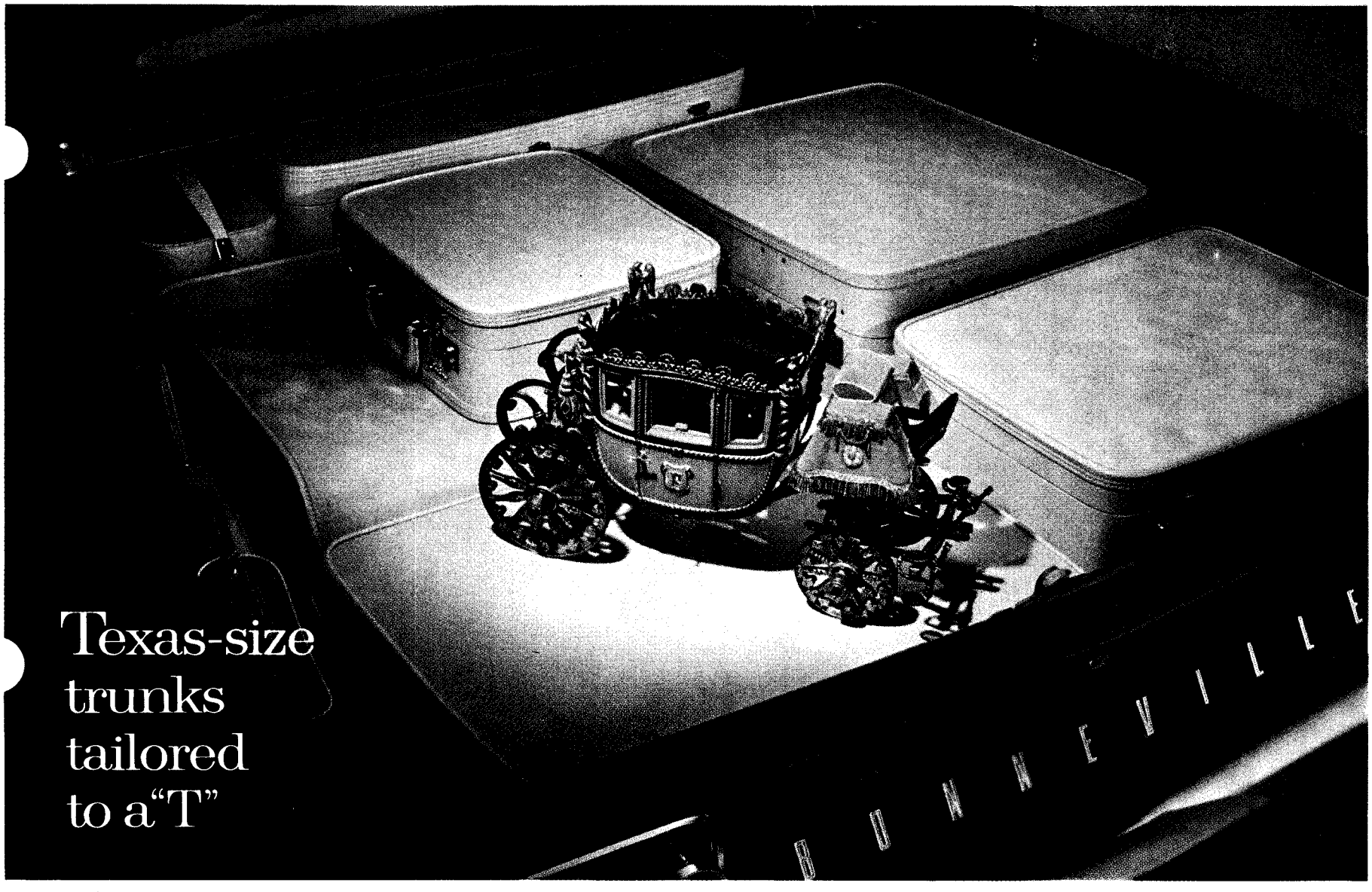

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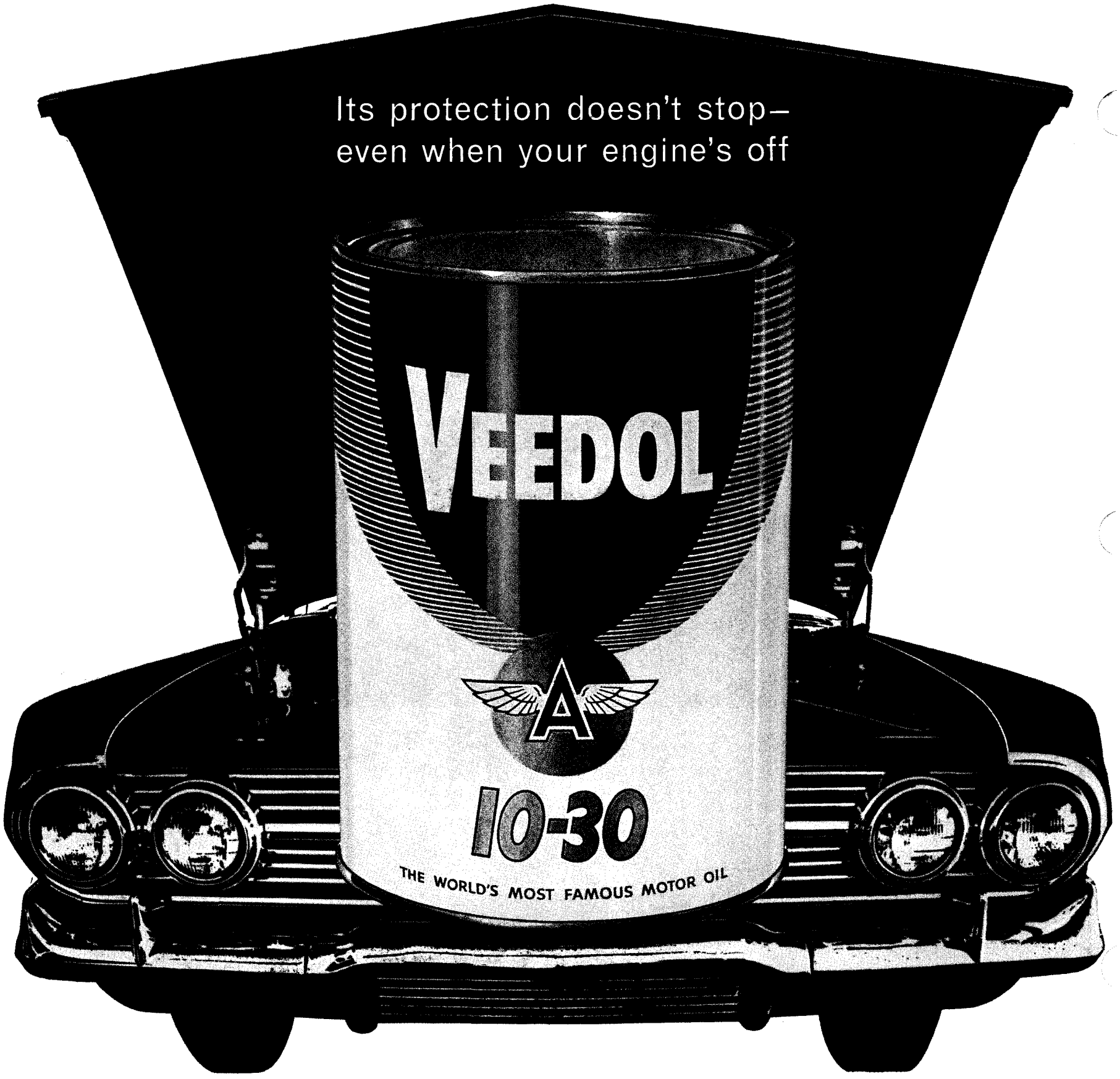

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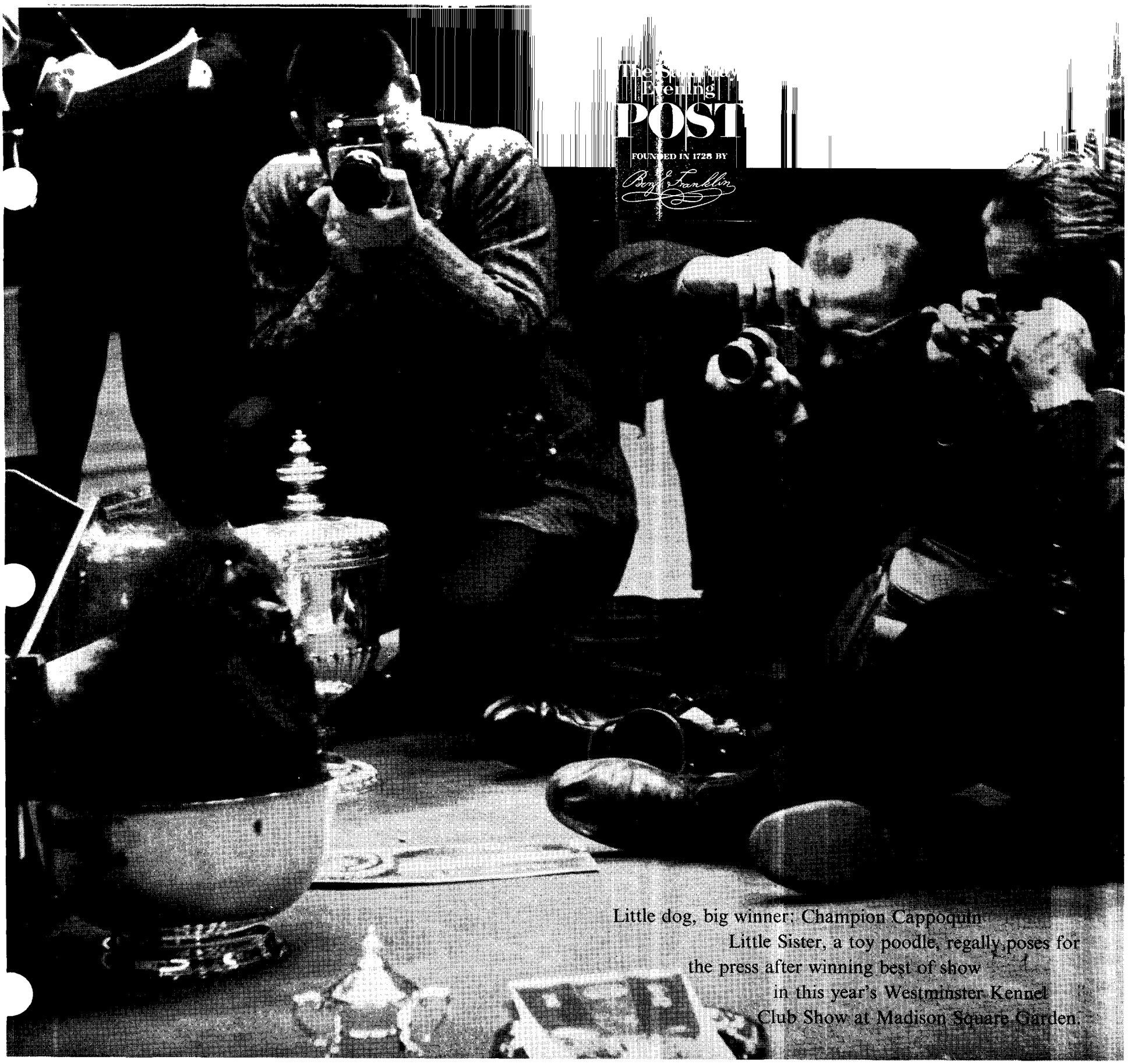

Little dog, big winner: Champion Cappoquin Little Sister, a toy poodle, regally poses for the press after winning best of show in this year's Westminster Kennel Club Show at Madison Square Garden.

Here are some of the extremes to which fervent owners will go to bring home a blue ribbon from THE CRAZY WORLD OF

By BILL O'HALLAREN

DOG SHOWS

BEGINNING ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE

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THE CRAZY WORLD OF DOG SHOWS

It is perhaps typical of the general wackiness of the dog-show world that one of its legendary figures was a cat. The cat, whose name has been lost in the mists, not only fulfilled its assignments to perfection but also left a lasting mark in the rulebooks and the memories of exhibitors. To this day the exploits of the cat are often discussed, not only at social gatherings of dog-show people but also, and especially, at briefing sessions for entrance guards and ring stewards.

The cat's role, like that of almost all dog-show participants, was highly specialized. There was a magnificent collie, Anfield Model, who campaigned in both this country and Great Britain. Model was a tremendous figure of a dog, almost unbearably majestic. But he had one fault. The space within his awe-inspiring head was almost empty. Model was a dog idiot. His interest span could be measured in seconds.

When Model pranced into the ring, the comparison shamed all competition. But when he took his position to await judging, his eyelids began to grow heavy, his ears sagged, and slumber would threaten. This was where the cat figured. The cat arrived in the arena hidden in the capacious pocket of an assistant handler, who would take a seat at ringside directly opposite Model. The moment the judge seemed about to look in Model's direction, the assistant handler pinched the cat, the cat *meeow*-ed and writhed deep within its pocket, and Model struck his noblest, most cat-despising pose. Model went on to championship and innumerable other honors and was eventually sold to a wealthy San Francisco fancier, who allowed him to retire in fitting splendor. The fate of the invaluable cat was never recorded.

But if its name is lost, its fame is secure, because the governing dog circles in both this country and Great Britain went on to pass rules forbidding the employment of any more cats in or near the show ring. The barriers have also been extended of late to mice, pigeons, garter snakes, parakeets, screech owls, chipmunks and hoptoads, all of which have appeared in show arenas at one time or another to help bring out the latent nobility in a dog of their acquaintance—or, in at least one or two cases, to emphasize a streak of cowardice in a competing dog.

Today the superintendents of the better than 800 dog shows staged in this country each year, aware that their shows are among the most relentlessly competitive enterprises known to man, insist on reducing attendance strictl

Expertly fitting his own stride to this long-coated Chihuahua's dainty pace, a hefty handler leads Virginia's Skipper across the ring. The dog won a blue ribbon.

"If it's good enough for my dog, it's good enough for me." A devoted owner naps before showtime on a bench next to her beagle, Champion Beau-a-Black Bomber.

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Photographs by Frank Ross

to humans and dogs. Ring attendants develop a skill in mentally frisking people for stray and extraneous livestock in the way a veteran customs man can sense the presence of an extra angle of forbidden gems in a lady's vanity.

Despite the inherent ferocity of a match that pits man and his dog against man and his dog, dog shows are enjoying an unprecedented boom in this country. Perhaps 250,000 Americans took a direct part in shows last year, and at least 1,000,000 were on the side lines, lustily cheering for a favored pooch. On almost any weekend there are anywhere from a half dozen to twenty shows in full cry around the country, ranging from the venerable Westminster at Madison Square Garden or the gaudy Beverly-Riviera in Los Angeles—beloved of movie stars—down to the show that highlights the second day's activities at the county fair.

The American Kennel Club, which controls the purebred-dog world the way the Treasury controls the minting of money, reports there were 851 A.K.C.-approved shows and matches in 1960, compared to 801 the previous year and 775 in 1959. There were thirty shows last year which drew more than 1000 entries each. All dog-show activity has roughly doubled in the past ten years, and most experts feel this is only the start.

This passionate interest in shows is the inevitable culmination of a tremendous surge toward the purebred dog in this country. Until recently the purebred dog was something like the stovepipe hat—stoutly enjoyed by a relative few, the object of derision and snowballs from the many. Americans liked dogs all right, but they took pleasure in having their dogs scrambled, the more so the merrier.

But in the post-World War II years, families by the hundreds of thousands have been discovering the purebred. Official A.K.C. figures tell the story. In 1960 papers were taken out on 442,875 dogs, only slightly below the all-time record of 460,300 set in 1959. In 1950 the A.K.C. registered 251,813 dogs—so registration almost doubled in ten years. The biggest year before World War II saw less than 80,000 new registrations.

The A.K.C. notes with quiet satisfaction that the rate of growth of the purebred-dog population is considerably greater than that of the human population.

Sociologists and economists often find rather base explanations for this boom in the purebred—a drive for status, more loose money, and so on. But these interpretations, even though they have elements of truth, fail to go deeply enough. A good part of the reason is that people have been studying the dog more, learning his possibilities. Older dog-loving nations such as Great Britain and Germany have always respected the purebred, a respect that had little to do with either status or money. What it really comes down to is that a dog lover who has once stroked the head of a sleek golden retriever or watched a fine Airedale take a stance finds it a bit hard to be satisfied with a four-legged question mark.

(Continued on Page 85)

The tense and combative atmosphere of a dog show affects even the spectators, as this candid shot reveals.

A standard poodle's crucial moment. No matter how expert the judge, owners of also-ran pooches are apt to consider him biased, uninformed or just plain stupid.

A beauty treatment for an English bull. In dog-show terms this is an "easy breed" because bulldogs are comparatively scarce and not many compete in shows.

Professional handler Harry Sangster with an English pointer. Sangster keeps his dogs hungry before shows so they'll look alert when he offers them snacks in the ring.

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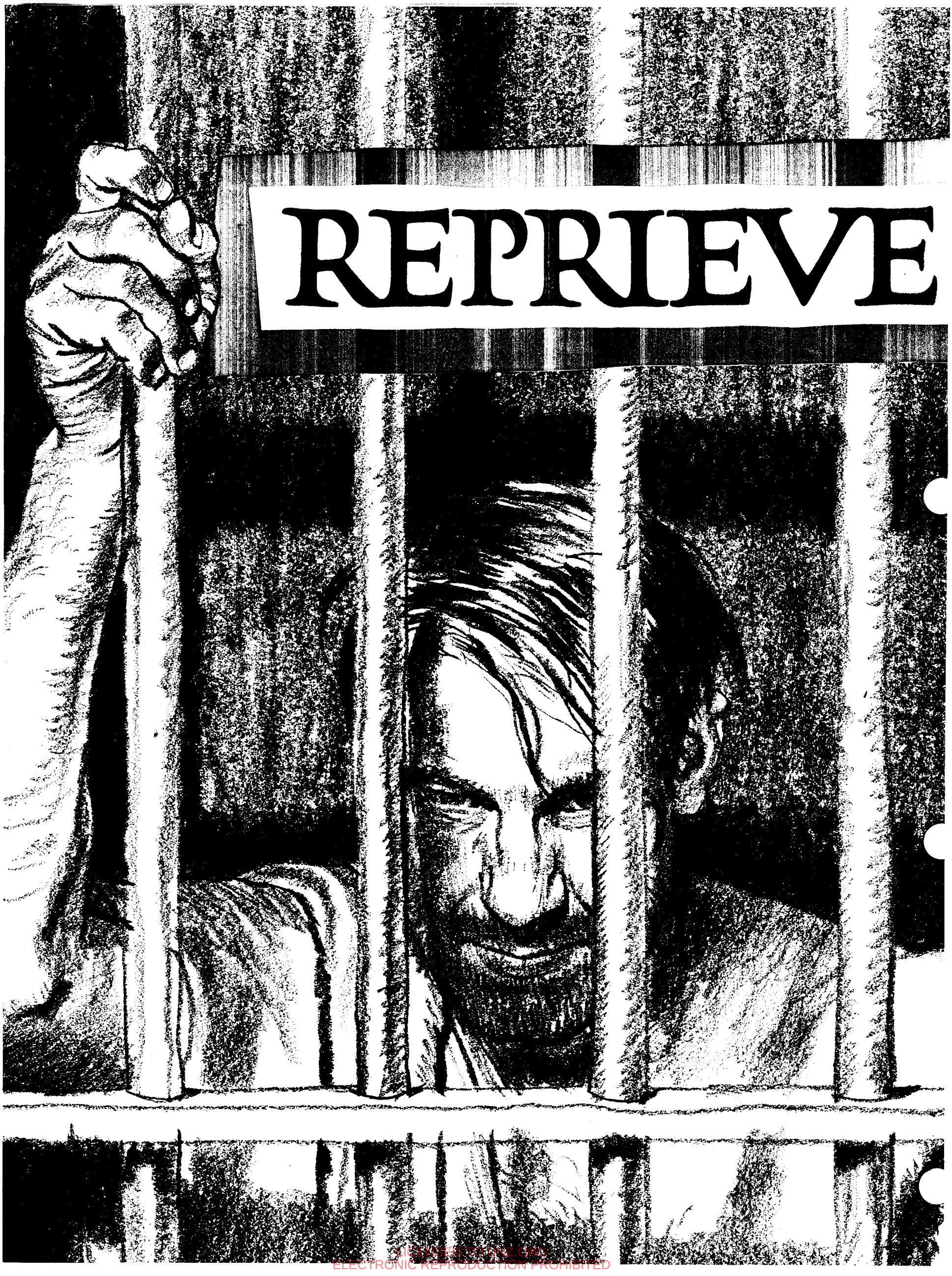

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An Easter story by BENTON RAIN PATTERSON

The case of a man "who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison..."

Because of the importance of the events which surrounded it, particularly those which followed, I, known as Eleazar, wish to relate a certain incident to which I was a witness.

I am not ashamed to say that I was in jail when I met the young man I shall tell about, for there are many who have suffered at the hands of the oppressors and have been imprisoned without just cause. So it was with me, and it was only after a considerable time spent in chains that I gained the favor of the jailer and was unshackled and placed in a cell, with a place to sleep and a bench and table and a candle to write and read by. I am now free again and have returned home; it is almost a year since it happened, but I remember it all quite well.

In my mind's eye I can see it now—the darkness, the dismal, lonely darkness of that dungeon jail. For a man outside, in the plaza, in the city's narrow streets and beyond its walls, there is sun—and moon and stars. Outside a man sees day follow the night. But down in that craggy hole all is night—always the darkness and the gloom. It is for that reason that I do not know exactly how long he was there with me. But it must have been several days, or so it seemed.

He was unruly, quite unruly, at first. He fought and struggled with the guards every step down the long stairway and through the stony corridor. Their shadows danced on the walls from the light the head guard carried. Twice the young man broke away and ran for the stairway. He must have been very strong, although he was not extraordinarily large of stature. He displayed an almost animal-like fierceness, and it required the efforts of five guards to restrain him and force him into the cell. It was the cell next to mine.

Because I had been in my cell only a short time, I did not know there was anything different about the one next to me. I wondered why the young man was not put in chains in the big, common room, as I had been. Later, when I had an opportunity to ask a guard, I was told that was where condemned prisoners were put to await execution. It was like a special cage into which the fattest hens were placed before their necks were wrung, so that there would be no mistake about which ones were to be slaughtered.

(Continued on Page 75)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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The Face of AMERICA

Alleluia, Alleluia!

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today, sing these choirboys of New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine. They are preparing for the most joyous feast day in the Christian calendar: Easter Sunday, when their young voices, heralding the Resurrection, will be heard in the biggest cathedral of the American Episcopal Church. Unlike most choirboys, they eat, sleep and live near their job, in a special boarding school (tuition, $900 a year) founded in 1901, which stands in the shadow of the towering, unfinished cathedral on Morningside Heights. No blue jeans and sneakers for them; each must wear the school uniform of stiff collar, blue suit and school tie on Sundays, holydays and saints' days throughout the school year. During services they are garbed even more angelically, in white surplices (below). To be in good voice and well prepared, the forty boys rehearse eleven times each week. Our rehearsal picture shows that this is serious business indeed. Observe their intense concentration; note especially the fervor on the face of Norman Syme, front row center, a polished chorister at the age of nine.

● Photographs by Farrell Grehan

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"I can't wait until I can wear it to an expensive New York restaurant." Mabel said.

The trouble began when he won an expensive fur stole...

MINK MAKES ME MISERABLE

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

There must be a dozen different ways to skin a cat, but there's only one way to fool a woman, and that's by telling the truth. So when Schneidermann, the foreman down in our shop in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, tells me that I just won the mink stole in the union raffle, I get my wife, Mabel, on the phone quicker than you can say Jackie Robinson, who used to play for the Dodgers.

"Baby," I tell her, "I'll be a little late tonight on account of I have to pick up a mink stole for you."

"Don't lie," she says. "If you want to play pinochle tonight, just say so."

You see what I mean?

"Baby," I tell her, "we won a mink stole. Real mink. I'm bringin' it home tonight."

"It's one o'clock in the afternoon, Manny," she says. "You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"Look," I say. "Remember those chances I took a few months ago? Three fer a buck? The union raffle? So I'm the lucky guy. I gotta pick up this mink tonight after work. It's the real thing—like you see in the movies all the time."

She gets it then, and her voice is shaking as she says, "Manny, dear, hurry home."

"Even with a mink around my neck, baby," I tell her, "I gotta put in my time down in this sweatshop, but you'll see it soon enough."

I carry this thing home in the subway and the bus like it was gold, and when I reach Flatbush I find my place filled, because it's not every day in the week somebody comes home to Brooklyn with a mink stole. You know what I mean?

Mabel has called up her sister, Vera, and she's here with my brother-in-law Nathan, who I don't like from way back. Joe Armbruster and his wife Mildred are in the apartment, along with (Continued on Page 59)

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Recent studies suggest that the nightly dreaming ritual may be nature's way of protecting our sanity.

Dream AND STAY SANE

By JEROME ELLISON

The disc jockey was in the one-hundred-and-third hour of a nonstop, no-sleep, day-and-night record-playing marathon. Noticing a young lady of his acquaintance skipping across the studio floor, he greeted her in delighted surprise, "Hello, Mary!"

His assistant, fresh on the scene from a good night's sleep, looked at him with alarm. "Harry," he said. "There's nobody there!"

A middle-aged man with rumpled hair, disheveled clothing and frightened, bloodshot eyes ran into a precinct police station, pointing behind him and screaming, "Lock 'er up!" The flashing figure on an animated electric sign had come down to the street, he said, and was chasing him. A policeman showed the visitor to a cell and called a doctor, who ascertained that the man was an alcoholic in delirium tremens.

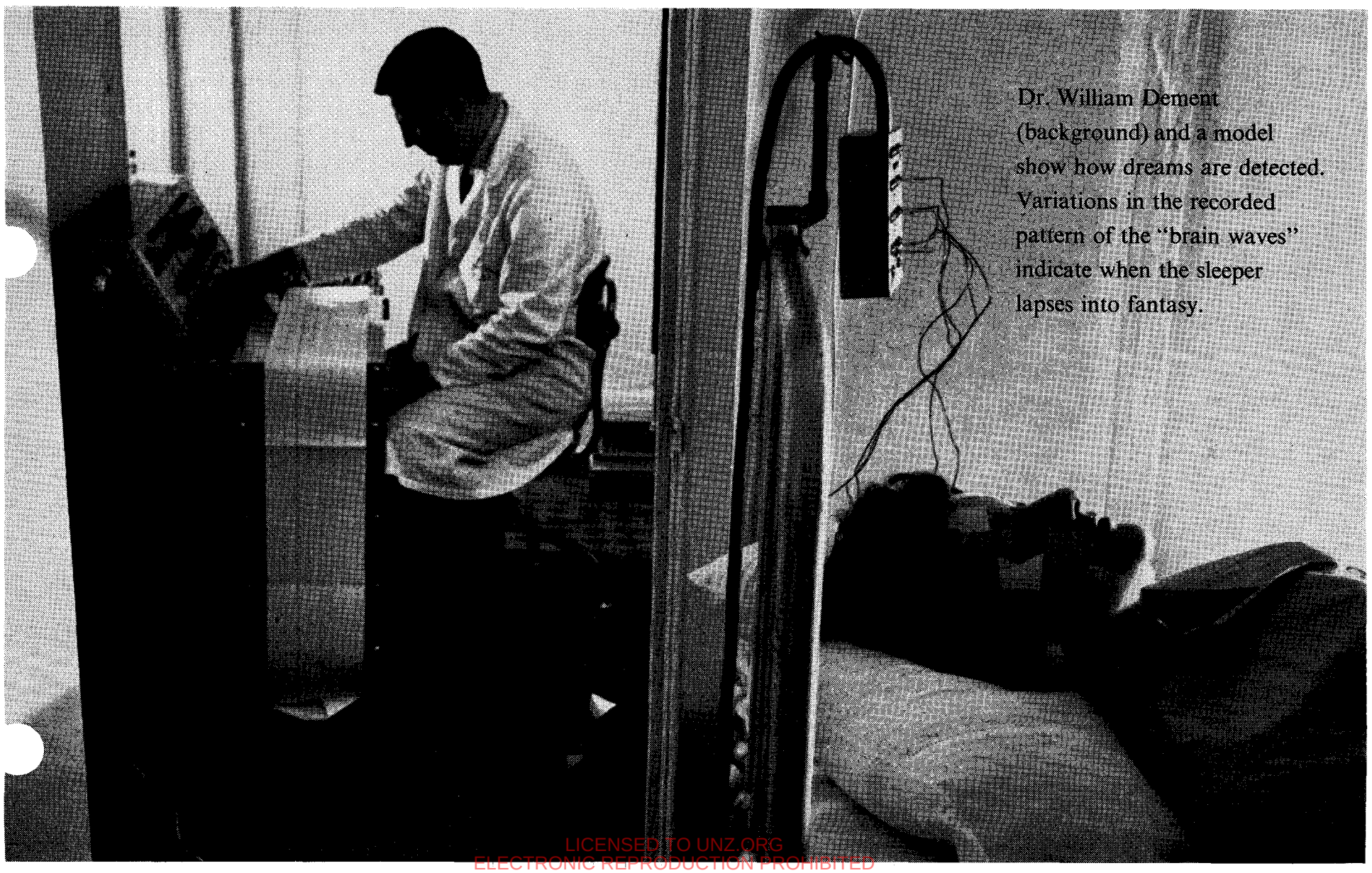
A young woman of regular habits, sound mind and excellent health had been asleep about an hour when she began dreaming about a pale-gold sandy beach in Florida. A friendly walrus invited her to go riding, seized the painter of her small boat and whisked her away, plunging gaily through the surf.

These episodes, one normal and two abnormal, demonstrate a mental need which, new discoveries strongly suggest, is fundamental to humans—the need to dream. Research recently completed by William Dement, a thirty-two-year-old physiologist at Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, sheds new light on hallucinations, probably helps explain the visionary side effects which sometimes follow prolonged, excessive use of alcohol and barbiturates and gives a brand-new scientific status to the nightly ritual of dreaming.

Dement's studies suggest that the fanciful but normal dream of the sleeping young woman is one of nature's devices for maintaining over-all mental balance. If too long denied its normal functioning, the dream life may smash through into waking consciousness in the form of delusions, as with the sleepless disc jockey and the delirious alcoholic, whose sleeping hours were mostly dreamless.

A dream may be a kind of mental escape hatch. In plain English, the new discoveries have yielded evidence that dreaming with reasonable regularity is essential to mental and physical health. With his psychiatrist colleague, Dr. Charles Fisher, Doctor Dement has opened an avenue of speculation that has caused a widespread scratching of older and learned heads. Other researchers in this area of science—one in which physiology, psychology and psychiatry overlap—have said that exploring the full significance of the Dement findings could keep them busy for years.

The young doctor's discoveries arose from his curiosity, translated into direct laboratory experimentation, (Continued on Page 88)



Dr. William Dement (background) and a model show how dreams are detected. Variations in the recorded pattern of the "brain waves" indicate when the sleeper lapses into fantasy.

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By STEPHEN SPENDER

The Connecting Imagination

I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space," boasts Hamlet and immediately cancels the claim with the qualification, "were it not that I have bad dreams."

He expresses the predicament of the individualist ever since the Renaissance: priding himself on the independent, self-sufficient world of his individuality and, in the same breath, bemoaning that he is not, cannot be, himself, because the history of his time has got under his skin and undermined the foundations of the world inside the nutshell skull.

The foul vapors of the court of Denmark, the metaphysical promptings of his father's ghost, made it clear to Hamlet how he should act. But, from his own point of view, his action had a purpose other than revenge or a *coup d'état* in Denmark. He wanted an external world which would not threaten the unity of his self-perfecting inner world. The bad dream, outside his control, was the outsideness of history—outside, but also the nightmare inside us all. He had to put his soul in jeopardy and leap into the external world to right the time, in order to create the conditions where his inner world could be himself.

We frequently are told that Hamlet is divided between the contemplative man and the man of action. But fascinating as his character is, I think it is his predicament—also our predicament—which really preoccupies and involves us. We are the spectators of the fluctuations of the drama of the inner life of a prince (essentially the prototype of the inward person who wishes to develop the qualities of his aloneness), with the outward circumstances which do not merely condition but also have actually become in part his inner life. In watching Hamlet, however little we may feel ourselves to be the prince of Denmark, somehow we are spectators of our own souls placed in any history. The heroes of Joyce's *Ulysses*, E. M. Forster's novels, T. S. Eliot's poems might all agree that history is a nightmare from which they would awake.

In Hamlet's case, the vaporization of his kingdom of infinite space is by the condition of Denmark. In our case, it is the capsule of the vision of the destruction of everything, which the H-bomb has neatly inserted in the head of each one of us. The bad dream dethrones us from being ourselves.

The relationship of inner world to outward history varies, of course, from age to age and decade to decade even. Much modern literature and art express nostalgia for some selected past which was more favorable to the self-perfecting individual than today appears to be, because in some longed-for and envied past, outward circumstances seemed to confirm his own inner values. The nostalgia which the aesthetes at the end of the last century felt for the Athens of Pericles and the Florence of the Renaissance was doubtless because men like Pater and Ruskin thought that in those times the shining city was a polished mirror in which the man of ideals could see reflected the image of his own soul.

And certainly, in one respect, no age could be less a mirror of the whole man than our own, even if we have certain very definite advantages over those envied Athenians and Florentines. For our external world of too large social units, of utilitarian consumer goods, of bureaucratic organization, of total

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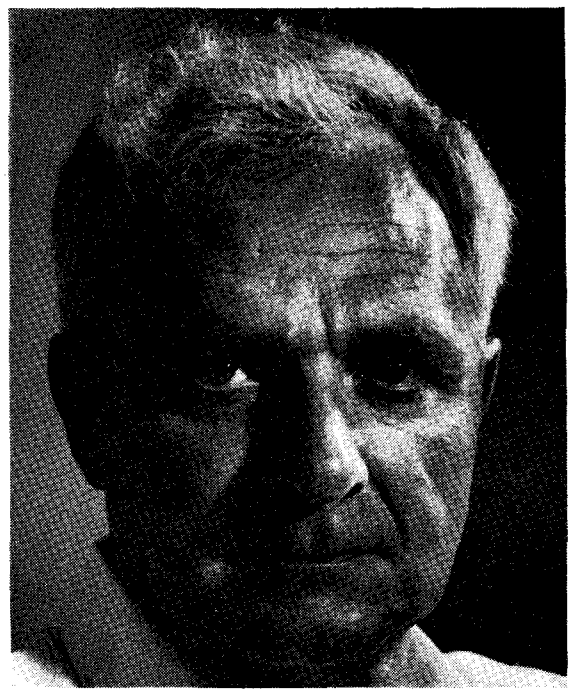
A poet considers the dilemma of modern man, the victim of a world of increasingly impersonal forces.



About the Author

Stephen Spender, British poet, author and critic, has achieved fame in many literary genres. He published his first volume of verse in his teens. At Oxford he belonged to a group of brilliant young poets that included W. H. Auden, C. Day Lewis, and Louis MacNeice. In recent years, however, he has turned increasingly to prose. During the 1930's Spender became a convert to Communism. He has described his subsequent disillusionment in a book titled *The God That Failed.* In addition to producing short stories, critical analyses, and his autobiography, *World Within World,* Spender has translated both German and Spanish poetry. A frequent visitor to the U.S. as a lecturer and teacher, he is coeditor of the international monthly, *Encounter.*

threats and total promises, is adjusted not to the high demands of a society in which every man is able to develop his own uniqueness but to the lowest-common-multiple demands of one in which everyone is the same. The modern world has tremendous power of good or of evil for all of us. But it is not scaled to the pulse and feeling and senses of the flesh-and-blood individual genius or lover of genius.

Thus it happens that a good many persons, among them the liveliest and most perceptive of several recent generations, revolt against the impersonality and abstractedness of the whole modern world of production based on generalized statistics. To them, what it creates, or invents, seems as repulsive—and ultimately the same, even—as the results of its destructive powers. Destruction is an explosion in which we have to die, but construction in the modern world of ever-accelerated change is a nonstop explosion in which we have to live. Life becomes, for those who hate explosion, the egotistic search for their lost egos. The beatniks, with their renunciations of all the results of materialism, their perverse religiosity, their resort to drugs and violence to stimulate sensations of which they feel they have been robbed, are the most recent example of an attitude of total rejection of modern life by modern art which began with Baudelaire in the last century.

The seeming irresponsibility of yesterday's Dadaists and today's beatniks is what one might call a kind of serious unseriousness, a refusal to accept a world in which science and politics have undermined the long-term inward aims of life, which are those of the individual. For the potential of destruction in modern life is the obverse of mass production. And so long as what produces can, still more effectively, destroy us all, the inner life of modern Hamlet in his nutshell skull is vaporized by the nightmare of the external world.

Until the second half of the present century the chief antagonist of everyone alive was his own death. This made his own existence seem pointless and yet gave point to existence; for without personal death there is no point in doing anything with life. One would dawdle through eternity. But the person who knows he has to die may seek to discover significance for himself and others, to make his mark, to jump from the interior of his own being onto that external ship carrying living memories to the future, which is civilization. But if civilization itself is doomed to extinction within a calculable space of time, then the future has, as it were, been cut away from under our feet. And from now on, each one of us has to double the certainty of his own death with the possibility of the death of civilization. Nor is there the voice of any ghost of Hamlet's father to obey, nor wicked uncle to kill, which would put the time to rights. Personal death gives life significance, if, paradoxically, we allow our minds to dwell on it and, at the same time, determine to live as though we were immortals.

This attitude to our personal death provides us with the example of how to confront the destruction of the world, which already, so far as ourselves are concerned, will be extinguished with our own deaths. We have to act as though civilization would continue forever. If we are incapable of this, we can comfort ourselves by remembering *CONTINUED ON PAGE 73*

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Defense Minister Krishna Menon (left, pointing) on an inspection tour. By mixing politics with military affairs, says the author, Menon has created many of the Indian Army's biggest problems.

Could India stop an invasion by its truculent neighbor, Red China? An expert on Asia takes a look at the strengths, weaknesses and future of

THE NEW INDIAN ARMY

By JOHN MASTERS

Punctually at half past eight in the morning my car drew up in front of the low building. A pipe band in full dress was playing Scottish airs on the close-shaved lawn. The lieutenant colonel commanding a famous regiment of Indian cavalry, the Central India Horse, awaited me on the colonnaded porch. After shaking hands, he introduced me to his majors, captains and lieutenants. We chatted awhile and then we all went into the dining room for a formal breakfast. This was the only time I had free in a crowded program to visit them, but they had insisted that I come.

Why should so many busy people go to so much trouble for a passing American tourist? The answer might seem inadequate in this hurried, unsentimental world, but it was good enough for the officers of the regiment and for me—my great-uncle, Alec Masters, had commanded the Central India Horse in 1897.

Since then sixty-four years have passed. India has fought two world wars, gained its independence and sent Great-Uncle Alec's descendants packing to their foggy island in the North Sea. But there was his photograph in a silver frame on the writing desk. There was the reindeer horn he had presented in 1877 after a visit to Lapland. Silver collected over a century glittered on the polished tables. Everywhere ash trays, cups, penholders, mugs and salvers bore the crossed lances and the monogrammed C.I.H. of the regiment's crest and the legend of their presentation by officers long dead and gone.

So, nostalgically and tenderly, the new Indian Army showed me its heart—a powerful attachment to its great tradition. India has been independent from England for fourteen years, but in the army nothing has been changed unless there was good reason. The titles of the regiments are the same, with the epithet "Royal" omitted where it occurred. The crests and badges are the same, with the triple lions of Asoka replacing the royal crown of England. India, when it became free, did not throw away what it already had; it began to adjust that instrument to its new status, its new needs, its new outlook and national philosophy.

How well has it succeeded? The answer is vital to us in the United States, for we are still the chief guardians of freedom, and India is much the most important non-Communist country in Asia. A one-word answer to the question would have to be "moderately," but this would give a false impression. To understand the true

(Continued on Page 69)

A member of the president's bodyguard. Like all soldiers in India, he is a volunteer.

Maj. Gen. Harnam Singh. He is a Sikh, as his beard, turban and last name indicate.

Gen. K. S. Thimayya (right) with a Gurkha officer. The popular Thimayya, now nearing retirement as chief of army staff, has often locked horns with Menon.

This grenadier lieutenant is one of 500,000 soldiers in India's proud army.

A Rajput. By tradition these men are among India's finest soldiers.

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The Dandelion Girl

No woman ever traveled so long or so far to find her love.

By ROBERT F. YOUNG

The girl on the hill made Mark think of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Perhaps it was because of the way she was standing there in the afternoon sun, her dandelion-hued hair dancing in the wind; perhaps it was because of the way her old-fashioned white dress was swirling around her long and slender legs. In any event, he got the definite impression that she had somehow stepped out of the past and into the present; and that was odd, because as things turned out, it wasn't the past she had stepped out of, but the future.

He paused some distance behind her, breathing hard from the climb. She had not seen him yet, and he wondered how he could apprise her of his presence without alarming her. While he was trying to make up his mind, he took out his pipe and filled and lighted it, cupping his hands over the bowl and puffing till the tobacco came to glowing life. When he looked at her again, she had turned around and was regarding him curiously.

He walked toward her slowly, keenly aware of the nearness of the sky, enjoying the feel of the wind against his face. He should go hiking more often, he told himself. He had been tramping through woods when he came to the hill, and now the woods lay behind and far below him, burning gently with the first pale fires of fall, and beyond the woods lay the little lake with its complement of cabin and fishing pier. When his wife had been unexpectedly summoned for jury duty, he had been forced to spend alone the two weeks he had saved out of his summer vacation and he had been leading a lonely existence, fishing off the pier by day and reading the cool evenings away before the big fireplace in the raftered living room; and after

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OF MEN I HAVE KNOWN CONCLUSION

My Adventures Among the U.S. Senators

By DEAN ACHESON

The author's intimate portraits of Arthur Vandenberg, Robert Taft and other powerful senators during the critical years after World War II.

Acheson (right) with Sen. Tom Connally of Texas. Both Connally and his Republican rival Vandenberg were "prima donnas." Acheson had the touchy job of keeping the peace between the two sensitive senators.

When, in 1957, a committee of the Senate picked the five most "outstanding" senators whose portraits should hang in the Senate reception room, it did not include Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg. The choice fell on Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Robert M. La Follette and Robert A. Taft. Yet, in actual accomplishment, a good case can be made that Vandenberg's achievements exceeded those of any of the five, except Henry Clay. As a symbol of his times in the Senate, Vandenberg stands for emergence of the United States into world power and leadership, as Clay typified the growth of the country; Webster and Calhoun, the great debate of the ante-bellum days; and Robert M. La Follette, the turbulence of the Progressive Era.

Vandenberg did not furnish the ideas, the leadership or the drive to chart the new course or to move the nation into it. But he made the result possible. What was needed was a national consensus, at a time when the hot war, which had united the nation, was over and the full consequences of the disruption caused by the war were beginning to appear. How critical was the need can be judged by what happened after Vandenberg's death—I do not say because of it—when the consensus fell apart.

At the end of the Second World War, the opposition of the business community and its social adjuncts to the Democratic Administration—then in its fourth consecutive term—was ready to break into open revolt. Meanwhile the times called for action, drastic, unprecedented and immediate. To those conversant with the situation there was not much doubt about what had to be done. How, by whom, and how soon were the questions.

Without Arthur Vandenberg, answers to these questions could not have been brought into action. He had the capacity to learn and the capacity for action—rare gifts in themselves. As important as either, and giving both scope, he carefully maintained the preconditions for successful action. His prior history of isolationism was an asset which he never allowed to die. His relations with Sen. Robert Taft were carefully maintained. Vandenberg's respect for Taft's proprietorship of Republican domestic policy led Taft to respect Vandenberg's position as Republican spokesman on foreign policy, so long as the latter's health and vigor remained. Vandenberg kept the friendship and respect of Senators Eugene D. Millikin of Colorado, Kenneth S. Wherry of Nebraska and Styles Bridges of New Hampshire on the Republican Policy Committee. But, perhaps most important of all, he was in the very heart of the inner circle that ran the Senate.

Membership in the inner circle did not coincide with the popular idea of importance in the Senate. Some were much in the public eye, some were not. They were men of the type and character who, in a quiet way, are apt to dominate any male organization. The main ingredients of such men are force, likableness and trustworthiness. Kentucky's Alben Barkley, Georgia's Walter George and Michigan's Arthur Vandenberg were, perhaps, the *beaux idéals*. But Vermont's Warren Austin, Minnesota's Joe Ball, New Mexico's Carl Hatch, Arizona's Carl Hayden, Alabama's Lister Hill, Georgia's Richard Russell, Wisconsin's Bob La Follette, Illinois' Scott Lucas, South Carolina's Burnet Maybank, New York's Bob Wagner and Maine's Wallace H. White

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not exhaust the list of the others. Many of them lunched together, more often than not in the office of Leslie Biffle, whether he was Secretary of the Senate or Secretary of the Minor-
. Party membership was a comparatively
.inor consideration. One had to be an adopted member of the group for quite a while to realize that anything was going on under the easy gossip and badinage. Then one discovered that almost everything was going on. The whole business of the Senate was being ordered and, in considerable part, decided.

A word about a few of these men, both in and out of the inner circle, may illuminate Vandenberg's problem in moving policies from hopes to action approved by the Senate.

The most implacable opponents of the Truman Administration in the Senate, say from 1946 to 1950, prior to Sen. Joseph McCarthy's emergence from obscurity, were Messrs. Robert Taft and Kenneth Wherry, both high in the Republican leadership. They believed that an opposition should oppose. Since they both totally lacked humor and possessed unlimited energy, their opposition was undiscriminating and ubiquitous. This helped to make it dull, scattered and less effective than it could have been.

Both were singularly obtuse in personal rela-
.onships. Bob Taft and I had for many years sat side by side on our university's governing body, the Yale Corporation. The temptation to tease him was too much for my power of resistance. At one meeting he arrived after discussion had already begun and asked me what the subject was. I replied that it was the condition of study and research in the natural sciences at Yale, which, it seemed, required improvement. Taft's critics were given to saying of him that he had an excellent mind until he made it up. However that may be, on this occasion, without a moment's hesitation, he interrupted the speaker by announcing, "Mr. President, *I* went through Yale without taking a single course in science."

While the corporation was recovering in complete silence from this remarkable revelation, I was tempted and fell into sin. Addressing the president of the university, I said, "Your Honor, the prosecution rests." The silence was broken; but the senator was not amused.

With Wherry, too, I got into trouble. Late
ıe afternoon in 1950, when I had become
secretary of State and was appearing at a private hearing before the Senate Committee on Appropriations, Wherry was badgering me about some minor and dialectic point. He soon began shouting at me across the narrow table. While I was regretting the fate which required me to endure impassively such boring and boorish conduct, I began to wonder when I had last felt the purging sensation of fighting rage. To my horror I could not recall. It was lost in the mists of memory. I wondered whether I had lost even the capacity for rage. So I began trying to work up a temper by murmuring hair-raising imprecations. To my delight I felt the blood rising along the back of my neck and my ears getting hot.

Just then the unhappy Wherry leaned across the table and shook his finger in my face. Without conscious volition on my part, I found myself standing and, in a fair imitation of Wherry's raucous voice, shouting, "Don't you dare shake your dirty finger in my face!"

He bellowed that he would; and he did. A
ther inexpertly CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Sen. Arthur Vandenberg. He faced each new proposal by resisting it, but he gave vital support to programs of the postwar years.

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Continued

MY ADVENTURES AMONG THE U.S. SENATORS

aimed and executed swing, which I launched at the distinguished senator from Nebraska, was intercepted by Adrian Fisher, appropriately the Legal Adviser to the Department of State, and a former guard on the Princeton football team, who had accompanied me to the hearing for wholly different purposes. He now enveloped me in a bearlike embrace, murmuring, "Take it easy, boss; take it easy."

By this time, quite cooled off and rather abashed by my unexpected capacities, I took a look at Sen. Kenneth D. McKellar of Tennessee, the Democratic chairman of the committee, who was pounding away with his gavel and calling, "Gentlemen, gentlemen," in a suspiciously choked voice. The secret was told by his ample stomach, which was shaking in uncontrolled glee. When comparative order was restored, Senator McKellar extorted mutual expressions of regret for, and withdrawal of, unparliamentary language from the principals.

The next morning I called on the old chairman to apologize to him for turning his hearing into a brawl. But, still laughing, he would have none of it.

"Not at all, my boy, not at all," he said, beating his cane on the floor. "Funniest thing I've seen in thirty years on this hill. I'll never forget Wherry's face when he saw the imperturbable Secretary aiming a haymaker at him. Do you know what I did after you left? I called Harry Truman and told him we could pay off the national debt by putting you two on the vaudeville circuit."

Needless to say, I did not experiment further with my emotions. But, curiously enough, my relations with Senator Wherry became much easier.

Another senator who became a stanch supporter of our foreign policy and of Vandenberg's efforts was Sen. Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire. It all happened in a curious way, which illustrates the intensely personal quality of judgments and positions taken in the Senate. In selecting the United States delegation to the International Monetary Conference, held at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire,

Sen. Kenneth Wherry, Nebraska Republican. Acheson once took a swing at him during a hearing.

in July, 1944, Henry Morgenthau Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, wisely wanted a Democrat and a Republican from both the Senate and House Committees on Banking and Currency, to which would be referred the recommendations of the conference. By all the time-encrusted rules of congressional propriety these positions were the perquisites of the chairman and ranking minority member of each committee and, in event of any declination, went to the next senior member of that party. Secretary Morgenthau, most unwisely, decided to skip Senator Tobey of New Hampshire, the senior Republican member, because of his isolationist record, and picked the next-ranking Republican. When the chairman, Sen. Robert Wagner of New York, the father of the present mayor of New York City, heard of this, he sent for me.

Secretary Morgenthau's projected step, he told me, threatened to involve the whole complicated matter of the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund in a partisan political row which would go far to dim the chances of successful legislation. Not only would this discrimination strike at the whole oligarchic structure of Senate committees, in which every senator had a present or future vested interest, but it would be regarded as a particularly mean partisan attack on Tobey, who was a very decent man even though overinclined to somewhat florid oratory. Tobey was running for re-election within four months, and was not yet assured of renomination due to intraparty difference. To subject him to public humiliation by excluding him from an international meeting to be held with considerable fanfare in his own state would be resented b the whole Senate as a foul blow and might we turn Tobey into a bitter and powerful enemy of the Bank and the Fund.

I agreed and undertook to lay the matter before Morgenthau and President Roosevelt. This was done, and the plan was dropped. Since there are few secrets in Washington, thus began a friendship with Charlie Tobey which continued until his death.

Senator Tobey proved a tower of strength in securing Congressional approval of the Bretton Woods Agreement and United States participation in the Bank and Fund. Two years later, after the war had ended and death had put a new President in the White House, a political overturn and a Republican Congress made Senator Tobey chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. When the new Congress met in 1947, it faced a revolution in American foreign policy. as the nation found itself precipitated into leadership of the non-Communist world in the opening phases of the cold war. The Administration found r more loyal and effective supporter than Se Charles Tobey of New Hampshire. When his isolationist friends chided him for this apostasy, he threw back at them Lincoln's words from his message to Congress of December 1, 1862:

"'The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew, and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.'"

When I was Secretary of State and the McCarthy-Taft attack broke over me, Charlie Tobey never wavered. I feel about this quality of recognizing the imperatives of an obligation as Lord Melbourne did on another subject. "What I like about the Order of the Garter is that there is no damned merit about it."

Even a short account of the postwar Senate would be incomplete without a mention of three giants, Senators Barkley of Kentucky, George of Georgia and Tom Connally of Texas.

In 1944 Acheson saved Sen. Charles Tobey from political humiliation. Tobey remembered the favor when Acheson was under fire.

1951: Tense with rage, Acheson refused to acknowledge Senator McCarthy's "Hello, Dean" when they met in an elevator. Acheson was then under a McCarthy-inspired attack on his State Department administration.

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Alben Barkley, who left the Senate for the Vice Presidency under Mr. Truman in 1949 and from then to 1953 was known as "The Veep," was not only the most popular man in the Senate but easily the most popular in Washington. He was warm because he had a deeply affectionate nature and really liked people. In the rare cases where a person precluded even toleration, Barkley's courtesy took over. He was unborable. The problem of bearing fools gladly did not seem to arise for him, as he discovered endless amusement in them. Even a vigorous partisanship gave the impression of a genial and oratorical game which left no scars and led to happy libations in the clubhouse when the game was over. Barkley's Kentucky audiences expected hyperbole and made their own discount. The heart attack which killed him struck as he finished in a political speech his own version of a sentence from the Psalms, "I would rather be a servant in the house of the Lord than sit in the seats of the mighty."

Warm, outgoing, the center of any group in which he found himself, one of the great raconteurs of his time, his gusto for life was enormous, with no shrinking desire for privacy preventing him from sharing his life. His romance when over seventy with a young and charming widow was followed with almost swooning enthusiasm by the whole country. I remember the Chief Justice of the United States, Fred Vinson, also of Kentucky, remarking at its height, that between Alben's love affair and Pinza's singing *Some Enchanted Evening*, Fred could not be sure whether he himself was sixty or sixteen.

Alben Barkley contributed very little to political thought and leadership in the United States. But he did contribute to the means by which that thought and leadership were translated into successful action. He did not belong on the general staff; he was a good field commander.

Much the same was true of Senator George, except that he seemed to me less admirable in basic human qualities, less kindly, less generous, less outgoing, and more—much more—pompous. Senator George had immense influence. He was, so the phrase went, "a great constitutional lawyer." "A great constitutional lawyer" is either a judge over a century dead, or a lawyer who interprets the utterances of the Supreme Court as one wishes them interpreted. Since most people who employ the phrase wish them interpreted to prevent innovation, "a great constitutional lawyer" is usually an ultraconservative. Senator George met this test admirably.

Senator Taft, implacable foe of the Democrats. "His critics said he had an excellent mind until he made it up."

I should say that he had no humor, but rather a regal geniality. He spoke slowly and ponderously, as he sipped a bourbon and water in Leslie Biffle's office before lunch, dispensing the benediction of a sentence here and there. But he was well worth a courtier's assiduous attention. Walter George was a powerful patron and a dangerous opponent. He could impress and frighten the Senate.

Fate and temperament made Tom Connally and Arthur Vandenberg collaborators and rivals in the Senate. Since each was a prima donna, rivalry often got out of hand, even though they were agreed on fundamentals.

In effect, sovereignty in the Senate over matters of foreign policy was a condominium; and we in the executive branch had to deal respectfully with both sovereigns. Tom Connally found this irksome, and all the more irksome because he felt that the press, to which he was far from insensitive, accorded Vandenberg an unwarranted and unfair preeminence. In a way it was unfair, just as it is unfair that there should be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons who need no repentance. Tom Connally shared the quite natural feelings of the prodigal son's elder brother. He had served long and faithfully; but the fatted calf was killed, so he thought, for a Johnny-come-lately.

In another way, however, the senator from Texas contributed to the distasteful comparison. He was a greater debater than Vandenberg, but in a very different style. A master of sarcasm, irony and ridicule, he would employ gestures and acting to evade the Senate rules and castigate an object of his scorn. "The position now taken by the distinguished senator," he would say, "adds to his stature"—leaning over and measuring a distance about a foot from the floor—"and gives a true measure of the breadth of his mind"—holding up his hand with thumb and forefinger a quarter of an inch apart.

His quick and stinging wit brought laughter and left wounds, all of which would be interspersed through a masterly exposition or dissection of the opposing position.

Unfortunately for Connally's public reputation, his appearances on the Senate floor, more often than not, amused the American public, but did not impress it. This public does not agree with Justice Holmes that one need not be heavy to be weighty. We like our public men to be ponderous, platitudinous and pious, with a strong strain of sentimentality running through all. Vandenberg could exhibit all of these qualities and be a powerful advocate at the same time. Connally would make a noble start along these lines, but the imp of his wit and sense of the ridiculous would always get loose and give the game away. One night years ago at the annual dinner—a gay affair—of a club to which we both belong, I listened with sheer delight to Tom Connally imitate himself making a speech in the Senate. No other member of

"Alben Barkley was not only the most popular man in the Senate but easily the most popular in Washington."

that body could possibly have done such a thing, or even thought of doing it.

Dealing with the two senior senators on the Foreign Relations Committee took a good deal of time. Here one had to make haste slowly. The simple thing would have been to talk with them together; but simplicity would have been, if not disastrous, at least hazardous. Connally loved to heckle Vandenberg. Vandenberg, when aroused, could respond in a way calculated to move Connally another notch toward disagreement for its own sake. So the procedure was first to see them separately, to get each so far committed that only the sheerest willfulness could undo it.

But which to see first? Here was a tricky decision. Both were fairly good about not leaking the content of our talks to the press. But each found it hard to resist leaking the fact of a private talk. Once this was done, the second to be seen knew that he was the second. With Connally this was instant cause for offense. We were members of the same party; he was loyal and proved; yet I turned to his rival first—if, indeed, I had done so. It was to him a poor explanation that Vandenberg was the chairman of the committee, in the years in which he was.

Despite all the difficulties and minor pitfalls, the relationship worked. Great things were done; and both men carried the burden in the Senate. To the end of our work together I was able to maintain neutrality in their guerrilla skirmishes. This, I submit, reflects mild credit on all of us.

The task was complicated, moreover, by the highly individual way in which Arthur Vandenberg worked, his wonders to perform. Faced with a proposal to take a step into the strange and frightening postwar world, Vandenberg invariably began by resisting the proposal. He declared the end unattainable, the means harebrained and the cost staggering, particularly some mysterious costs which he thought were bound to occur, but which the proposer had not foreseen because of poor preparation. This first (Continued on Page 68)

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In the name of romance, even abduction is sometimes forgivable.

love is in summer

By VIVIAN CONNELL

Andormina is a poem. Andormina is a poem all year long in the golden light of the Mediterranean. Below the village the lemon groves are green; above, the grapes are smoke blue in the summer, and in the spring the almond blossom is a shining breath upon the hill. And higher, in the green pastures below the snow of Etna, the white sheep graze, and the shepherd boy plays on his flute an old Sicilian air.

Giuliando had learned to play the flute on the green hill. Then one night he heard the San Dolce quintet play the *Pastorale* by the light of the candles, and he learned to play the mandolin. Climbing for lemons in the green shade, bending for grapes in the golden sun, he grew from boy to man and learned that Andormina was a poem.

And now, as he walked down the cobbled street, tall, with dark hair and green eyes dark as olives, and walking as if to music, all the young men in the barbershop agreed that Giuliando was the most handsome young man who had ever grown between the snow of Etna above and the blue sea below.

Also in Andormina, in the yellow cottage below the shrine to the Virgin, Lucia had grown. In the morning, before school, she milked her goats; and in the evening, home from school, she learned to make the beautiful lace of Andormina. Her dark-gold hair looked always moist as honey, and in her violet eyes the dew of the morning stayed all day long. When Lucia walked by, all the girls in the lace shop under the bell tower agreed that she was the most beautiful flower that had ever grown in Andormina, which was all a garden.

Lucia knew also that Andormina was a poem. Then, one day while Giuliando played his flute to her and the almond blossoms showered her in a wind of spring, Lucia knew that Andormina was a poem of love.

Now, at nineteen, Lucia made lace as beautiful and fine as almond blossoms and delicate borders on silk from Como, and soon a fashion house in Rome sent a special order for lace made by Lucia to the shop under the bell tower. And by now Giuliando, who had a gift for flowers in his hands, like his gift for the strings of a mandolin, worked in the garden of the Villa Pasquale, where a prince from Rome lived always in the spring. Thus it was not surprising that the fashion house in Rome now offered a job to Lucia in the *Via*

(Continued on Page 64)

One of them gently gagged her with a scarf before they took her down to the boat.

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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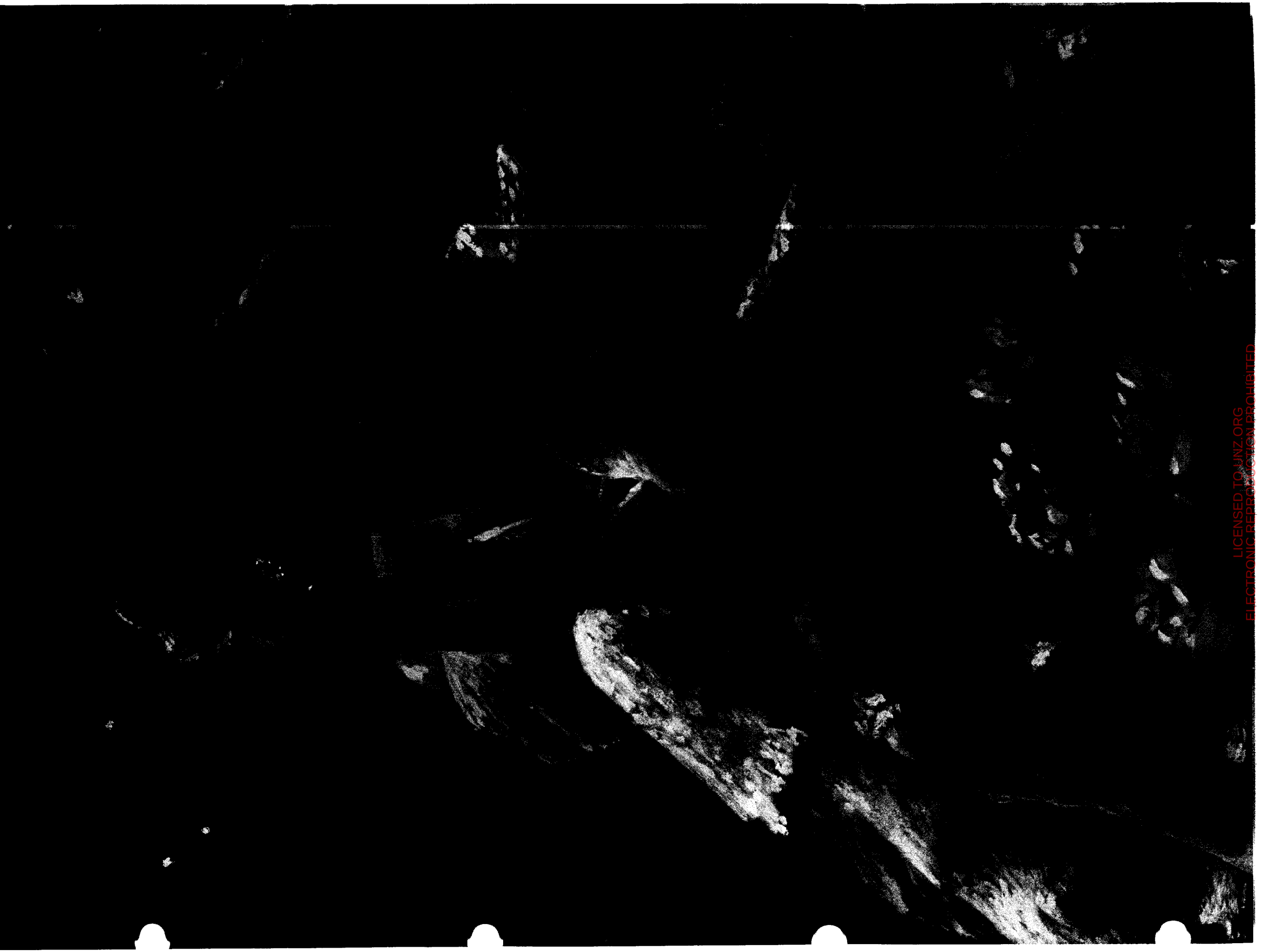

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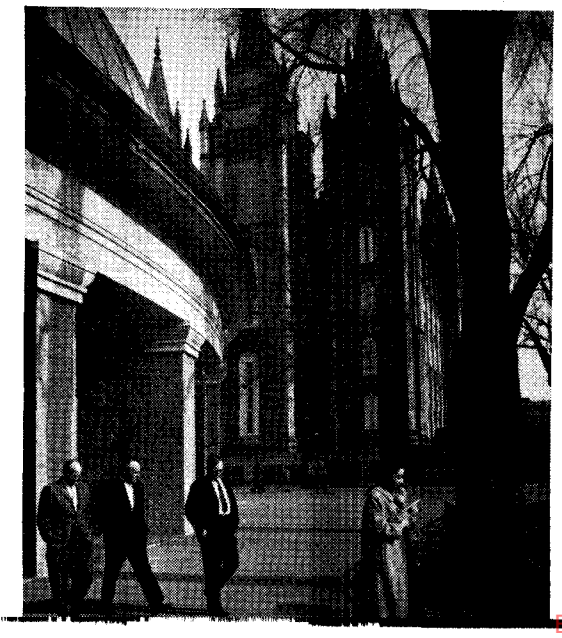
David O. McKay, 87, president of the Mormon Church, with Ogden high-school students. His influence is vast in Utah, where seven citizens out of ten are Mormons.

The New Utah: Change Comes to Zion

By ROBERT CAHN

A booming missile industry has brought prosperity to Utah, and so have recently discovered oil and uranium deposits. But many traces of the state's curious and primitive past remain.

Salt Lake City: The six-spired Mormon Temple, spiritual seat of the Church. Only Mormons may enter.



"If there is a place on this earth that nobody else wants, that's the place I am hunting for," Brigham Young asserted in the summer of 1847 as he led his hardy band of Mormons in search of a "Zion" where they could isolate themselves from the world and practice their unique religious and social customs. The place he found was a forbidding, arid land of rugged mountains and vast emptiness, now known as Utah.

A short time ago I stood with a Mormon friend in the foothills of the Wasatch Mountains behind Utah's capital, Salt Lake City, overlooking the panorama of the Great Salt Lake basin.

"Brother Brigham sure wouldn't recognize the place now," my friend commented.

Where Brigham had found only desert, salt flats and a few cottonwood trees, we saw a bustling, tree-shaded city stretching its fingers for miles into the valley below. A thin veil of industrial haze hung over the scene where nearly 500,000 people now live and work.

Today, after an arduous and sometimes violent century of evolution from religious empire to Federal territory to statehood, Utal

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Photographs by Joern Gerdts

finds itself in the midst of a new transition with the dawning of the space age. Utahns, who for years have had little to boast about except their educational system and the spectacular scenery, ook on with pride and amazement as their industrially delinquent state burgeons into one of the major defense arsenals in the West. Announcement of a new missile contract causes almost as much stir at Church gatherings as at union meetings. Missile plants that have sprouted along the western front of the Wasatch fatten Utah workers' wallets to the tune of $63,000,000 a year. One out of every two Utahns employed in basic industries now works in defense or manufacturing.

Time and again as I traveled 3000 miles through the state I found Utah caught between the old and the new. Alongside a rocket-engine test pad for an intercontinental ballistic missile, I watched cattle placidly munching range grass. Among electronically operated pumps in the nation's most completely automated oil field, I saw Navajo families living in mud-and-brush hogans. When I tried to visit a missile company where a vital war deterrent is being developed, I discovered the plant closed for the day so workers could go deer hunting. nd in a modern suburb of the state's capital, talked with a grand-jury foreman who was distressed with the practice of polygamy in his community.

From the moment I arrived in Salt Lake City, it was inescapably clear that, space age or no space age, the land is still Zion. I walked through Temple Square, where the golden figure of the angel Moroni gleamed atop a spire of the great Temple, signifying the spiritual center of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The evening paper I picked up was the *Deseret News*, official organ of the L.D.S. Church and the second largest newspaper in the state. I shopped at the state's biggest department store, Z.C.M.I. (Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution), founded by the Church. Everywhere I looked I saw business establishments sporting names fraught with Mormon significance—Zion Savings and Loan, and Zion Upholstery, Deseret Roofing and Deseret Realty, Seagull Drugs and Seagull Waste Disposal, Beehive TV Repair and Beehive Café and even Moroni's Barber Shop. he motel manager, (Continued on Page 42)

Blanche and Eldon Wright with their typically large Mormon family of eight children. Wright, 37, is a high-school counselor and basketball coach and is the lay bishop for the Mormon ward of Charleston, Utah.

Brigham City: Population doubled in five years as new employees of the Thiokol Corporation, at work on the Minuteman missile, poured in. The children here came from Missouri, California, Wyoming and New Jersey.

Multimillionaire Charlie Steen in front of his cliffside home. His fabulous uranium strike also proved a bonanza for the town of Moab (background).

Some of the Marquardt Company's 1400 employees stream through the plant gates in Ogden, where Bomarc-missile engines are built. Utah's missile payrolls total $63,000,000 annually.

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The mountain lion gave a low cough and a deep growl as it prepared to spring.

THE HOUNDS OF YOUTH

Only the valiant dogs stood between the boy and death.

By WILSON RAWLS

Billy Colman jounced along in his grandfather's buggy with his feet hung over the side. From time to time he stroked the sleek red coats of Old Dan and Little Ann, nestled in the buggy box beside him. The newspaper announcement had read CHAMPIONSHIP COON HUNT TO BE HELD, and he and his father and grandfather were off to Black Fox Hollow to prove what Billy's hounds could do.

On the first day Little Ann won a silver cup as best-looking dog, but what really mattered was the hunting. In the elimination round Billy's dogs did so well that a judge declared, "I've been hunting coons and judging coon hunts for forty years, but I've never seen anything like that."

Old Dan and Little Ann battled a roaring blizzard on the final night's competition and caught three raccoons. While Billy and the others trudged along behind them in the driving sleet, grandpa fell and painfully twisted his ankle so that it was impossible for them to keep on with the hunt. They took refuge from the wind in a sheltered gully and settled down to await daylight.

CONCLUSION

Just before dawn the storm with one last angry roar blew itself out. A frozen silence settled over the canebrake. Back in the thick timber of the river bottom, the sharp snapping of frozen limbs could be heard. The tall stalks of wild cane looked exhausted from the hellish night. They were drooping and bending from the weight of the frozen sleet.

I climbed out of the deep gully and listened for my dogs. I couldn't hear them. Just as I started back down the bank, I heard something. I listened. Again I heard the sound.

Papa was watching me. "Can you hear the dogs?" he asked.

"No, not the dogs," I said, "but I can hear something else."

"What does it sound like?" he asked.

"Like someone whooping," I said.

Papa and the judge hurried up the bank. We heard the sound again. It was coming from a different direction.

"The first time I heard it," I said, "it was over that way."

"It's the men from camp," the judge said. "They're searching for us."

We started whooping. The searchers answered. Their voices came from all directions. The first one to reach us was Mr. Kyle. He looked haggard and tired. He asked if everything was all right.

"Yes, we're all right," papa said, "but the old man has a bad ankle. It looks like we'll have to carry him out."

"Your team broke loose and came back to camp about midnight," Mr. Kyle said. "This really spooked us. We were sure something bad had happened. Twenty-five of us have been searching since then."

Several men climbed down the bank and went over to grandpa. They looked at his ankle. One said, "I don't think it's broken, but it sure is a bad sprain."

"You're in luck," another one said. "We have one of the best doctors in the state in our camp, Dr. Charley Lathman. He'll have you fixed up in no time."

Mr. Kyle asked where my dogs were. I told him that they were treed somewhere.

"What do you mean, 'treed somewhere'?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 80)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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The story of a man torn between love of family and the enchantment of the distant hills.

a call from yonder

By DUVAN POLK

It was one of those nights when your breath comes in sharp and painful, but full of zest, and goes out in a white, gusty vap The grass was slick with frost, and even the moonlight had t brittle, frozen look about it.

Numb-footed, but with the rest of me warm and full of excitement, I scrambled along the creek bank shouting encouragement to old Rock, who was baying vibrantly just around the bend in proud announcement that he'd done his work well. All of a sudden it seemed that old Rock hadn't treed a coon; he'd cornered a bear, and that bear had pounced on me and was shaking me this way

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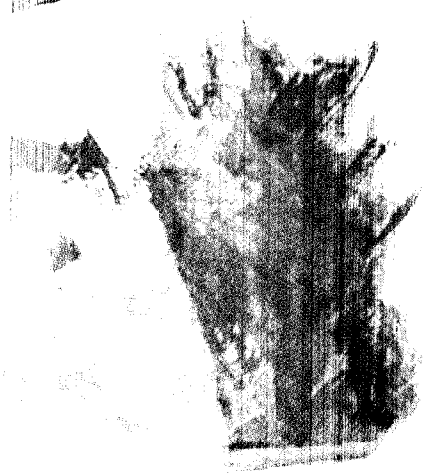
t with its powerful paws! But then it came to me dimly
wasn't being mauled by a bear at all. It was ma shaking me.
ah," she was saying softly so as not to wake the other kids,
gentle and not violently the way it had seemed at first,
p. Breakfast's ready and your pa's waitin'."
quilt felt soft and warm and heavy. I knew it was going
old in the cabin even though the fire was already going. The
y nose told me so, and I tried to ignore that light-fingered
tried to settle back down, wanting to get back to that
den creek bank and the quick excitement of old Rock's
ecstatic voice. I tried, but ma's hand was too urgent and too insistent. "All right, ma," I muttered, opening my eyes and stretching long and comfortable under the covers. "All right."

"Come on," she said, her voice laughing a little—a way she never quite lost. "You got to rise and shine!"

I knew my eyes wouldn't be open for long if I stayed there another minute. I knew my weaknesses, and I knew the way ma had of looking at people who lay abed when there were things as needed doing, so I flipped back the quilts and jumped out on the cold dirt floor that was smooth and hard Continued on Page 47



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Post Scripts

If There's Anything I Like, It's a Careful Listener!

"You know, it was three years ago, just about this time, that my wife and I took a cruise down to the British West Indies. Man, that was a vacation we'll look back on for many a day. Our first port out of Miami was Port Antonio, Jamaica; and as we were sailing through the Windward Passage ——"

"I thought you told me you were born in Michigan or somewhere."

"My father certainly kept me in line when I was a kid. He was never mean to me, but, boy, I remember that when he told me to do something he meant business, and there weren't any ifs, ands or buts about it. For example, I recall one particular night I left my red wagon out on the sidewalk and ——"

"It sounds sort of familiar, all right. Who did you say wrote it?"

"We really had a nice trip. Easy going all the way because we spelled each other at the wheel. Coming back, we drove from Los Angeles to Las Vegas, then went down to the Hoover Dam, then over to the Grand Canyon, then on east to Albuquerque, then north to ——"

"You say this was on the Edward R. Murrow show?"

"I've never been much of a pipe smoker. You've known me a long time and I bet you've rarely seen me smoke a pipe. But I happened to be in Flagler's Supermarket one day and saw this special—a pipe and three packages of pipe tobacco for ninety-eight cents—so I decided to ——"

"I don't blame you one bit. Some of the clerks down there are real wise guys!"

"My mother was never too happy about having me play football when I was a kid—probably figured I'd get some of my teeth knocked out or something. However, I played anyway and I remember trying to tackle this great big kid who was running for a touchdown. Just as I dived at him ——"

"Well, I'll just have to take a wild guess. Was it Red Grange?"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Bird Shots

There are human night owls who stay up
late
And play their hi-fi's and celebrate.
Oh, wee and small are the hours they keep,
And in the morning they want to sleep.

There are others who hit the hay with the
chickens,
They need their rest like the very dickens,
So they can arise in the pearly dawn
And hark to the news and mow the lawn.

And Fate makes sure, in her merry labors,
That the owls and chickens are next-door
neighbors!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

"I cleaned up the attic, I painted the screens, I washed the dishes and I'll never play gin rummy with you again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Creatures on Other Planets Discuss Earth

"That's right. The United States, as it's called, recently elected a President who's—well, a President is sort of like our Swattingledorf. He's ——"

"Well, I imagine the earth is pretty much made up of the same elements our own planet is—griggsgangenger, plotneyga, flockysurp, probably a small amount of wisbusket ——"

"I suppose our only hope of ever communicating with Earth would be to try to transmit some real basic thing, like some simple form of mathematics—something that just about any civilization would be apt to've discovered. Maybe something like plank plus plank equals gook."

"If we're ever actually able to talk with the forms of life that exist on Earth, it'll be interesting to see if they have the same philosophical concepts we do—I mean, that the wamguzzleslats are contained in the tripalkawez and that the hadoppenhix is ——"

"I suppose it's reasonable to assume that th creatures on Earth have developed some pri itive kind of expression and writing. In fac, they may even have some crude form of poetry. However, the chances are small indeed that they've come up with poetry as we know it—stuff like Caxkelinka Fopsawqua's great poem: 'I think that I shall never klat, a poem lovely as a yat; a yat that may in romwit nup, a nest of higgots in her klup. . . .'"

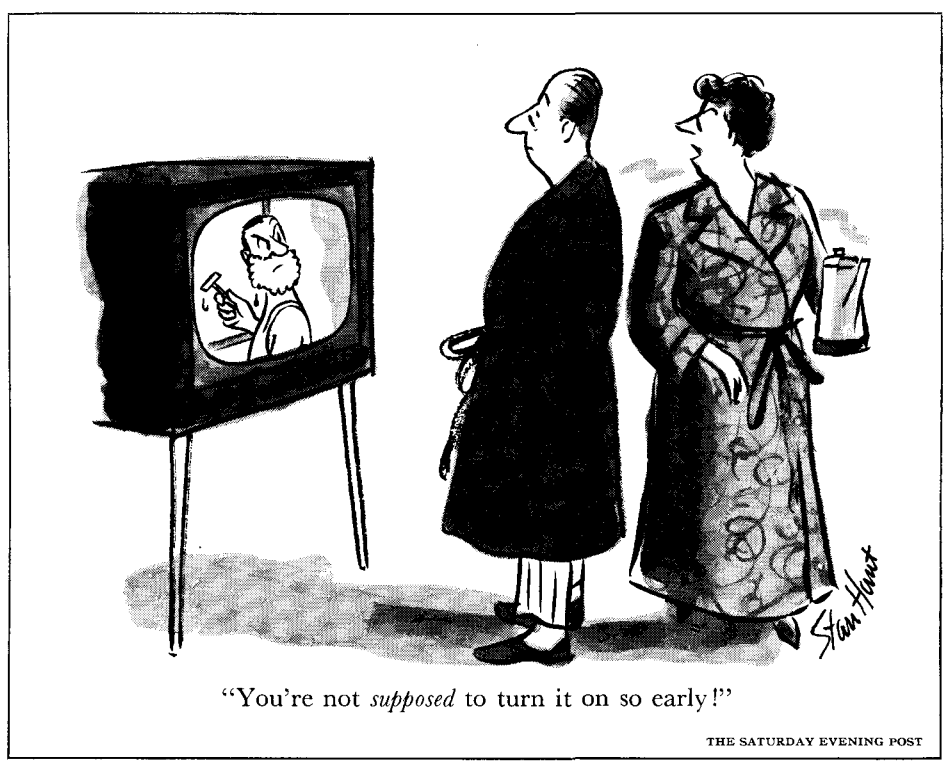
RAYMOND HOWARD

Bachelor Dilemma

If I should ask you in to see my prints
And you demurred, my dear, I'd feel vexation,
But secret pride, as well, at these small hints
That you were scared and dared not risk
temptation.

But oh, if you should readily agree
With more alacrity than I had planned for,
I'd think it meant you felt quite safe with me,
And that's a slur no gentleman can stand for.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY



"You're not *supposed* to turn it on so early!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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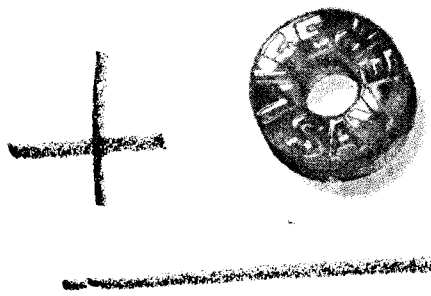

adds up to 5 delicious flavors

...still only 5¢

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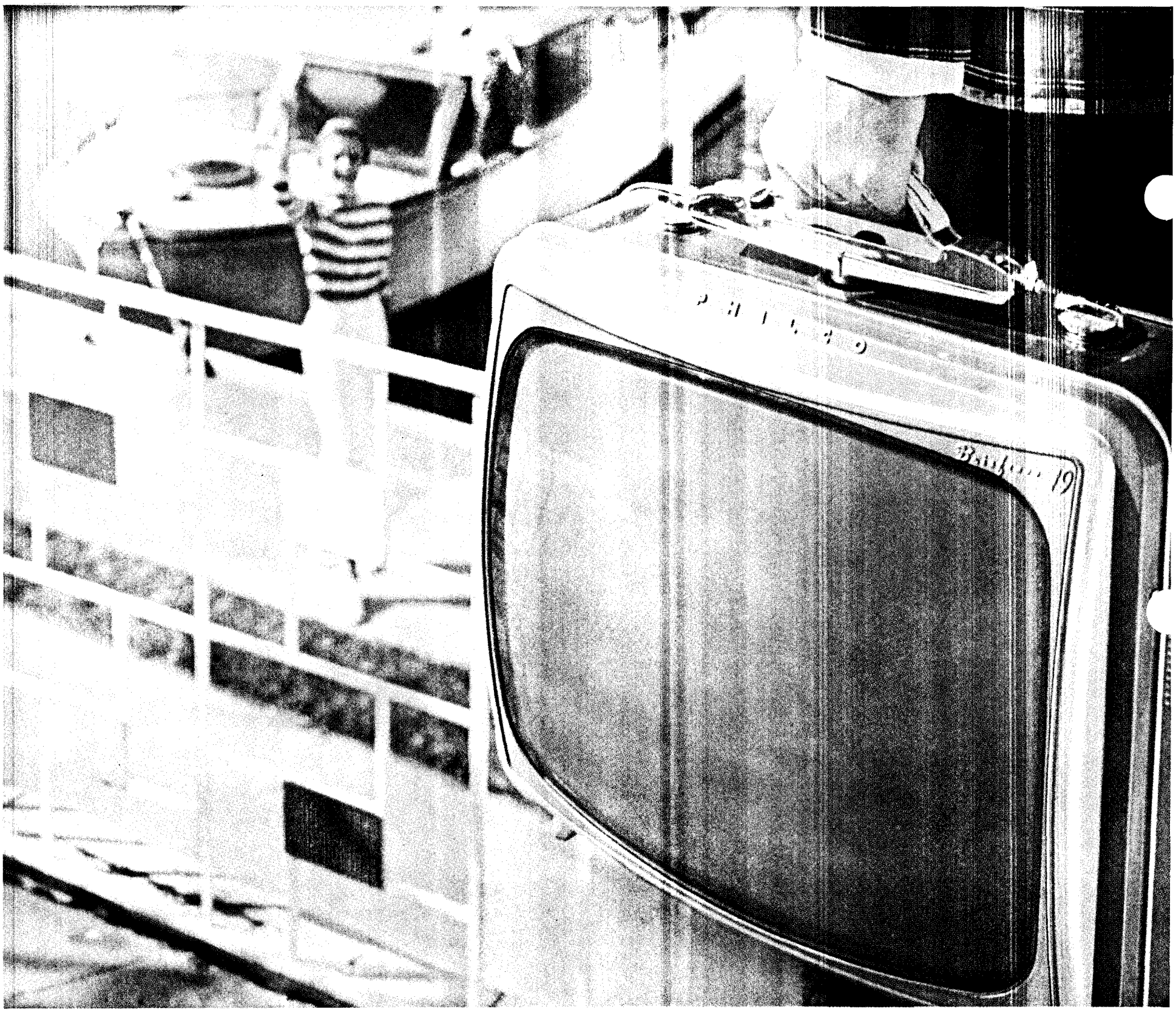

Portable television sets were fat and clumsy—far from portable—until Philco research found ways to reduce weight and bulk. By developing picture tubes with shorter necks and more compact, lighter chassis designs Philco engineers made possible truly portable sets. Such as this Philco Briefcase 19—today's slimmest, trimmest, most wanted portable TV. The Scan-Tenna, another Philco first, hides in the handle, zips out and rotates to receive the strongest signal. And, of course, the Briefcase 19 is backed by Philco's exclusive 90-day Total TV Guarantee covering all parts, tubes and service labor without any extra cost to you.

Computers are getting smarter because of Philco research. This new Philco 2000, the first fully-transistorized large-scale system, can beat any computer ever made for speed, capacity and reliability. It can compute a 10,000-man government payroll in five minutes, update a Navy inventory of 500,000 items in under twenty minutes, and it has a reading-writing capacity of 360,000 alpha-numeric characters per second! True asynchronous operation—no waiting between operations. And because of its Philco precision-built transistors the Philco 2000 runs cooler . . . requires less air conditioning, less maintenance and less space.

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The week-end sailors from Park St. just got a portable TV set ... *and the world's most advanced electronic computer!*

Both were excellent buys... good values because of Philco quality.

Our nautical friends selected a Philco portable TV set because of its style, its excellent reception . . . and because of the built-in dependability of any Philco product.

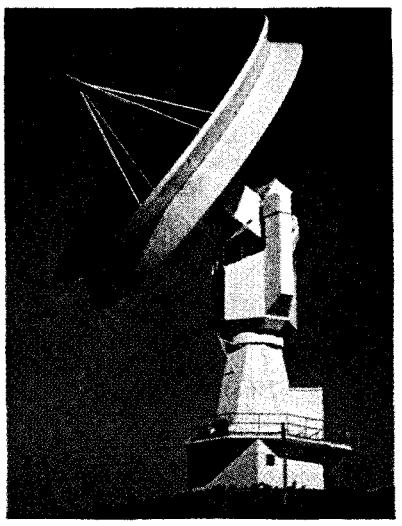
But important as they regard their choice of a TV, another choice was being made that was of even greater importance. The U. S. government was buying a computer — *an investment shared in by all Americans and benefiting all Americans.*

This computer was the carefully considered purchase of the most exacting buyers . . . U. S. Government procurement personnel for the Atomic Energy Commission.

They chose a Philco 2000 electronic computer for calculations in nuclear reactor design. They chose it because it is the fastest, most sophisticated large-scale computing system in use . . . the first to be fully transistorized and therefore the most reliable.

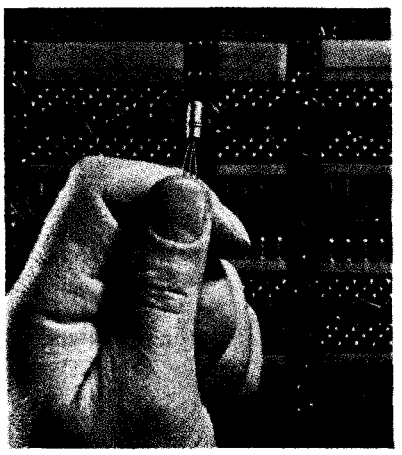
The point is that both the portable TV and the electronic computer were excellent buys. Because nothing is more important to the 24,000 of us at Philco than the quality and value of everything we make — for the home, for the government, and for industry. Philco Corporation, Philadelphia 34, Pennsylvania.

"Give us faster washing and drying!" asked American women. So Philco developed this Philco-Bendix "Hi-Speed" Duomatic washer-dryer. It can wash and dry a complete family load in just 58 minutes! You can use it as a washer or dryer separately, too. Automatically injects bleach, fabric conditioner — gives any degree of dryness you want gently, safely. Only 26¾" wide, kitchen-cabinet height. Twice as many Duomatic Washer-Dryers are in use as any other combination on the market today.



Giant Ear to Outer Space. The U. S. Air Force wanted a reliable way to get messages from satellites and missiles in every phase of flight. So Philco designed and built the world's largest satellite-tracking antenna. Now in use at Vandenburg Air Force Base, it stands 80 feet high, has a 60-foot parabolic reflector and has already exchanged millions of messages with outer-space vehicles. The triaxial mounting provides unusual flexibility and directional control.

Miss America listens to "the step beyond stereo" . . . another fabulous Philco development. Not long ago, despite hi-fidelity and stereo, something was missing from music reproduction . . . the reverberations of the concert hall. So Philco pioneered the Reverbaphonic Sound System. Now you can recreate actual concert effects. Above, Nancy Anne Fleming, Miss America of 1961, with the Reverb-equipped "Miss America" radio-phonograph named in her honor.



Transistors by the million are needed for today's electronic marvels . . . and Philco found the way to turn them out. From Philco's Fully Automatic Semiconductor Transfer (F. A. S. T.) equipment operating in dry, dust-free air . . . untouched by human hands . . . flows a steady stream of the world's finest transistors. Every one perfect, every one built to tolerances less than a fraction of the thickness of a human hair. F. A. S. T. is another reason why in variety of types of transistors and applications Philco is the acknowledged leader in the transistor industry.

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The New Utah: Change Comes to Zion

(Continued from Page 33)

the waitress who served me dinner, the car-rental agent, the gas-station attendant, all were Mormon. This was not coincidence. Seven out of ten Utahns are members of *the* Church—in Utah "the Church" always means the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The entire state is divided into Church wards of 500 to 1000 people, and each ward is presided over by a lay bishop who may be a banker, the corner druggist or a machinist in a missile plant. Church members in good standing are expected to turn over one tenth of their gross income to the Church, to keep on hand a year's emergency food supply and to abstain from alcohol, tobacco, coffee and tea. Church welfare work, temple religious work, ward work and Church-sponsored athletic and social events dominate the leisure time of most Latter-day Saints. And even "Jack Mormons," who may not tithe regularly nor live up to the strict moralistic precepts, still look to the Church for leadership.

Although the Church hierarchy maintains an official position of political nonpartisanship, Mormon influence is felt in many phases of the Utah scene. Church membership is a political asset, and candidates who are Mormon invariably make known their Church affiliation. Utah's Republican Sen. Wallace Bennett and Democratic Sen. Frank Moss, its two Congressmen, Democrats David King and Blaine Peterson, and Republican Gov. George Clyde are Mormon, as are 95 per cent of all state and local public officials.

When Church president David O. McKay put an arm about John F. Kennedy's shoulders and publicly wished him luck during Kennedy's campaign appearance in the Mormon Tabernacle, Utah Democrats were quick to interpret the gesture as Church approval of their candidate. Later, during Richard M. Nixon's visit to Salt Lake City for a Tabernacle rally, President McKay commented to Nixon, "I told him [Kennedy] that if he were successful, we would support him. In your case, I'll say we hope you are successful." Republican boosters immediately saw the statement as Church endorsement of their candidate. And despite President McKay's assurance to the press the following day that he had been speaking only for himself, many Mormons felt "the word" had been spoken. Nixon carried Utah by a wide margin even though Democrats won the two Congressional seats and retained control of the state legislature.

A labor leader with whom I talked blamed pressure from the Church for the continued existence of the state's right-to-work law.

"We thought we had enough votes to get the law repealed in the last legislature," the labor official said. "But at the last minute something happened, and the bill was blocked in the Senate. One of the state senators who voted against us had told me only an hour before the vote that he was with us. When I asked why he had switched, his answer was, 'My religion comes before my politics.' Whether this was Church policy or just the policy of certain individuals high in the Church, I don't know," added the labor man, who is himself a Mormon.

While the L.D.S. Church is unmistakably the dominant influence in Utah, the recent industrial surge has been generated by non-Mormons, and all the new missile plants are branches of Eastern or West Coast companies. I started my tour of the new Utah in Salt Lake City at the Sperry Utah Engineering Laboratory, a division of Sperry Rand Corporation. Sperry Utah has the second biggest payroll in the Salt Lake area—Kennecott Copper Corporation is first—and is the prime manufacturing contractor for the Army's Sergeant missile system.

Most of the 3200 people now working at Sperry knew nothing about building missiles when the company opened its plant in October, 1956. Sperry persuaded the city's high schools to add vocational courses in specific skills, such as machining, drafting and electronics. And a training program was set up at five Utah vocational schools and junior colleges, Sperry guaranteeing employment to men and women who satisfactorily completed the course. In an eighteen-month period nearly 2000 skilled workers were turned out, more than half of them women trained to do intricate electrical assembly work.

The Salt Lake area's other major missile maker, the Bacchus Works of the Hercules Powder Company, is actually one of the state's oldest industrial concerns and has been making explosives for mining and construction use since 1915. Three years ago, when Hercules added a rocket-engine experimental laboratory to the plant just west of Salt Lake City, they were awarded a research-and-development contract on the third stage of the Air Force Minuteman intercontinental ballistic missile.

The Monday morning I planned a visit to the Hercules plant I discovered it was closed. When I did get out to the plant, I was told that once a year the cold war has to give way to an old Utah custom. A long-standing union contract with the dynamite workers provides a holiday on the first Monday of deer season. And even though there are now more than 1000 missile workers and only ninety dynamite employees, the tradition still persists.

The Hercules official who showed me around the plant said the front office was in a turmoil that day, trying to solve a delightful dilemma. Hercules had just been awarded a multimillion-dollar contract to build second-stage engines for the Navy's Polaris missile, in addition to a huge production contract for Minuteman third-stage engines. Management's big question was: Would they need one additional factory, or two, to handle the new work?

Several other Western states have jealously eyed Utah's splurge into the missile and defense business and wondered what kind of arm twisting was applied by a state with little national political leverage and practically no skilled-labor pool. But to hear Gus Backman, Salt Lake City's astute Chamber of Commerce manager tell about it, the Wasatch Front was the perfect place for these new missile companies.

As the military had discovered at the outbreak of World War II, the area was an ideal distribution point for the West, especially the Pacific Coast. It was almost equidistant from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle and had excellent transportation facilities. Low-cost land for factory sites was available, and within twenty miles of the urban centers there were numerous desolate locations suitable for the dangerous and noisy business of rocket-engine testing. The Chamber of Commerce also came up with an answer for the labor shortage.

"I went to the Church and suggested they have the bishops in other areas, especially Southern California, pass the word down that there was new opportunity back in Zion," says Backman. "After getting their education here, young graduates had left Utah to find jobs. We didn't feel guilty about taking these engineers and skilled workers from other missile plants," Backman added. "After all, we're the ones who paid taxes to educate them."

Utah's new-found prosperity and involvement in the space age have wrought surprisingly few changes in the state's capital and nerve center. Suburbia has burgeoned all around Salt Lake City, and almost half the state's 890,000 people—up 29 per cent from 1950—now reside in the Greater Salt Lake City area. But Salt Lake City itself has grown little and has few accouterments of the progressive modern city.

Salt Lake's city hall, the County-City Building, is sixty-seven years old—and looks it. The city outgrew its vintage-1905 Public Library structure years ago. Only one major building has been added to Main Street's sky line in thirty-three years. There is no civic auditorium—important events are held in the historic, mushroom-shaped Mormon Tabernacle. The city has no sewage-disposal plant, and raw sewage runs in an open canal into the Great Salt Lake. The famed lake is referred to by the Salt Lake City *Tribune* as "one of the biggest open-ended cesspools in the country."

"People have talked about a bond-financed civic-improvement program for years," says John Gallivan, publisher of the *Tribune*. "But it's still just talk. A local group got up plans for a civic auditorium a few years ago. Then the Church announced it was thinking of building a big new auditorium, so the civic plans were dropped. As a result, nothing is done."

While in Salt Lake City I called on the spiritual and temporal leader of the Mormon Church. Eighty-seven-year-old president David O. McKay is said to be the most beloved man in Utah, and when I met him, it was easy to see why he holds the respect and devotion of Mormon and non-Mormon alike. A tall, fine-looking man with kindly eyes and a shock of pure white hair, David McKay radiates warmth and goodness.

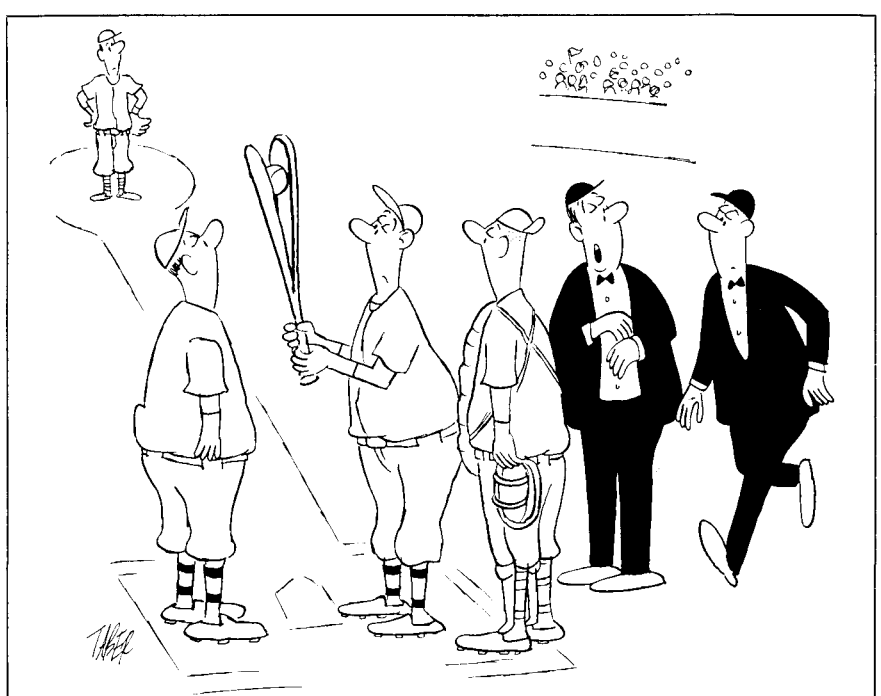
President McKay shares the pride of most Utahns in the recent space-age boom, but has reservations. "The Mormon Church is interested in developing the character of man, and we don't like our members to be dependent on the Government," President McKay told me. "If a man is going to work eight hours at a missile plant, however, he should also work eight hours on the land and have eight hours for his sleep—that would keep him out of mischief," he added with a twinkle. "People should keep cows and chickens, have small farms and stay independent."

President McKay mentioned, as did every other Utah leader with whom I spoke, that the state's most important long-range problem is lack of water. And it is significant that the Utah people have recently re-elected as their governor George Clyde, an experienced water engineer and conservationist.

"It's amazing how many strangers harbor the misconception that Utah is still an agricultural state," Governor Clyde told me as we sat in the living room of the newly built ranch-style governor's mansion. "Our pioneers had to create an agricultural economy to survive. But the land cannot begin to support our growing population. Do you realize that even with all the water we can possibly bring to the land through planned reclamation projects, we still will have barely enough to till five per cent of Utah's soil? Just compare that with Iowa's ninety-five per cent of arable land and you can appreciate our position."

From earliest times Utah's progress has been impeded by scarcity of water. Westward pioneers took one look at the barren country and moved on to California or Oregon. When the early Mormons arrived, the 85,000 square miles that are now Utah supported only Indians and a few white trappers. It was only by dint of backbreaking toil that the Saints, who have always made a virtue of hard work, made the harsh land habitable. Every mouthful of food was measured by the effort of bringing water to their arid Zion. For a while a revolutionary, communal social order was attempted, the people pooling their labor and means to build up the territory. And to fulfill the dream of a self-sufficient Mormon civilization, Brigham Young sent out special missions to mine and smelt lead and iron, raise and manufacture cotton and even silk.

But the goal of self-sufficiency was never achieved. The Mormon religious empire came into conflict with the United States Government, and President James Buchanan sent troops to occupy the territory. Gentiles—the Mormon name for all non-Mormons— (*Continued on Page 44*)



"Have you got the rulebook?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Salem refreshes your taste
—"air-softens" every puff

Take a puff... it's Springtime! Somewhere there's a place you love especially well in springtime . . . perhaps a place of hillside and valley like this. You'll think of this place when you try a Salem cigarette, so soft, so gentle, so refreshing is its smoke. Yes, Salem is the most refreshing cigarette of all. Special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. Fine tobaccos add their own richness to Salem's taste, too. Smoke refreshed . . . smoke Salem!

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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(*Continued from Page 42*) moved in to exploit the mineral resources and to establish competing businesses. The transcontinental railroad was linked in Utah, Eastern merchandise flowed in, and Mormon isolation was ended for all time. Polygamy, which many Mormons practiced as a religious tenet, enraged outsiders and fanned the flames of misunderstanding between Mormon and gentile. The Church, much of its property confiscated by the Federal Government and many of its leaders jailed, finally capitulated by renouncing polygamy, and Utah was granted statehood in 1896. Mormon and gentile then worked together, reluctantly at first but with gradually lessening friction, to build the economy of the state.

But progress came hard. The water shortage stunted growth of agriculture. Fluctuation in mineral prices caused frequent rounds of unemployment in mining and smelting. With a very limited market and high freight rates, manufacturing was slow to develop. The taxpayers' load was increased as huge hunks of land were withdrawn from tax rolls (79 per cent of Utah is now in Federal or state hands, and one military proving ground occupies an area larger than Rhode Island). And the traditional Mormon emphasis on large families and a thorough education for their children kept the people scrambling to pay for schools and colleges.

During World War II, Utah's economy found new hope when the Government put in a steel plant, a large munitions factory, supply depots and military bases. After the war, the United States Steel Corporation purchased and added to the Government-owned steel plant at Geneva, Kennecott Copper expanded its operation, and several manufacturing and processing plants came in, all helping to take up the postwar employment slack. But jobs remained scarce, and Utah's lifeblood, its college graduates, continued to drain out of the state. Then came the missile industry to spur the economy to its present peak.

North of Salt Lake City along the Wasatch Front, I ran into many evidences of the changing Utah. At military-defense installations and missile companies, payrolls are studded with the names of farmers who have put their land into the soil bank or hired a neighbor to milk the cows while they sop up some of the high-paying defense "gravy." Secretaries, grocery clerks and housewives have been lured away from their previous duties. And young Mormon engineers and skilled workers who had been living in Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit and New York have come home to Zion, now that jobs are available.

My visit to the Thiokol Chemical Corporation's rocket-production plant, thirty miles west of Brigham City, took me to a desolate valley which five years before had been populated only by sheep and cattle. Now it bustles with activity as 4000 people work to develop the first-stage solid-fuel rocket for the Minuteman missile. And the livestock is still there, too, as I discovered when I came upon cattle grazing alongside a test pad where rocket engines, capable of sending missiles 5000 miles through space, are static-fired. A Thiokol official explained that when this ideal location had been selected, the rancher-owner had felt reluctant to sell because he had no other place to graze his stock. A compromise was finally worked out.

"These Mormons drive a hard bargain," the Thiokol man told me. "Not only did we agree to let the livestock graze our land but to provide water and keep the fences in repair."

During a tour of the plant I talked with a crew preparing to mix a batch of fuel that would provide thousands of pounds of thrust for a Minuteman rocket engine. All but one of the men were farmers and had taken jobs at Thiokol to supplement their farm incomes. The nonfarmer owns an auto-glass shop in Brigham City and does his glass-installation work during off hours.

A $21,000,000 annual payroll dropped into the midst of a tranquil farming area is bound to have tremendous impact. And Brigham City, which until 1956 had been a quiet, 90 per cent Mormon town of 6000, has born the brunt of the Thiokol invasion. When I visited Brigham City, I found merchants, teachers, mothers and town leaders struggling to cope with the demands of a population which has doubled in five years. Peach and cherry orchards have given way to housing tracts—500 new homes were built last year. Taxes, rents and real-estate prices have soared. Nine non-Mormon denominations now hold Church services. A few of the lately arrived gentile parents are grumbling about what they claim is Mormon-tinted teaching of history in the public schools. And some of the town's merchants have a feeling they have been left holding the bag.

"Sure, we're doing a little more business these days," said one storekeeper. "But it costs plenty to build up the town for these newcomers. And then they turn around and do most of their shopping in Ogden and Salt Lake City," he added.

"It would be a lot more convenient to shop right here in Brigham City," commented the wife of a Thiokol worker. "But the merchants never have on hand what you need. And besides, the minute they see us coming, the prices go up."

In Ogden, Utah's second-largest city, I sensed a much more matter-of-fact attitude toward the space age. Ogden has been experiencing up-and-down, boom-and-bust periods ever since becoming the rail center of the intermountain West late in the nineteenth century. During World War II mammoth Army and Navy supply depots and a huge Air Force base were located nearby, bringing in thousands of civilian workers. Demobilization, in turn, threw thousands out of work and caught the merchants with expanded stores and heavy inventories.

Today Ogden is booming again as the trading area for a cluster of military bases and defense industries which include the Army and Navy supply depots, Marquardt Aircraft Company's Bomarc missile plant, Thiokol's national headquarters for rocket operations and Hill Air Force Base, the largest employer in the state, with 12,000 civilians on the payroll. Another 1000 workers will converge on the area this summer when Boeing Airplane Company opens a plant at Hill Air Force Base for mass assembly of Minuteman missiles.

Ogden merchants are wary, remembering well how suddenly Government contracts can be canceled. A Congressional debate last year over the fate of the Bomarc missile system caused an immediate reaction in Ogden. Store owners cut back orders for new stock as wild rumors spread. "It was so bad one week I couldn't even get my pay check cashed at a store where I trade," a Marquardt secretary told me. "The manager was convinced that Marquardt was already out of business."

The Marquardt plant is still very much in business, producing ram-jet engines for the Bomarc missile. Workers have come to Marquardt from all fifty states, and out-of-staters comprise two thirds of the 1400 employees.

It was at Marquardt that I first heard a favorite Utah story about the Jewish worker from an Eastern state who is purported to have said, "I think this place is wonderful—such fresh air, such high mountains and such friendly people. But the only thing is, I can't get used to being called a gentile."

The day I toured the Marquardt plant I talked to two eighteen-year-old Navajos who were hand-finishing finely machined parts. Chester Jim and Joe Sam had obtained vocational training at the Government's Intermountain Indian School at Brigham City. I asked if they planned to return to the Navajo reservation. The close-mouthed youths shook their heads. When I asked why not, Joe Sam shrugged and said, "No job."

As I drove through the central part of Utah, there was a noticeable change of pattern from the thriving Wasatch Front area. The Utah farmers' ability to squeeze the last drop of use from available water, get along on a low income and lay away during good years for the lean ones, has lately been strained to the breaking point. An eight-year drought plus rising costs and lagging farm prices have taken their toll. Local co-operative water companies, with financial assistance from the State Water and Power Board, have helped stave off disaster through numerous small conservation projects. Despite these efforts, some areas have lost as much as a fourth of their population over the last ten years as defeated farmers have packed up and headed for the Salt Lake region or the West Coast.

In the town of Nephi—population 2566, down 14 per cent from 1950—about ninety miles south of Salt Lake City, I met Dr. Preston L. Jones, who somehow finds time to serve as chairman of the Utah Water and Power Board as well as being a six-days-a-week dentist and part-time farmer.

"Our town creek dried up this summer for the first time since the 1880's," Doctor Jones told me while waiting for a patient's filling to harden. "But our local water company's three new wells saved the day." He explained that the state lent them $34,000 of the $47,000 needed to drill the wells and that this year alone the investment was responsible for saving an estimated $338,000 worth of crops.

"We've lost a lot of good men in the past ten years," Doctor Jones added. "But we have great hope for this valley, especially when we get new water in 1967 from the Bureau of Reclamation's Central Utah Project."

When overall-clad Roy Bowles arrived for a dental appointment, Doctor Jones introduced him as a farmer who could tell me what was going on.

"The six hundred and eighty acres of wheat I'm dry-farming used to support several families," said Bowles. "Now it is barely enough for me. All four of my sons have left—three of them are teaching school, and one is a dentist."

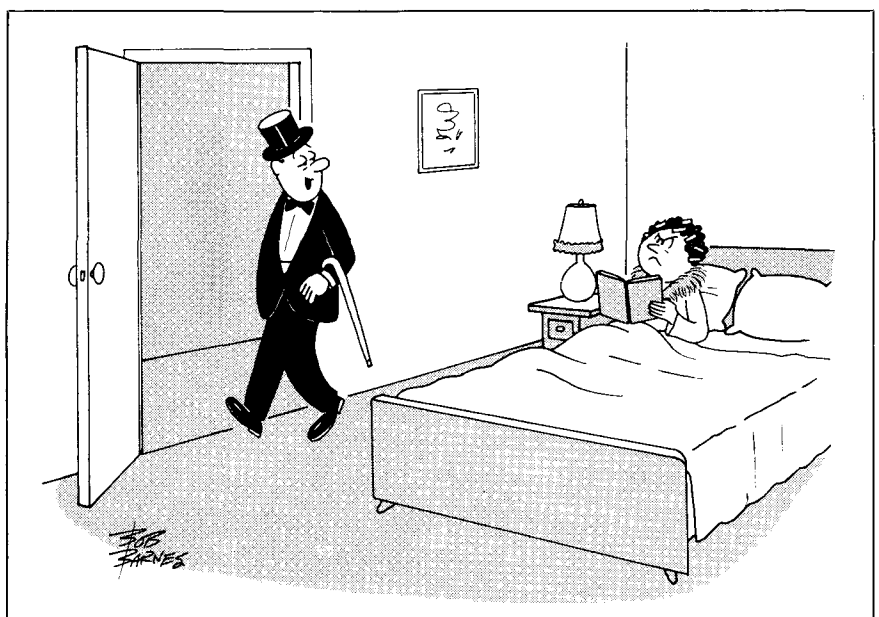
In southeast Utah, the land of red cliffs, wind-wrought arches and erosion-carved monuments, another kind of mid-twentieth-century transition is in process. "Black gold" and "yellowcake" have become magic words as oil and uranium discoveries put the Midas touch on once-worthless desert plateaus and rock piles.

Moab, the area's biggest town, has grown in one decade from an agricultural village of fewer than 1300 people to a surprisingly cosmopolitan community of 6000. It was the only town I visited where gentiles now outnumber Mormons. Residents flock to the high school each summer for college extension courses in art, journalism and geology. Moab plays host to engineers and geologists from all parts of North America at its annual uranium symposium. Most of the town's businessmen are in their thirties and forties, and I found the president of the Moab Chamber of Commerce to be a twenty-seven-year-old newspaper editor, Samuel J. Taylor.

"There have been three catalysts in Moab's growth—oil, uranium and Charlie Steen," Taylor said. He told me how Steen, with barely enough food for his family, had struck it rich in uranium in the hills behind Moab nine years ago. Instead of cashing in and moving to the big city, Steen stayed in Moab. He plowed back his Mi Vida Mine income into additional uranium explorations, a $9,000,000 uranium reduction mill and other ventures now employing almost 1000 people. At forty he is a multimillionaire.

Oil was recently discovered in a big way in the Lisbon Valley just south of Moab and in the Four Corners region on the Navajo Indian Reservation where Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado meet. As I drove into the Indian country which stretches along the Arizona-Utah border, I wondered how anyone could manage to exist in this desolate area where the soil yields little but greasewood and rocks. Seven years ago the land around the Aneth Trading Post was worth about fifty cents an acre. Today the area bristles with oil pumps. One recent lease on 2560 of these "worthless" acres brought $3102 per acre to the Navajo Tribal Council.

Inside a small control building near the trading post, I watched a supervisor send oil from 164 wells into pipelines feeding to New Mexico, Texas and Illinois, all at the flick of a switch. Another group of wells nearby is controlled from push-button panels in Compton, California, 700 miles away. (*Continued on Page 46*)



"I think I'll go put the cat out."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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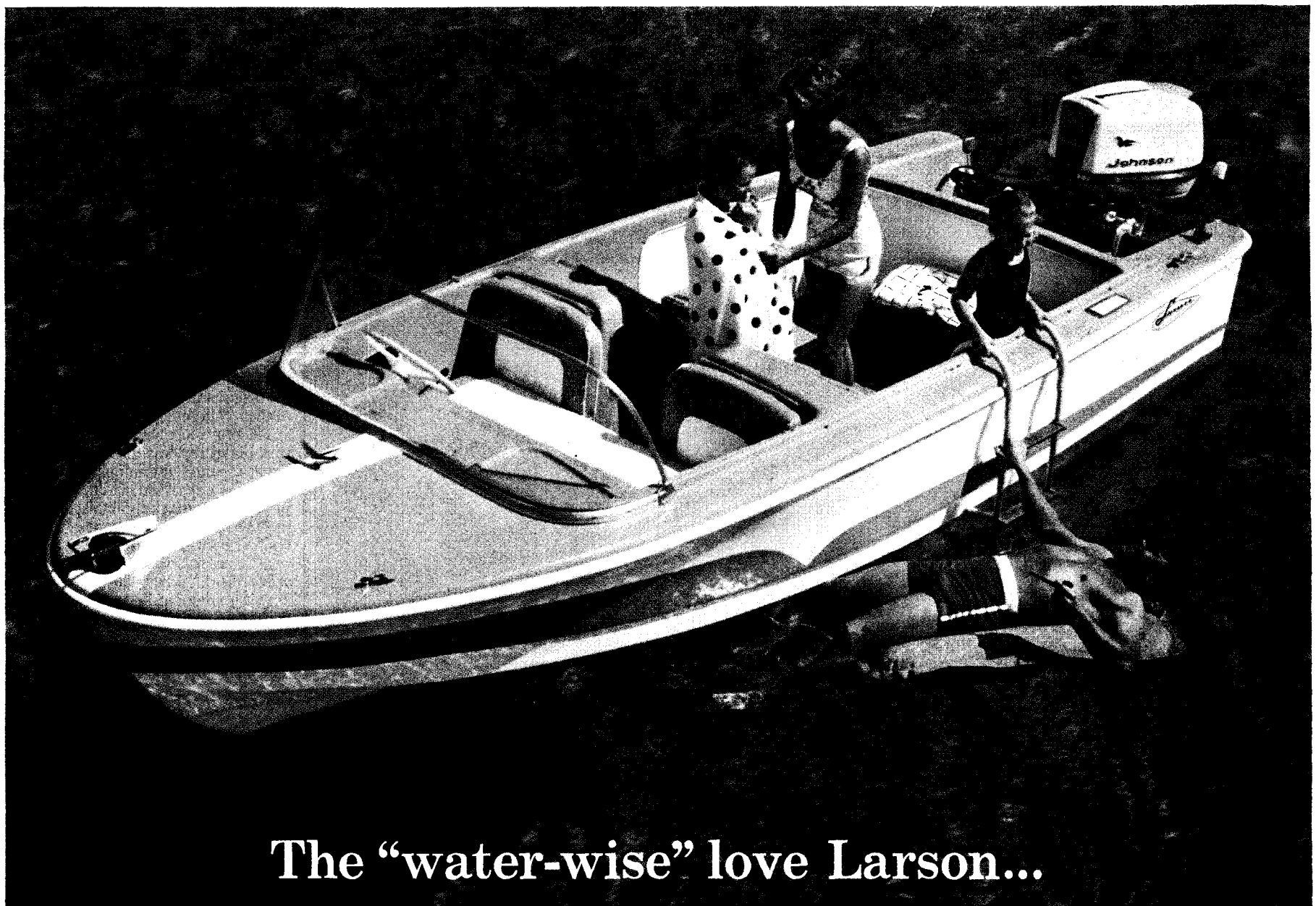

The "water-wise" love Larson...

17′ All-American 172—Boat price range $1295-$1360*

America's ideal family boat

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Relax . . . leave cares ashore. Larson is your family room afloat! Take family and friends (there's plenty of room) . . . have a swim away from the crowds. Settle down in the comfort of upholstered seats. If the weather's fickle, raise the top. You can button up tight in seconds. You'll feel the responsiveness of the steering . . . the stability of the deep, wide hull. And you'll see the finished appearance of neat interior paneling. For safety, notice the big, self-bailing motor well. Lights and hardware are included, too. And under the floor is flotation foam that fills the double bottom. A Larson is practically unsinkable. There's a Larson Boat that's right for your family . . . and it's a safe bet that they'll love it.

Larson's Million-Bubble Ride

So smooth, so soft . . . boating's more fun for everyone! Laplines in Larson's fibreglass hull (photo at right) break water into tiny bubbles that cushion your ride. In turns, you bank comfortably while laplines bite like keels to prevent slipping and maintain speed.

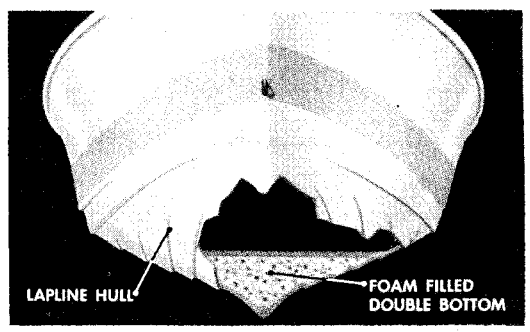
Larson Boats are designed by Paul Larson, master builder for 45 years. They range from the 14′ Playmate to the 19′ Surfmaster Cruiser, including the popular 16′ All-Americans ($1095-$1255*).

**The higher price applies West of Continental Divide. Prices higher in Canada.*

Notice the difference in Larson

Brunswick Boats, a division of Brunswick Corporation, Little Falls, Minn. and Alliance, Ohio/Nashville, Ga./ Dallas, Texas/Upland, Calif. Manufactured exclusively in Canada by Courtaulds Moulded Products of Canada, Ltd., Cornwall, Ontario.

A Product of Brunswick World Leader in Recreation



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(*Continued from Page 44*) Yet amid these automated marvels, most of the Navajos continue to live in their mud-and-brush hogans, without electricity or plumbing. The oil and uranium developments have brought jobs to many of these Indians, however, and outside nearly every hogan I saw a late-model pickup truck or automobile.

Another anachronism of Zion in the space age is polygamy, which has dogged Utah throughout its history.

"I have reason to believe there are still at least twenty thousand Utah men, women and children involved in polygamy," state Attorney General Walter Budge told me when I talked with him at the capitol. "I believe most of these people are sincere and are trying to follow their religious convictions. But they put their beliefs above the law of the land. So polygamy will have to be stopped."

The attorney general, a Mormon whose grandfather was a polygamist and a regional Church official, indicated that polygamy, as practiced today, brings with it a number of distressing conditions. Polygamous fathers are hard put to support several wives and their multitudinous offspring. The children sometimes have insufficient food and are often taught to lie and evade the law. And young girls sometimes are pressed into plural marriage with older men.

Officials of the Mormon Church, which excommunicates known polygamists, feel that the attorney general's estimate of the prevalence of polygamy is a gross exaggeration.

"We take swift and stern action when Church members are involved in polygamy, and certainly encourage legal prosecution of offenders," an L.D.S. spokesman told me.

Most Utahns, however, tend to close their eyes to the situation, as do local law-enforcement agencies. William M. Rogers, the state attorney general's special assistant, showed me two file cabinets stuffed with partially documented case histories.

"Public sympathy is often on the side of the polygamists, and it is almost impossible to get witnesses to testify against suspects," Rogers said. "It sometimes takes months and even years to build a single case."

Rogers said that when cases do come to trial, judges are reluctant to give long prison terms to polygamous fathers, knowing their several wives and many children will be thrown on relief rolls. In cases of polygamous wives, the judges almost always suspend sentence because the defendants plead the need to take care of their children.

The only recent attempt by a county to rout polygamy was made late in 1959 in Davis County, adjoining Salt Lake City. Henri J. Frederiksen, foreman of a grand jury, told me that although sixteen indictments had been issued, none of the offenders had been sent to prison.

"It was a frustrating experience," Frederiksen said. "When you know that polygamy is going on right in your own neighborhood, you feel something must be done about it."

While Utah today is gradually shucking off nineteenth-century traditions, its present prosperity does not breed complacency. Despite all the new high-paying jobs, the state's perennially low per capita personal income is still $300 below the national average. Factors in Utah's low income level are its birth rate—fourth-highest in the nation—a continual influx of retired oldsters who come to Zion for their last days, few working wives and comparatively low wages in trades and services.

As far as I could determine from my tour of Utah, this low personal-income statistic is not reflected in the standard of living. Although I saw few mansions, I also saw few slums. All over the state I met people whose modest incomes did not prevent them from enjoying full, satisfying lives. The home and Church are still the center of life. Eight out of ten families own or are buying their own homes; and in every city and town of this desert country, I drove along streets lined with trees and lovingly kept gardens. And personnel managers at the missile companies commented to me that they couldn't ask for harder-working people than the Utahns, whose state symbol is the beehive and whose motto is "industry."

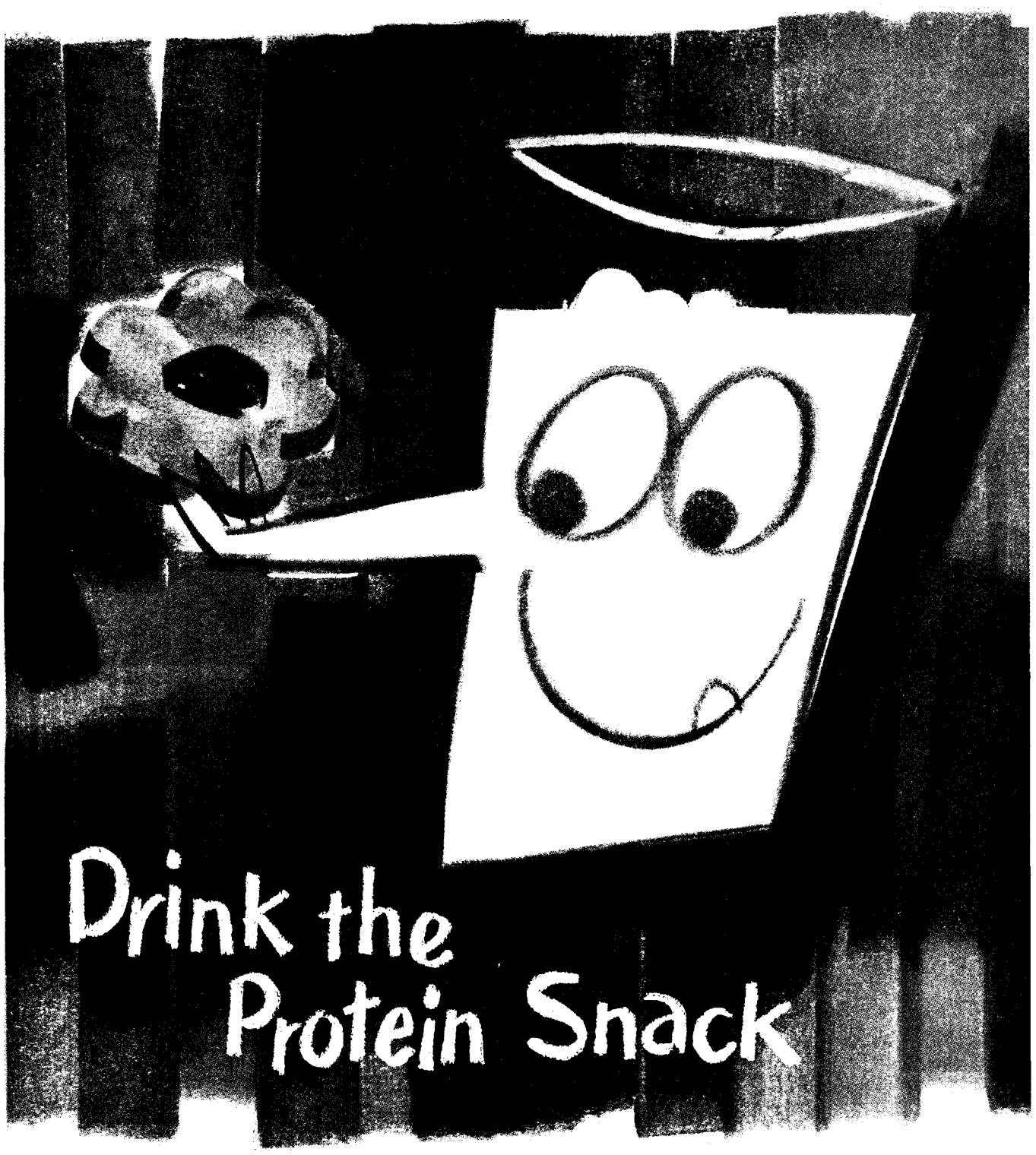
The 1960's and 1970's have a promising outlook for most Utahns. But there are some who view the future with apprehension as they realize that one fourth of all personal income of Utahns is derived from Government sources.

"It is no use standing up in Rotary and talking about the evils of Government spending and then, after lunch, going back to a business which is dependent upon it," says Salt Lake City industrialist Joseph Rosenblatt.

"In Washington I argue to beat the band to get more of the defense dollar," Congressman David King comments. "Yet, at the same time, I am worried about what it is doing to our people."

And Utah financial leader Marriner Eccles, former chairman of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System, sums up the feeling of many Utahns: "I'd like to see our prosperity based on something more solid and less destructiv than the missile industry."

THE END



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A Call From Yonder (Continued from Page 37)

from the fall of our feet all through those many days of spring and summer when dirt floors had been just fine.

Pa had intended to get in a floor of some kind before winter. Pa had lots of good intentions, but there were so many distractions they almost drove him crazy. There were buffaloes out on the prairie and deer in the brush and fish in the creek and . . .

Anyway, ma was not too happy about that floor—or the lack of it—and pa and I tried to keep the subject from coming up any too often. Right then, though, I wished there had been a floor, because the cold seemed to burn the bottom of my feet and spread right up my backbone as I jerked my woolen pants up over my Long Johns and did a lick-and-promise job of stuffing in my long-tailed shirt.

By the time I got my pants buttoned up I was sure wide awake and shivering so hard it's a wonder I didn't shake the cabin. I jumped back on my bunk to pull on my high-topped socks and my patched-up brogans. "Bub," ma said, not looking up from the fireplace, "you tuck those socks under the legs of your underwear. You'll stay warmer that way."

Pa, who had already finished his pancakes and was sipping his coffee when I threw my legs over the bench, watched in critical silence as I dipped the sharp, thick sorghum over my cakes and dug in. "Sometimes," he said, winking at ma, "it seems like a waste of good food to put it in front of Bub. Seems like it don't do him no good a-tall!"

"Well," my ma said, looking through the gloominess of the fire-lighted room to where Adam and Letitia still slept, "it surely ain't shirkin' him none on the length of his bones. If he ever does start fillin' out, he'll be a whopper." There was a sadness—an all-too-familiar sadness—to the look she gave me then. "It's a good thing, maybe, that he's gettin' man size. It looks like he's goin' to have to do man's work if we're to get by."

I looked up sharply, wishing she wouldn't say such things, but pa's face was expressionless. He just said, "Eat up, boy. If we're goin' to get there and back today we've got to get a move on."

I worried the last bit of cake around in the syrup and gulped it down and took the first swig of coffee that was hot and black and brave in the chill of that early-December morning. It was hot and black and brave, that coffee, but it didn't quite kill the sweetness of the sorghum, and I felt that I just had to have another cup. I expected ma to comment on my lolly-gagging, but she just filled my mug, and when pa cut his eyes up at her in a questioning, laughing way, she filled his cup, too, and then sat down on the bench beside him.

There was love between those two. I know it now, and I sensed it then, even through the sharpness of ma's chiding tongue and the patient tolerance with which pa accepted it. Countless times I've heard her speak bitterly to him about family affairs and his lack of ambition and then, a few minutes later, touch him softly. She'd do this inconsistent thing and lose her own strength when he'd reach out a big, brown hand to pull her head down on his chest. "Jessie," he'd say, "I wish I was what you deserve. I wish it more than anything!"

"No matter," she'd say, burrowing her face a little deeper and adding in a muffled, wistful tone, "you're a good man, Jim. You're *good*, but your wants are too simple! Oh, if I could just breathe a spark into you ——"

"I wish you could, Jessie," he'd murmur in that deep voice of his. And even then, while he was contrite and ashamed, his bright gray eyes were seeing open, unpeopled lands and lonesome paths. He was a restless, curious man whose ears were tuned to a faint, constant call from the yonder places. He was a man miserable if he answered that call and miserable if he didn't, tied down as he was by a family man's love.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Hocus Pocus

First a howling blizzard
woke us,
Then the rain came down
to soak us,
And now before the eye
can focus—
Crocus.

Lilja Rogers

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

I guess we all had our thoughts that morning, because pa suddenly reached over and touched a frown wrinkle around ma's eyes. "I'll bring you a pretty," he said teasingly. "You need something to cheer you up."

She slapped her hand on the table in quick anger, confusing me because I thought it was nice of pa to think of such a thing.

"Jim," she said, speaking harshly for such a soft-voiced woman, "don't go blowin' in what little you get for those furs. I don't need any pretties, and we do need flour and meal and salt!"

She stared at him, exasperation riding the planes of her face. "It would be just like you to do somethin' like that. You've got about as much responsibility about you as a litle boy!"

"All right, Jessie," pa said in a subdued tone. He looked at me then and said quietly, "Let's go, Bub."

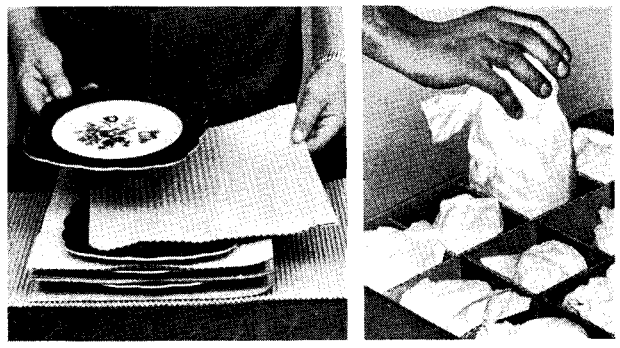
He turned back to ma. "You sure you don't want to go? We could take the wagon and spend the night at the store?"

She hesitated. "No, I'd better not. Adam's still puny, and I don't reckon the weather would do his cold any good. But it'd be awful nice," she said wistfully. She was thinking, most likely, of the sound of another woman's voice.

"Well," pa said, "we ought to be back before dark then by goin' horseback." He kissed her and moved out into the cold dryness of the north wind. He grinned at me in that moment before the door closed the firelight from his features, and he seemed like a different man—a bigger man—now that he was out from beneath a roof.

The pens and the lean-to of a barn we'd built were close beside the house. In later times and gentler places it was considered unsanitary to have animals stabled so close to the house, but in those days it was just a matter of good sense and plain economic necessity. Horses and milk cows were hard to come by, and anything that wandered out of sight was apt to end up being ridden by an Indian or else have an arrow planted in it. Indians did things like that—shooting a man's cow just for the meanness of it.

I dropped the poles of the gate, and as pa stepped into the lot I could hear the horses stamping restlessly inside the scanty warmth of the shed. It was built picket style, like the house, and the wind had a way of going between the logs in spite of the chinking. (*Continued on Page 51*)



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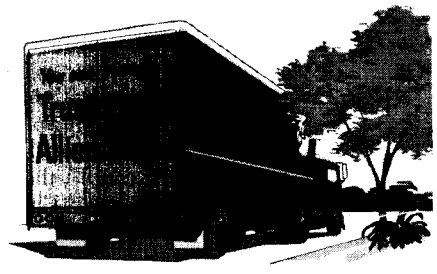

ALLIED VAN LINES U.S. 1 **NUMBER 1 MOVER ON THE HIGHWAY**

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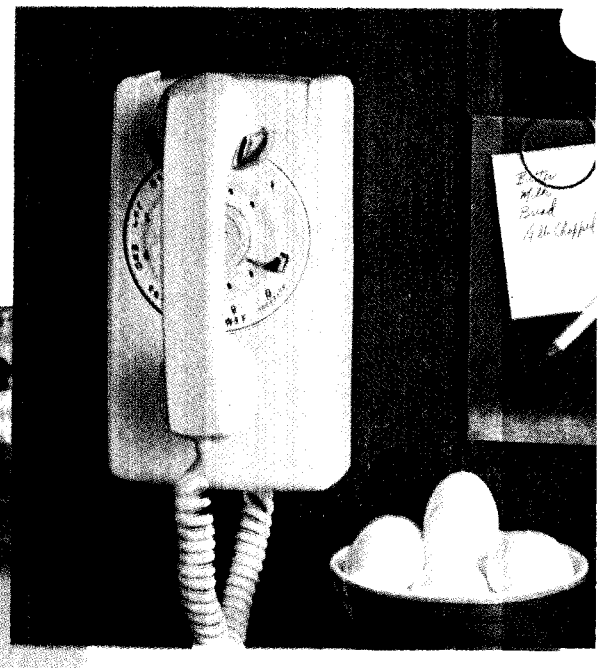
HOME INTERPHONE. Now your family can enjoy a home communications system that uses telephones themselves. You can talk from room to room, call people to the phone, summon everyone to supper—things you may have to do now by shouting or walking. Near each phone in the home is a small speaker which broadcasts the caller's voice. The person called can answer hands-free, if desired, because a small microphone in the phone's base picks up replies.

The Bell System's Spring Phone Fai

PRINCESS PHONE. It's little, it's lovely, it lights! The new Princess is small to save you space, and styled with modern grace. The dial glows in the dark so you can find it quickly and, when you lift the receiver, lights up brightly to make dialing easy. Choice of five colors.

HANDY WALL PHONE. The busy, active rooms in your home are natural locations for this extension—the kitchen, a basement workshop, a family room.

PHONES IN DECORATOR COLORS. Not only can extension phones give you convenience and comfort, but in color they can add new beauty to any room.



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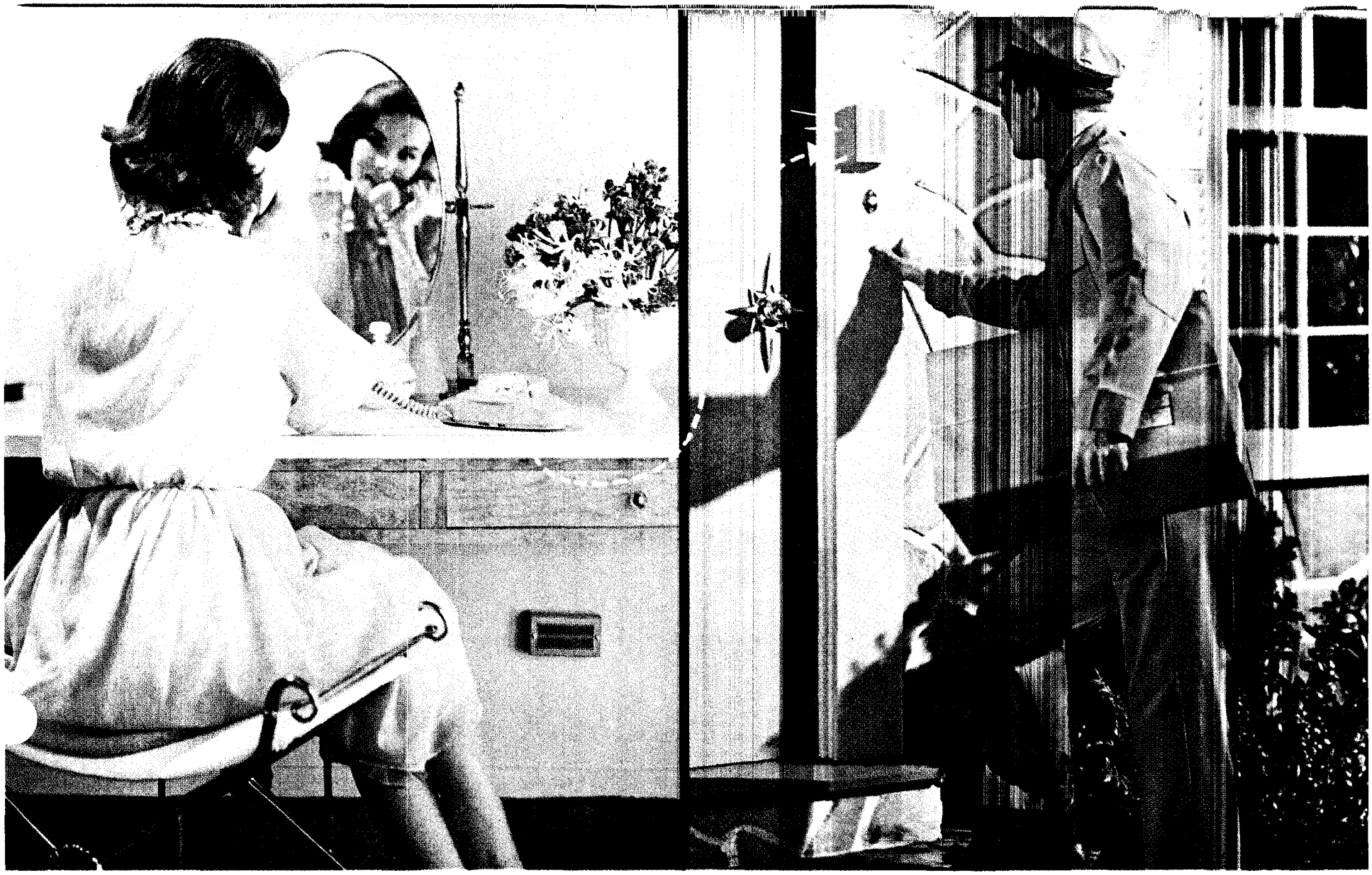

HOME INTERPHONE lets you answer the door, too, from the nearest extension. When the doorbell rings, and you are alone in the house, or ill, or dressing, you can find out your visitor's business safely, easily and without embarrassment. Just pick up a phone, push a button, and talk. Mounted by the door is a small microphone-speaker unit which broadcasts your voice, and carries your visitor's reply to the phone you are holding.

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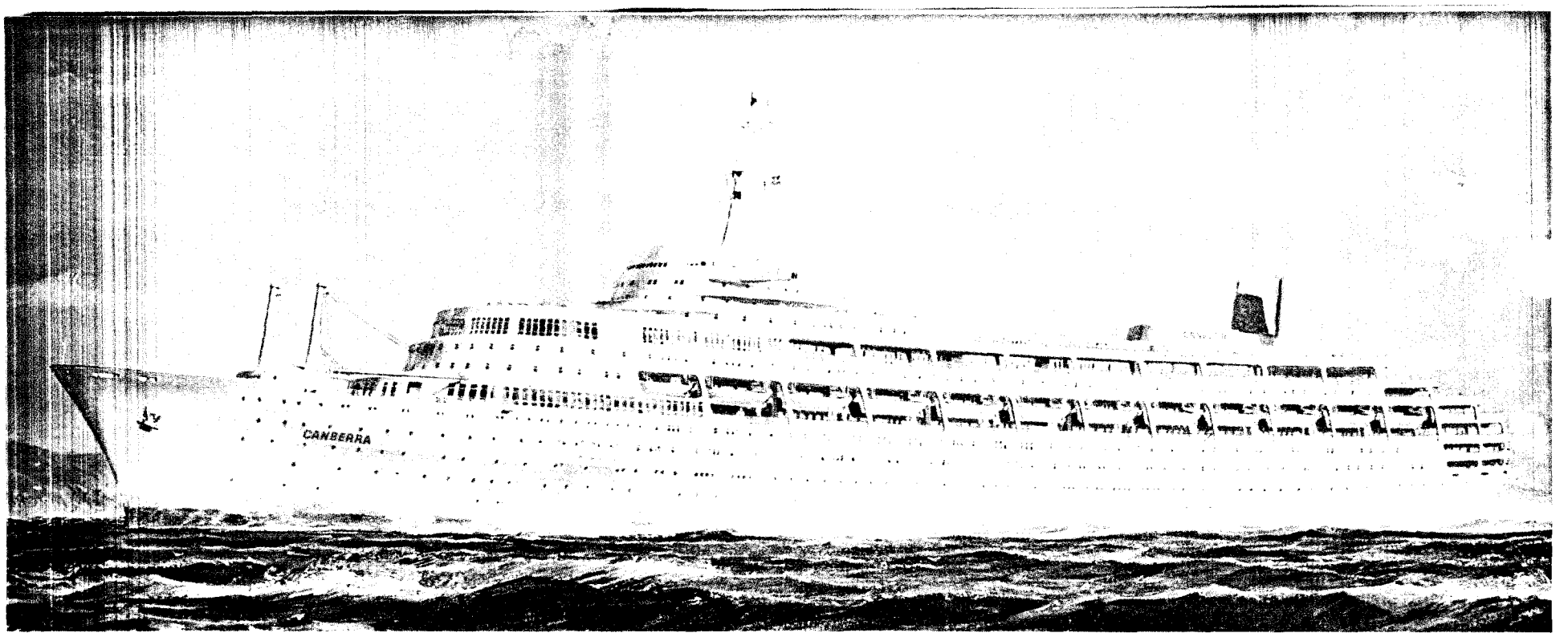

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P&O-Orient Lines' new 45,000-ton Canberra sails from the West Coast in July on her maiden voyage to the South Pacific, the Mediterranean and Europe. Sailing time: 46 days. Two weeks less than the old record! Your fare? As little as $17 a day.

P&O-Orient Lines' new *Canberra* is the most revolutionary new luxury liner afloat.

Her two sets of stabilizers—underwater wings—smooth oceans into millponds. You can dance a Highland fling at sea and never miss a step.

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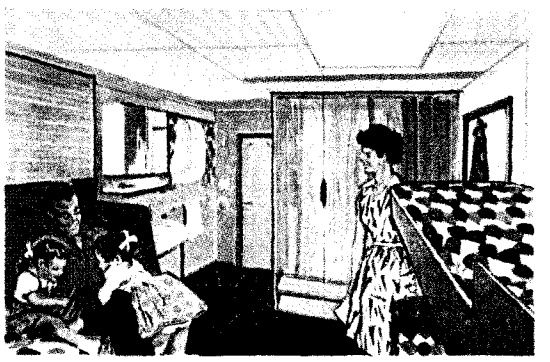
Design for luxury

The interiors were designed and decorated under the supervision of Britain's leading architects, one of whom was a consultant for the Royal Yacht *Britannia*. All cabins in first class have private baths or showers and most have a sea view; many cabins in tourist class have showers. There is a ballroom where a glass wall slides out of sight so you can dance outdoors.

Your meals are prepared by chefs who learned their art in the great hotels of England. Specialties from every corner of the world are on the menu. And the wine cellars are famous.

A glance at the map below shows you how P&O-Orient brings the world to your doorstep.



Tourist class cabin with four berths, perfect for family travel. (English nannies are available.)

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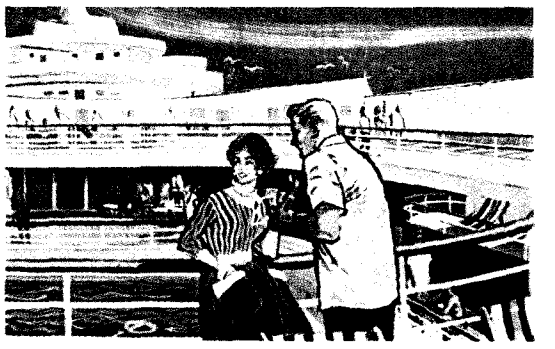

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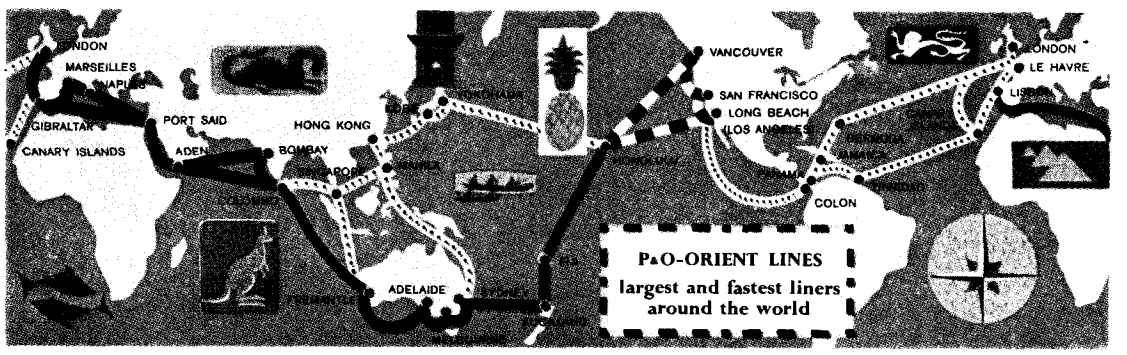

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(*Continued from Page 47*) It was pitch-dark inside the shed, but we had a place for everything, and everything hanging in its place, so it took just a few swift minutes to get the horses ready. First I slipped the bridle on Dolly, somehow not thinking about my lack of a saddle, but thrilling instead to the wonder of having a horse of my very own—a thing I still hadn't got used to. Dolly nuzzled me, and as the warmth of her breath touched my cheeks, I hugged her head fiercely and hurriedly even though I knew pa wouldn't think such an action odd or silly.

Ma would have given me a queer look, though, if she'd seen me hugging that mare. Ma had literally thrown a hissy when pa came up to the cabin that day with a sheepish look on his face, the mare standing at the end of the lead rope. Pa must have known what to expect from ma, because he took her into the house and shut us kids out in the yard. But I heard enough to know that he paid in more ways than one for bringing me Dolly.

I ducked under the mare's neck and patted old Brownie soothingly before I heaved the packsaddle on his back. Working in the dark, and fingers stiff with cold, I could hear pa talking softly to the Senator. I had to stop and start all over again before I got the girth of that packsaddle fastened.

The Senator was pa's horse, a big bay gelding that caught a man's eye and took his breath away. Pa loved that horse almost as much—perhaps as much in a different way—as he loved ma and us kids. They had been together quite a while, pa and that horse. The only time I ever saw pa cry was the day he sold the Senator, and then he cried with just a moistness to his eyes and a heaviness to his voice. Me, I went off into the woods and really broke down. Adam, small as he was, cried till he almost got sick. But none of the crying brought the Senator back, and even now I wonder what ever became of that great bay horse . . . .

After the near stillness of the shed the wind seemed sharper than ever as we led the horses through the low doorway. Pa made a last-minute adjustment to the bundle of furs before he swung up on the Senator and coiled Brownie's lead rope about the saddle horn. Pa turned his head my way with an expectant grin on his face. It was still too dark to see the grin; I just knew pa, is all. "You better get on that mare easy-like, boy," he said. "It's a mite frosty this mornin'."

Pa hadn't said anything I hadn't already thought about. Pet or not, Dolly had a habit of kicking up her heels when there was a bite to the air. As a matter of fact, I still had a bruise on my backside from a few mornings back and had no desire to enlarge upon that spot unnecessarily. Nodding agreement, I led the sorrel mare up close to the fence and eased gently onto her back, talking easily all the while to her. Dolly cut her head back my way, and I'll swear that she was debating the issue with herself.

"I guess she's goin' to be all right," I said through teeth clenched to keep them from chattering.

"Then lead out," pa said, "and let's get movin'."

A shadow of light fell across the yard then, and ma stepped just outside the door. She had her old ragged shawl about her shoulders, and in the queer light of the hour she somehow failed to look like ma. "Be careful," she said. "Have a good trip."

She sounded very lonesome, and I wished I'd hugged her before we left the cabin. I hadn't hugged ma for a long time. It might be that we both would have felt rather foolish. But, still, I wished that I had. "All right, ma," I said.

"There's wood cut," pa said, "and water enough so's you shouldn't have to be carryin' any. The only thing as needs doin', I reckon, is milkin' the cow."

One thing about pa. He had his faults, but letting ma do man's chores wasn't one of them. Not if he could see the future as much as a day at a time. "Jim," she said almost reluctantly, as though she were afraid of sounding naggy, "you won't forget what I said?"

"No," he said, "I won't forget. No foolishness." But he didn't sound subdued like he had in the house a few minutes before. Maybe it was the wind, or maybe it was just being outside and sitting astride the Senator. He said good-by again, and we were gone.

If I'd been by myself on that ride I'd have stopped a dozen times to build a warming fire. Lord, I was numb clear through! I really didn't expect pa to stop, but a feller can always hope, can't he? Pa is one of those men who just never seem to notice the weather. It might have been summertime the way he rode along studying the woods and the water holes and heaven only knows what else! One thing for sure: those keen, roving eyes of his saw things most men never did see and never would. We'd go at a trot for a while, and then hold the horses in at a walk for a breathing spell, and then directly the Senator would ease back into that beautiful, tireless trot of his. The sunshine seemed to help when it first arrived, but a minute later the wind just seemed to get colder and stronger.

We followed the river for the most part. The country is pretty well covered in cedars along the slopes, but down in the valleys the soil is rich and black and deep. The air always smells fresh and clean, and I could see pa breathing deep and steady.

I said the river. They call the Bosque a river. Maybe farther downstream it is. On our part of it, though, the Bosque was more of an overgrown creek, turning riverish-looking only in the spring when the rains got it out of banks and sometimes out of reason.

So we followed the river, and there was firewood everywhere, and seeing that dry wood just begging for burning made my feet feel twice as cold. But pa just went on sniffing the breeze and alternating the Senator's gait from a walk to a trot. And directly we got to town.

Sometimes I laugh when I remember how we called that collection of five or six houses and one store a town. But the cluster of buildings—all of them built of logs and looking very cozy so close together there in the bend of the Bosque—was known as Hobbstown, all right, and it was a very exciting place to us.

Floyd Hobbs's store sat with its back to the river and its big, heavy door facing to the east. We rode past a cabin or two on the way in, and at one of them—it seems like his name was Barton—a man opened the door and hollered at pa and me. He acted like he would have enjoyed having us stop in for a visit, but pa waved back, exuberance in every line of his body, and rode on. I waved, too, but the man didn't pay much attention to me.

We pulled up on the lee side of the store where the horses would have a windbreak and the advantage of the sunshine. There were several other ponies tethered there, two with saddles on and four burdened only with the starkness of empty packsaddles. They looked tired and worn, those horses, as though they'd been ridden too far with not enough rest. Pa sat there staring at those animals, and for some reason or other I felt that he was suddenly reluctant to dismount.

"Well, Bub," he said, seeming to shake himself, "we might as well get inside." He didn't have to tell me twice, and I could hardly wait for him to untie the bundle of furs from Brownie's back.

The blast of heat that met us when we stepped inside Floyd Hobbs's store almost caused me to melt with relief. It was dark in there, it really was, and at first the only thing I could see was the cherry-red glow of the stove. I bustled on up to it, but pa stayed back by the door for a minute the way he always did. Then, when his eyes were accustomed to the gloom, he came up to the front. But he didn't head for the fire the way I had. He headed straight for the counter and plopped the pelts down with a thud.

"Howdy, Floyd," he said, just like he'd seen Floyd the evening before. It had probably been closer to two months.

"Good Lord," said the little potbellied man, hustling up to pa with his hand outstretched, "if it ain't Jim Dugger! Where you been keepin' yourself, boy?"

"Close to home," pa said, his teeth shining. "A family man, he has to stay close to home, don't he?"

"Let's try operating without the music."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If he wants to stay a family man, he does," Floyd Hobbs laughed, hitting pa on the arm with affection. It seems like nearly everybody gave pa a warm welcome. And pa always appeared to be right at home, too—no matter where he went.

I was thinking about this very thing when I looked up and saw one of the men step quietly away from the stove and start slipping up behind pa. He was just a shadow moving through the gloom actually, but he was a bearded, sinister-looking shadow, and I could tell that he meant to catch pa unawares. I opened my mouth to yell a warning, but the man let out a yowl of his own and leaped the last few feet right toward pa's back!

Pa just seemed to slip aside somehow, and the man's wild lunge carried him part pa in an awkward, stumbling run. The man crashed against the counter, and for a moment it looked as if Floyd Hobbs's homemade bar was going to be lying on its back. It rattled and shook, that counter did. By the time the man got his balance back, pa was close up to him and the gleam of pa's knife was a wicked thing against the man's throat.

"You're gettin' old, Silas," pa laughed, not relenting the pressure of the knife one iota. "You want I should have you put in a old folks' home?"

"Move that knife, you damned heathen," muttered the big, bearded man. "If you was to sneeze or somethin', I'd have two mouths to feed all of a sudden!"

Pa laughed. I hadn't ever heard pa laugh like that before. It came from way down, and it was lusty and wonderful to hear. "Lordy," pa said, wiping his eyes and putting the big knife back in its sheath, "I ain't seen you since we got separated by them Pawnees fifteen year back! I just chalked you off'n the slate and marked one for them devils as jumped us."

"They don't make *them* kind of Injuns," roared the big man, grabbing pa and pulling him close and waltzing wildly about the crowded space between the stove and goods stacked about on the floor. "Ain't never been a red one built as could lift the hair of ol' Silas Palowski!"

They slapped each other some more, and just the sound of the blows landing made me wince. The other shadow left the stove then and moved into the scene. He was younger, this one, but his beard was just as wild, and he, too, had the odor of campfires and wet blankets and shaggy horses about him. He stepped lightly in his moccasined feet and stood quietly by until the older stranger gave pa one final lick.

He stuck out his hand, the younger man did, and said with a certain easy grace, "I've heard of you, Dugger. I've always wondered until just now if maybe ol' Silas hadn't been feedin' me some of his wild tales about you." He laughed. "I see he wasn't. You can call me Larny Betts."

"We had some days, me and Silas!" Pa was grinning hugely. "Just bein' with him is all the vouchin' you need with me."

"I'm lucky I ain't in jail somewheres," murmured the younger one with a smile.

"Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy," said Silas Palowski excitedly, "this calls for a drink!" He slapped the bar with a horny hand, then motioned impatiently to Floyd Hobbs. "Set 'em up, man. Set 'em up!"

But pa was looking at me. I was just getting over my scare, just beginning to realize that this man called Silas must be one of pa's old friends. I knew what pa was thinking. Pa didn't hold with drinking in front of women or kids. I felt uncomfortable and somehow very unnecessary. I wished in that moment that I hadn't come with pa that day.

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But Floyd Hobbs knew pa pretty well, too, and after a second of silence the storekeeper winked at me. "Bub's a growin' boy, ain't he? Did anybody ever see a growin' boy as didn't have a empty gut? Go back in the livin' quarters, boy, and see if my missus don't have a piece of cake, maybe, and a pail of milk!" Floyd Hobbs raised his voice, sounding squeaky in comparison to the other men, "Myra, you got company. Jim Dugger's boy. See can you find him a bit to eat!"

A smiling woman appeared in the doorway behind the counter. She was smiling and she was stout yet comfortable-looking, and she crooked her finger at me in warm generosity. "You come on back, Bub, and we'll fix you up with somethin' for your sweet tooth."

I went. I didn't want to go, but I went. But pa caught ahold of me as I passed, and he held me by my shoulders. I was big—tall at least—for fourteen, but I felt like a willow in pa's grasp. "Silas," pa said, "this here is my boy. We call him Bub, and I'd like mighty well for you two to know each other. Bub," he said with words almost reverent in their tone, "there never was a better mountain man than Silas Palowski!"

Silas Palowski shook my hand; he almost crushed it, in fact. But even so he was distant toward me, and I felt the coolness of a resentment on his part that I couldn't understand. He shook my hand all right, but I knew he did it just to please pa. "You've got quite a old man, boy," he said gruffly.

Pa turned me loose then, and I muttered something with just about the same amount of sincerity Silas Palowski had used. He hadn't said anything about being glad to meet *me*. Mrs. Hobbs was very nice. I know I ate cake and drank milk, but for the life of me I couldn't say what kind of cake she gave me.

I could hear the men's voices, and they overrode Mrs. Hobbs's soft words. Most of the time I couldn't distinguish what they were saying, but there would be wild outbursts of laughter and then more words. And then there were moments of silence from the store, as though they were talking low and serious, with just occasional exclamations breaking loose.

Mrs. Hobbs must have thought I was not very bright. Several times she had to ask me a question over again, and from some of the queer looks she gave me I must have answered wrong even then. But I had my mind on pa. I felt like something was happening in the store. I felt like I ought to be out there.

Pa called me to him. He had a troubled look, pa did, and he stared at me as though he were judging me. "You're going to be a big man, Bub. I can see that."

"Yes, sir," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"You can chop wood and carry water and milk the cow. You know how to fish and hunt and trap."

I nodded in confusion. Pa's face went from troubled to miserable, but he never took his eyes from mine. He wasn't drunk, but his breath was sharp and fumy with the smell of whisky. "I'm goin' off with these men, Bub. I'll maybe be gone three months or so—off trappin' in the Davis Mountains. That's quite a ways west of here."

I nodded dumbly, not really believing what I heard.

"You'll have to take care of your ma—and Adam and Letitia. Can you do it, you think?"

"I reckon," I said, my throat closing in agony.

"You'll have to explain to your ma," he said carefully. "Tell her it means a lot of money." Then pa's face took on fresh animation. "Tell her Silas said pelts is out there just for the takin', and that I'll—that I'll make enough 'twixt now and spring to get us a real start. You tell her, Bub, that this here is my final fling, and that when I get back with all them furs I'll buy a plow and start farmin'. Tell her I'll clear that plot west of the house. We'll clear that land, Bub. Me and you! And we'll put a floor in the cabin for ma, and we'll start us a crop!"

I felt embarrassed for pa. He was trying so hard. He really believed what he said. Me, I didn't believe none of what he said. Maybe I grew up right then. I knew as well as anything that I'd seen the last of pa if he left with this man named Silas. I knew then, too, why Silas had looked at me with such disfavor. Being a kid, I stood for everything that had robbed Silas Palowski of too many of his friends. I licked my lips. "Why don't you go home with me and tell ma yourself?"

Pa flinched. "No," he said slowly, "I reckon there ain't time. Silas plans on leavin' tomorrow if we can get things together."

"No," I said just as slowly, "I reckon there ain't time."

Pa spoke hurriedly—and him a man who never spoke a great deal. "It was a streak of pure luck runnin' into Silas here today. It seems they had a little brush with Comanches 'fore they ever got to the mountains. Seems they lost all their belongin's but their horses! Just pure luck they stumbled in here for supplies ——"

"Pa," I said, wanting very much to get away from him right then, "I'd better be goin'. It's gettin' late."

"Yes," he said. "Sure."

Sugar and salt, coffee and flour and meal. There were some odds and ends, too, but not many. It made a tidy pack for Brownie, though, and the horse looked askance at me. Pa came out of the store. He handed me a paper-wrapped parcel that was neatly tied. I figured Mrs. Hobbs had fixed it up for him. "This here," pa said, "is for your ma. Tell her—tell her it's a token of—my love."

I took the package and rode away, Brownie pulling back on the lead rope. I didn't look back, but I knew pa was watching. I guess he thought I'd turn and wave. I didn't.

A big dog is a right smart lot of company to a lonesome, nervous woman. They bring a dog in the house, thinking, I guess, that the dog will keep the baddies away. They never seem to stop and think how quick an ax or an arrow will take all the meanness out of a dog. Ma was just like every other female in that respect; pa wouldn't hardly be out of sight before she'd whistle old Rock inside the cabin.

Ma must have known it was me coming by the way Rock acted. As I rode into the pens, stiff and cold all over and the package clutched clawlike in my hand, ma came out of the cabin. Her shadow loomed large beside me as the weak winter sun made its dying gasp and dropped on to other regions. Even her shadow seemed heavy and despondent in its silence, and I could not bear to turn and look at her.

"Your pa didn't come home with you?" she finally asked.

"He ain't comin' home," I said, blurting it out, not knowing how else to say it. Angry. Hurt. Disillusioned.

"Why?" she asked. Just a simple word carrying sadness.

I reached my hands up on Brownie's pack and touched my forehead against the canvas-covered load. I gave her pa's message, almost word for word, and it sounded all the sorrier for the repetition. She took it in terrible silence, and I looked at her finally. There was a fierceness in me that was maybe just heartbreak.

"I didn't believe what he said about comin' back!" I said.

She reached out and touched me, and all at once I wasn't fourteen any more. Ma hugged me for a minute, consoling me when she couldn't console herself. "I knew it was coming," she said, a queer catch to her voice. "It was like watching an eagle in a cage."

"He sent you a present," I said, remembering, drawing a ragged breath.

"He would," she said softly. And there in the cold darkness she unwrapped the package and draped the shawl about her shoulders. It was blue, I remember, soft and heavy, and even in that dim light I could see that it brought back a touch of her faded blondness. She stroked the shawl ever so lightly, and I knew that she was crying.

"Come mornin', Bub," she said, taking the shawl from her shoulders and gently folding it, "you'll have to take it back and ask Mr. Hobbs to exchange it for flour. I'm afraid that flour will speak stronger than a new shawl before this winter is over."

I didn't ever want to go back to Hobbstown. But I nodded.

"I'll get you up early," she said. "Now put your gear away and come in. Your supper's waitin'."

Floyd Hobbs was very nice about trading the shawl for flour. He even threw in two pounds of coffee beans, and I doubt now that the shawl was worth quite so much. Floyd was a good man without being showy about it.

"Your pa hasn't left out yet, Bub," he said carefully. "They're out scourin' the countryside tryin' to find a good horse that Silas can trade for—the one he's ridin' bein' mostly broke down. They're goin' to leave come mornin', though, whether they find a trade or not. You got any message you want me to pass on to him, son?"

"No," I said, being unkind with a too-sharp tongue. I looked back as I started out the door, and Floyd Hobbs was hanging the shawl back on its old peg. It was a pretty shawl.

We heard them coming next day, and the sound of horses could mean anything. Old Rock was barking his head off, and I ran toward the cabin with the ax ready in my hands and my heart in my throat. But it was pa.

Silas whatever-his-name-was was with him, and so was the younger and just as smelly one called Larny Betts. Pa was sitting straight and tall on the Senator's back. Ma came to the door, an unrecognizable expression on her face, and I moved up defensively beside her.

Pa stepped down and handed the Senator's reins to Silas. The old man took the leathers almost reluctantly and watched frowningly as pa stripped the saddle from the Senator's back and let it drop listlessly to the ground. There was a loud, excited cry as little Adam burst between ma and me and headed for his daddy. Pa picked Adam up and hugged him. There was a second whirlwind, and Letitia was swept up in his arms too.

"Silas," pa said, "don't you never mistreat that horse and he'll never mistreat you." Pa's voice didn't break a bit right then.

Silas nodded and looked over pa's head at us. It was plain to see that he had no use at all for ma and me. "We'd best be goin' if we intend to get there," the old mountain man finally said. He shook pa's hand in a fierce grip and then rode away without another word. The Senator kept trying to cut his head back our way, but the constant pull of the reins would not let him. Larny Betts nodded his head in sympathy to pa, and then he, too, disappeared in the cedars, the four ponies of the pack train following with a minimum of confusion.

Ma walked out to where pa was standing by the saddle and looking down the trail after the Senator. "You sold the horse, Jim?"

It was a while before pa nodded. "He was a winter's supply of groceries, Jessie. He was the price of a floor in a cabin and a field cleared and broke." He looked at ma then. "A man afoot has his mind on such things, I reckon."

I could tell that pa was almost blind when he took the ax out of my hands. He walked off into the woods, and after minute I could hear the ring of the a against the cedars. It had a lonely, desperate sound. THE END

"Don't tell her anything you don't want the whole town to hear about."

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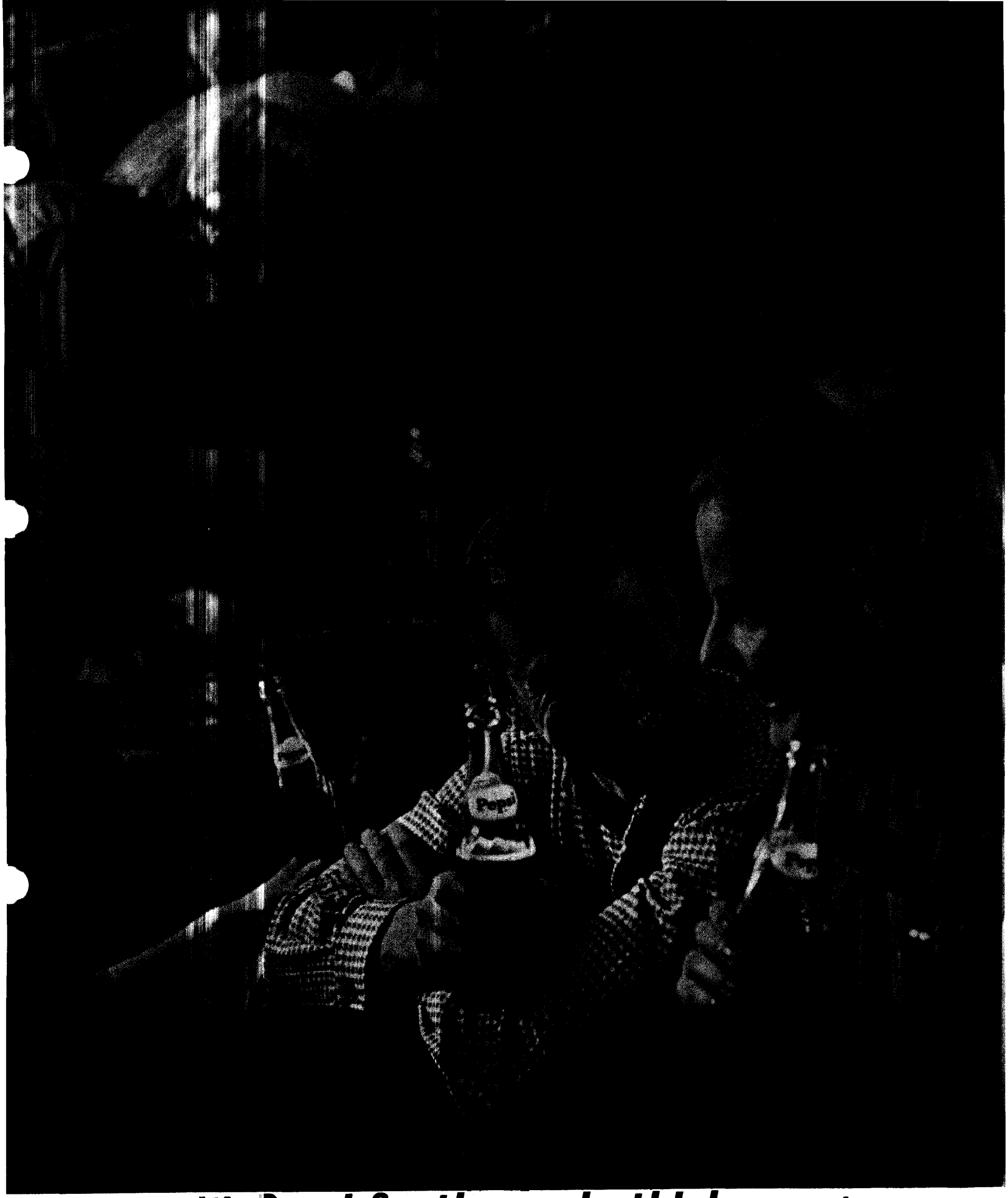

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The Dandelion Girl (Continued from Page 25)

two days the routine had caught up to him, and he had taken off into the woods without purpose or direction and finally he had come to the hill and had climbed it and seen the girl.

Her eyes were blue, he saw when he came up to her—as blue as the sky that framed her slender silhouette. Her face was oval and young and soft and sweet. It evoked a *déjà vu* so poignant that he had to resist an impulse to reach out and touch her wind-kissed cheek; and even though his hand did not leave his side, he felt his finger tips tingle.

Why, I'm forty-four, he thought wonderingly, *and she's hardly more than twenty. What in heaven's name has come over me?* "Are you enjoying the view?" he asked aloud.

"Oh, yes," she said and turned and swept her arm in an enthusiastic semicircle. "Isn't it simply marvelous!"

He followed her gaze. "Yes," he said, "it is." Below them the woods began again, then spread out over the lowlands in warm September colors, embracing a small hamlet several miles away, finally bowing out before the first outposts of the suburban frontier. In the far distance, haze softened the serrated silhouette of Cove City, lending it the aspect of a sprawling medieval castle, making it less of a reality than a dream. "Are you from the city too?" he asked.

"In a way I am," she said. She smiled at him. "I'm from the Cove City of two hundred and forty years from now."

The smile told him that she didn't really expect him to believe her, but it implied that it would be nice if he would pretend. He smiled back. "That would be A.D. twenty-two hundred and one, wouldn't it?" he said. "I imagine the place has grown enormously by then."

"Oh, it has," she said. "It's part of a megalopolis now and extends all the way to there." She pointed to the fringe of the forest at their feet. "Two Thousand and Fortieth Street runs straight through that grove of sugar maples," she went on, "and do you see that stand of locusts over there?"

"Yes," he said, "I see them."

"That's where the new plaza is. Its supermarket is so big that it takes half a day to go through it, and you can buy almost anything in it from aspirins to aerocars. And next to the supermarket, where that grove of beeches stands, is a big dress shop just bursting with the latest creations of the leading *couturiers*. I bought this dress I'm wearing there this very morning. Isn't it simply beautiful?"

If it was, it was because she made it so. However, he looked at it politely. It had been cut from a material he was unfamiliar with, a material seemingly compounded of cotton candy, sea foam and snow. There was no limit any more to the syntheses that could be created by the miracle-fiber manufacturers—nor, apparently, to the tall tales that could be created by young girls. "I suppose you traveled here by time machine," he said.

"Yes. My father invented one."

He looked at her closely. He had never seen such a guileless countenance. "And do you come here often?"

"Oh, yes. This is my favorite space-time co-ordinate. I stand here for hours sometimes and look and look and look. Day before yesterday I saw a rabbit, and yesterday a deer, and today, you."

"But how can there be a yesterday," Mark asked, "if you always return to the same point in time?"

"Oh, I see what you mean," she said. "The reason is because the machine is affected by the passage of time the same as anything else, and you have to set it back every twenty-four hours if you want to maintain exactly the same co-ordinate. I never do because I much prefer a different day each time I come back."

"Doesn't your father ever come with you?"

Overhead, a V of geese was drifting lazily by, and she watched it for some time before she spoke. "My father is an invalid now," she said finally. "He'd like very much to come if he only could. But I tell him all about what I see," she added hurriedly, "and it's almost the same as if he really came. Wouldn't you say it was?"

There was an eagerness about the way she was looking at him that touched his heart. "I'm sure it is," he said—then, "It must be wonderful to own a time machine."

She nodded solemnly. "They're a boon to people who like to stand on pleasant leas. In the twenty-third century there aren't very many pleasant leas left."

He smiled. "There aren't very many of them left in the twentieth. I guess you could say that this one is sort of a collector's item. I'll have to visit it more often."

"Do you live near here?" she asked.

"I'm staying in a cabin about three miles back. I'm supposed to be on vacation, but it's not much of one. My wife was called to jury duty and couldn't come with me, and since I couldn't postpone it, I've ended up being a sort of reluctant Thoreau. My name is Mark Randolph."

"I'm Julie," she said. "Julie Danvers."

The name suited her. The same way the white dress suited her—the way the blue sky suited her, and the hill and the September wind. Probably she lived in the little hamlet in the woods, but it did not really matter. If she wanted to pretend she was from the future, it was all right with him. All that really mattered was the way he had felt when he had first seen her, and the tenderness that came over him every time he gazed upon her gentle face. "What kind of work do you do, Julie?" he asked. "Or are you still in school?"

"I'm studying to be a secretary," she said. She took a half step and made a pretty pirouette and clasped her hands before her. "I shall just love to be a secretary," she went on. "It must be simply marvelous working in a big important office and taking down what important people say. Would you like me to be your secretary, Mr. Randolph?"

"I'd like it very much," he said. "My wife was my secretary once—before the war. That's how we happened to meet." Now, why had he said that? he wondered.

"Was she a good secretary?"

"The very best. I was sorry to lose her; but then when I lost her in one sense, I gained her in another, so I guess you could hardly call that losing her."

"No, I guess you couldn't. Well, I must be getting back now, Mr. Randolph. Dad will be wanting to hear about all the things I saw, and I've got to fix his supper."

"Will you be here tomorrow?"

"Probably. I've been coming here every day. Good-by now, Mr. Randolph."

"Good-by, Julie," he said.

He watched her run lightly down the hill and disappear into the grove of sugar maples where, two hundred and forty years hence, Two Thousand and Fortieth Street would be. He smiled. What a charming child, he thought. It must be thrilling to have such an irrepressible sense of wonder, such an enthusiasm for life. He could appreciate the two qualities all the more fully because he had been denied them. At twenty he had been a solemn young man working his way through law school; at twenty-four he had had his own practice, and small though it had been, it had occupied him completely—well, not quite completely. When he had married Anne, there had been a brief interim during which making a living had lost some of its immediacy. And then, when the war had come along, there had been another interim—a much longer one this time—when making a living had seemed a remote and sometimes even a contemptible pursuit. After his return to civilian life, though, the immediacy had returned with a vengeance, the more so because he now had a son as well as a wife to support, and he had been occupied ever since, except for the four vacation weeks he had recently been allowing himself each year, two of which he spent with Anne and Jeff at a resort of their choosing and two of which he spent with Anne, after Jeff returned to college, in their cabin by the lake. This year, though, he was spending the second two alone. Well, perhaps not quite alone.

His pipe had gone out some time ago, and he had not even noticed. He lighted it again, drawing deeply to thwart the wind, then he descended the hill and started back through the woods toward the cabin. The autumnal equinox had come and the days were appreciably shorter. This one was very nearly done, and the dampness of evening had already begun to pervade the hazy air.

He walked slowly, and the sun had set by the time he reached the lake. It was a small lake, but a deep one, and the trees came down to its edge. The cabin stood some distance back from the shore in a stand of pines, and a winding path connected it with the pier. Behind it a gravel drive led to a dirt road that gave access to the highway. His station wagon stood by the back door, ready to whisk him back to civilization at a moment's notice.

He prepared and ate a simple supper in the kitchen, then went into the living room to read. The generator in the shed hummed on and off, but otherwise the evening was unsullied by the usual sounds the ears of modern man are heir to. Selecting an anthology of American poetry from the well-stocked bookcase by the fireplace, he sat down and thumbed through it to *Afternoon on a Hill*. He read the treasured poem three times, and each time he read it he saw her standing there in the sun, her hair dancing in the wind, her dress swirling like gentle snow around her long and lovely legs; and a lump came into his throat, and he could not swallow.

He returned the book to the shelf and went out and stood on the rustic porch and filled and lighted his pipe. He forced himself to think of Anne, and presently her face came into focus—the firm but gentle chin, the warm and compassionate eyes with that odd hint of fear in them that he had never been able to analyze, the still-soft cheeks, the gentle smile—and each attribute was made more compelling by the memory of her vibrant light-brown hair and her tall, lithe gracefulness. As was always the case when he thought of her, he found himself marveling at her agelessness, marveling how she could have continued down through the years as lovely as she had been that long-ago morning when he had looked up, startled, and seen her standing timidly before his desk. It was inconceivable that a mere twenty years later he could be looking forward eagerly to a tryst with an overimaginative girl who was young enough to be his daughter. Well, he wasn't—not really. He had been momentarily swayed—that was all. For a moment his emotional equilibrium had deserted him, and he had staggered. Now his feet were back under him where they belonged, and the world had returned to its sane and sensible orbit.

He tapped out his pipe and went back inside. In his bedroom he undressed and slipped between the sheets and turned out the light. Sleep should have come readily, but it did not; and when it finally did come, it came in fragments interspersed with tantalizing dreams.

"*Day before yesterday I saw a rabbit*," she had said, "*and yesterday a deer, and today, you.*"

On the second afternoon she was wearing a blue (*Continued on Page 56*)

"Oh, I'm only trying to show, in a small way, my confidence in the new Secretary of Agriculture."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"If Vodka has no taste, how come I can tell which one is WOLFSCHMIDT?"

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK 22. MADE FROM GRAIN. 80 OR 100 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

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(*Continued from Page 54*) dress, and there was a little blue ribbon to match tied in her dandelion-colored hair. After breasting the hill, he stood for some time, not moving, waiting till the tightness of his throat went away; then he walked over and stood beside her in the wind. But the soft curve of her throat and chin brought the tightness back, and when she turned and said, "Hello, I didn't think you'd come," it was a long while before he was able to answer.

"But I did," he finally said, "and so did you."

"Yes," she said. "I'm glad."

A nearby outcropping of granite formed a bench of sorts, and they sat down on it and looked out over the land. He filled his pipe and lighted it and blew smoke into the wind. "My father smokes a pipe too," she said, "and when he lights it, he cups his hands the same way you do, even when there isn't any wind. You and he are alike in lots of ways."

"Tell me about your father," he said. "Tell me about yourself too."

And she did, saying that she was twenty-one, that her father was a retired Government physicist, that they lived in a small apartment on Two Thousand and Fortieth Street and that she had been keeping house for him ever since her mother had died four years ago. Afterward he told her about himself and Anne and Jeff—about how he intended to take Jeff into partnership with him someday, about Anne's phobia about cameras and how she had refused to have her picture taken on their wedding day and had gone on refusing ever since, about the grand time the three of them had had on the camping trip they'd gone on last summer.

When he had finished, she said, "What a wonderful family life you have. Nineteen-sixty-one must be a marvelous year in which to live!"

"With a time machine at your disposal, you can move here any time you like."

"It's not quite that easy. Even aside from the fact that I wouldn't dream of deserting my father, there's the time police to take into consideration. You see, time travel is limited to the members of Government-sponsored historical expeditions and is out of bounds to the general public."

"You seem to have managed all right."

"That's because my father invented his own machine, and the time police don't know about it."

"But you're still breaking the law."

She nodded. "But only in their eyes, only in the light of their concept of time. My father has his own concept."

It was so pleasant hearing her talk that it did not matter really what she talked about, and he wanted her to ramble on, no matter how farfetched her subject. "Tell me about it," he said.

"First I'll tell you about the official concept. Those who endorse it say that no one from the future should participate physically in anything that occurred in the past, because his very presence would constitute a paradox, and future events would have to be altered in order for the paradox to be assimilated. Consequently the Department of Time Travel makes sure that only authorized personnel have access to its time machines, and maintains a police force to apprehend the would-be generation-jumpers who yearn for a simpler way of life and who keep disguising themselves as historians so they can return permanently to a different era.

"But according to my father's concept, the book of time has already been written. From a macrocosmic viewpoint, my father says, everything that is going to happen has already happened. Therefore, if a person from the future participates in a past event, he becomes a part of that event—for the simple reason that he was a part of it in the first place—and a paradox cannot possibly arise."

Mark took a deep drag on his pipe. He needed it. "Your father sounds like quite a remarkable person," he said.

"Oh, he is!" Enthusiasm deepened the pinkness of her cheeks, brightened the blueness of her eyes. "You wouldn't believe all the books he's read, Mr. Randolph. Why, our apartment is bursting with them! Hegel and Kant and Hume; Einstein and Newton and Weizsäcker. I've—I've even read some of them myself."

"I gathered as much. As a matter of fact, so have I."

She gazed raptly up into his face. "How wonderful, Mr. Randolph," she said. "I'll bet we've got just scads of mutual interests!"

The conversation that ensued proved conclusively that they did have—though the transcendental aesthetic, Berkeleianism and relativity were rather incongruous subjects for a man and a girl to be discussing on a September hilltop, he reflected presently, even when the man was forty-four and the girl was twenty-one. But happily there were compensations—their animated discussion of the transcendental aesthetic did more than elicit a priori and a posteriori conclusions, it also elicited microcosmic stars in her eyes; their breakdown of Berkeley did more than point up the inherent weaknesses in the good bishop's theory, it also pointed up the pinkness of her cheeks; and their review of relativity did more than demonstrate that E invariably equals mc^2; it also demonstrated that far from being an impediment, knowledge is an asset to feminine charm.

The mood of the moment lingered far longer than it had any right to, and it was still with him when he went to bed. This time he didn't even try to think of Anne; he knew it would do no good. Instead he lay there in the darkness and played host to whatever random thoughts came along—and all of them concerned a September hilltop and a girl with dandelion-colored hair.

Day before yesterday I saw a rabbit, and yesterday a deer, and today, you.

Next morning he drove over to the hamlet and checked at the post office to see if he had any mail. There was none. He was not surprised. Jeff disliked writing letters as much as he did, and Anne, at the moment, was probably incommunicado. As for his practice, he had forbidden his secretary to bother him with any but the most urgent of matters.

He debated on whether to ask the wizened postmaster if there was a family named Danvers living in the area. He decided not to. To have done so would have been to undermine the elaborate make-believe structure which Julie had built, and even though he did not believe in the structure's validity, he could not find it in his heart to send it toppling.

That afternoon she was wearing a yellow dress the same shade as her hair, and again his throat tightened when he saw her, and again he could not speak. But when the first moment passed and words came, it was all right, and their thoughts flowed together like two effervescent brooks and coursed gaily through the arroyo of the afternoon. This time when they parted, it was she who asked, "Will you be here tomorrow?"—though only because she stole the question from his lips—and the words sang in his ears all the way back through the woods to the cabin and lulled him to sleep after an evening spent with his pipe on the porch.

Next afternoon when he climbed the hill it was empty. At first his disappointment numbed him, and then he thought, *She's late, that's all. She'll probably show up any minute.* And he sat down on the granite bench to wait. But she did not come. The minutes passed—the hours. Shadows crept out of the woods and climbed part way up the hill. The air grew colder. He gave up, finally, and headed miserably back toward the cabin.

The next afternoon she did not show up either. Nor the next. He could neither eat nor sleep. Fishing palled on him. He could no longer read. And all the while, he hated himself—hated himself for behaving like a lovesick schoolboy, for reacting just like any other fool in his forties to a pretty face and a pair of pretty legs. Up until a few days ago he had never even so much as looked at another woman, and here in the space of less than a week he had not only looked at one but had fallen in love with her.

Hope was dead in him when he climbed the hill on the fourth day—and then suddenly alive again when he saw her standing in the sun. She was wearing a black dress this time, and he should have guessed the reason for her absence; but he didn't—not till he came up to her and saw the tears start from her eyes and the telltale trembling of her lip. "Julie, what's the matter?"

She clung to him, her shoulders shaking, and pressed her face against his coat. "My father died," she said, and somehow he knew that these were her first tears, that she had sat tearless through the wake and funeral and had not broken down till now.

He put his arms around her gently. He had never kissed her and he did not kiss her now, not really. His lips brushed her forehead and briefly touched her hair—that was all. "I'm sorry, Julie," he said. "I know how much he meant to you."

"He knew he was dying all along," she said. "He must have known it ever since the strontium ninety experiment he conducted at the laboratory. But he never told anyone—he never even told me.... I don't want to live. Without him there's nothing left to live for—nothing, nothing, nothing!"

He held her tightly. "You'll find something, Julie. Someone. You're young yet. You're still a child, really."

Her head jerked back, and she raised suddenly tearless eyes to his. "I'm not a child! Don't you dare call me a child!"

Startled, he released her and stepped back. He had never seen her angry before. "I didn't mean ——" he began.

Her anger was as evanescent as it had been abrupt. "I know you didn't mean to hurt my feelings, Mr. Randolph. But I'm not a child, honest I'm not. Promise me you'll never call me one again."

"All right," he said. "I promise."

"And now I must go," she said. "I have a thousand things to do."

"Will—will you be here tomorrow?"

She looked at him for a long time. A mist, like the aftermath of a summer shower, made her blue eyes glisten. "Time machines run down," she said. "They have parts that need to be replaced—and I don't know how to replace them. Ours—mine may be good for one more trip, but I'm not sure."

"But you'll try to come, won't you?"

She nodded. "Yes, I'll try. And Mr. Randolph?"

"Yes, Julie?"

"In case I don't make it—and for the record—I love you."

She was gone then, running lightly down the hill, and a moment later she disappeared into the grove of sugar maples. His hands were trembling when he lighted his pipe, and the match burned his fingers. Afterward he could not remember returning to the cabin or fixing supper or going to bed, and yet he must have done all of those things, because he awoke in his own room, and when he went into the kitchen, there were supper dishes standing on the drainboard.

He washed the dishes and made coffee. He spent the morning fishing off the pier, keeping his mind blank. He would face reality later. Right now it was enough for him to know that she loved him, that in a few short hours he would see her again. Surely even a run-down time machine should have no trouble transporting her from the hamlet to the hill.

He arrived there early and sat down on the granite bench and waited for her to come out of the woods and climb the slope. He could feel the hammering of his heart and he knew that his hands were trembling. *Day before yesterday I saw a rabbit, and yesterday a deer, and today, you.*

He waited and he waited, but she did not come. She did not come the next day either. When the shadows began to lengthen and the air grow chill, he descended the hill and entered the grove of sugar maples. Presently he found a path and he (*Continued on Page 58*)

What's Going On Here?

An American commanding general, intent upon defeating a strongly entrenched enemy force, suddenly receives rumors that the enemy plans to employ germ warfare against his army. At first he doubts it. Finally, however, he informs the President of it. What general, and what campaign?

Robert P. Woron

(*Answer on Page 59*)

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When you feel like getting away from it all, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

TAKE TEA AND SEE

To get the most out of tea — make it hefty, hot and hearty. Use one teaspoon or one tea bag per cup. Add bubbly, boiling water and brew 3 to 5 minutes. For instant tea, follow directions on the package.

TEA COUNCIL OF THE U.S.A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

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The Necco Kid knows there's Rolo aboard the supply train — and strikes again! The Kid loves those little drums of milk chocolate filled with creamy toffee. So will you. Only 10¢.

Manufactured and sold in the U.S.A. by New England Confectionery Company

(*Continued from Page 56*) followed it into the forest proper and through the forest to the hamlet. He stopped at the small post office and checked to see if he had any mail. After the wizened postmaster told him there was none, he lingered for a moment. "Is—is there a family by the name of Danvers living anywhere around here?" he blurted.

The postmaster shook his head. "Never heard of them."

"Has there been a funeral in town recently?"

"Not for nigh onto a year."

After that, although he visited the hill every afternoon till his vacation ran out, he knew in his heart that she would not return, that she was lost to him as utterly as if she had never been. Evenings he haunted the hamlet, hoping desperately that the postmaster had been mistaken; but he saw no sign of Julie, and the description he gave of her to the passers-by evoked only negative responses.

Early in October he returned to the city. He did his best to act toward Anne as though nothing had changed between them; but she seemed to know the minute she saw him that something had changed. And although she asked no questions, she grew quieter and quieter as the weeks went by, and the fear in her eyes that had puzzled him before became more and more pronounced.

He began driving into the country Sunday afternoons and visiting the hilltop. The woods were golden now, and the sky was even bluer than it had been a month ago. For hours he sat on the granite bench, staring at the spot where she had disappeared. *Day before yesterday I saw a rabbit, and yesterday a deer, and today, you.*

Then, on a rainy night in mid-November, he found the suitcase. It was Anne's, and he found it quite by accident. She had gone into town to play bingo, and he had the house to himself; and after spending two hours watching four jaded TV programs, he remembered the jigsaw puzzles he had stored away the previous winter.

Desperate for something—anything at all—to take his mind off Julie, he went up to the attic to get them. The suitcase fell from a shelf while he was rummaging through the various boxes piled beside it, and it sprang open when it struck the floor.

He bent over to pick it up. It was the same suitcase she had brought with her to the little apartment they had rented after their marriage, and he remembered how she had always kept it locked and remembered her telling him laughingly that there were some things a wife had to keep a secret even from her husband. The lock had rusted over the years, and the fall had broken it.

He started to close the lid, paused when he saw the protruding hem of a white dress. The material was vaguely familiar. He had seen material similar to it not very long ago—material that brought to mind cotton candy and sea foam and snow.

He raised the lid and picked up the dress with trembling fingers. He held it by the shoulders and let it unfold itself, and it hung there in the room like gently falling snow. He looked at it for a long time, his throat tight. Then, tenderly, he folded it again and replaced it in the suitcase and closed the lid. He returned the suitcase to its niche under the eaves. *Day before yesterday I saw a rabbit, and yesterday a deer, and today, you.*

Rain thrummed on the roof. The tightness of his throat was so acute now that he thought for a moment that he was going to cry. Slowly he descended the attic stairs. He went down the spiral stairway into the living room. The clock on the mantel said ten-fourteen. In just a few minutes the bingo bus would let her off at the corner, and she would come walking down the street and up the walk to the front door. Anne would . . . Julie would. Julianne?

Was that her full name? Probably. People invariably retained part of their original names when adopting aliases; and having completely altered her last name, she had probably thought it safe to take liberties with her first. She must have done other things, too, in addition to changing her name, to elude the time police. No wonder she had never wanted her picture taken! And how terrified she must have been on that long-ago day when she had stepped timidly into his office to apply for a job! All alone in a strange generation, not knowing for sure whether her father's concept of time was valid, not knowing for sure whether the man who would love her in his forties would feel the same way toward her in his twenties. She had come back all right, just as she had said she would.

Twenty years, he thought wonderingly, *and all the while she must have known that one day I'd climb a September hill and see her standing, young and lovely, in the sun, and fall in love with her all over again. She had to know because the moment was as much a part of her past as it was a part of my future. But why didn't she tell me? Why doesn't she tell me now?*

Some of the world's biggest hypocrites are people who have welcome mats on their doorsteps.

HOMER PHILLIPS

Suddenly he understood.

He found it hard to breathe, and he went into the hall and donned his raincoat and stepped out into the rain. He walked down the walk in the rain, and the rain pelted his face and ran in drops down his cheeks, and some of the drops were raindrops, and some of them were tears. How could anyone as agelessly beautiful as Anne—as Julie—was, be afraid of growing old? Didn't she realize that in his eyes she couldn't grow old—that to him she hadn't aged a day since the moment he had looked up from his desk and seen her standing there in the tiny office and simultaneously fallen in love with her? Couldn't she understand that that was why the girl on the hill had seemed a stranger to him?

He had reached the street and was walking down it toward the corner. He was almost there when the bingo bus pulled up and stopped, and the girl in the white trench coat got out. The tightness of his throat grew knife-sharp, and he could not breathe at all. The dandelion-hued hair was darker now, and the girlish charm was gone; but the gentle loveliness still resided in her gentle face, and the long and slender legs had a grace and symmetry in the pale glow of the November street light that they had never known in the golden radiance of the September sun.

She came forward to meet him, and he saw the familiar fear in her eyes—a fear poignant now beyond enduring because he understood its cause. She blurred before his eyes, and he walked toward her blindly. When he came up to her, his eyes cleared, and he reached out across the years and touched her rain-wet cheek. She knew it was all right then, and the fear went away forever, and they walked home hand in hand in the rain.

THE END

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Mink Makes Me Miserable

(Continued from Page 20)

the Ruskins next door and Louie Bender's wife Tillie from across the street.

I open the box on the kitchen table and everybody lets out with one big "Ah." The fur is rich-looking and feels like a million dollars.

Nathan puts his hand on it and says, "That's pretty fair mink."

"Fair mink!" I tell him. "For cryin' out loud, you don't know a mink from a moose."

This is a guy who never came closer to a mink coat than the mink you see up in the Bronx Zoo. This is a pants presser who's trying to tell me that what I got here is fair mink.

Nathan is a little guy with round shoulders, and he wears these purple suspenders which he's always snapping like he was somebody important, which he ain't.

So Mabel puts this mink stole around her neck, and right away she looks like Lana Turner or one of them babies in the movies.

"How's it fit?" I ask her.

"They don't fit," Nathan tells me. "They just hang on you."

"All right, Rockefeller," I tell him. "When was the last time you brang home a mink to your wife?"

"So you were lucky," Nathan smiles. "It doesn't take any brains to be lucky."

Joe Armbruster says, "You really hit it, Manny boy."

So everybody has to try on this mink stole, even Mrs. Ruskin, who is as fat as a barrel, and even with a mink on her shoulders she still looks like the butcher's wife.

We get more neighbors in that evening to look at this mink, and after a while I'm sitting out on the stoop with Joe Armbruster when Flaherty, the cop, goes by. Flaherty's a very nice guy, and he's been in the neighborhood a long time.

He looks at me and he scratches his chin, and he says, "Whatta you got in there, Keefe, a still or something?"

"Mink stole, Pat," I tell him, "an' I didn't heist it, so get that look out of your eye."

"Manny won it in the union raffle," Joe tells him. "Real mink, Pat."

"Well," Flaherty says, "take my advice, Keefe. Get it insured. This is no neighborhood for mink."

Joe says, "That's an idea, Manny. Everybody gets mink insured, an' you gotta have it stored in one o' them fur vaults for the summer. Moths get into a good mink, an' they go to work on it like cows in clover. You know?"

This I hadn't thought about. You have a mink, and you have a mink, and you don't figure on expenses along with it, but it looks like, with everything else, it's the upkeep.

Nathan comes out and he lights up a cigarette, doing it very fancy, and he says offhand like, "So where's Mabel going to wear it, Manny?"

"Whadda you mean, where?" I ask him. "Anywhere. Around."

"Down to the delicatessen?" Nathan smiles. "To the bingo game on a Friday night? Or is she just going to sit around the kitchen with it?"

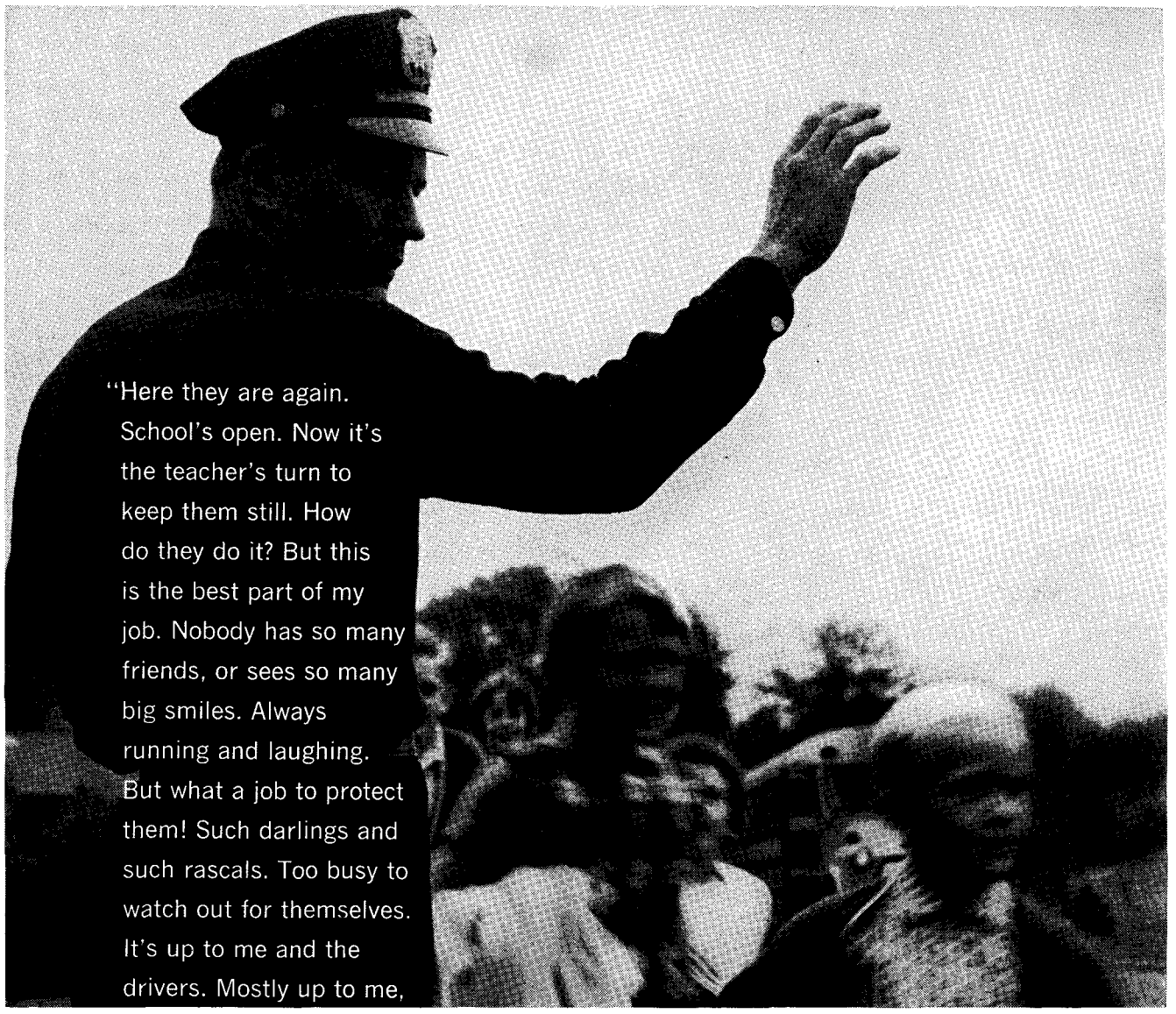
"Look," I tell him, "you got somethin' to yap about, take it down the corner."

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 56)

Gen. George Washington was gravely concerned at rumors that the British force which his army besieged in Boston in the winter of 1775–76 might resort to a primitive form of germ warfare by spreading smallpox. Civilians being evacuated from Boston by the British, so the rumors went, carried the germs. In December, 1775, Washington wrote the President of the Continental Congress, "The information . . . that the enemy intended spreading the smallpox amongst us . . . I must now give some credit to . . . as it has made its appearance on several of those who last came out of Boston." Apparently the information was false. When the British quit Boston the following March, however, Washington cautiously singled out a thousand soldiers who had already had smallpox to enter the city first.


"Here they are again. School's open. Now it's the teacher's turn to keep them still. How do they do it? But this is the best part of my job. Nobody has so many friends, or sees so many big smiles. Always running and laughing. But what a job to protect them! Such darlings and such rascals. Too busy to watch out for themselves. It's up to me and the drivers. Mostly up to me, I'm afraid. Most drivers are fine. But there are the ones in a hurry, sneaking by the school bus when the youngsters are running for it, forgetting kids rush into the street from nowhere. They could be brought into line, but it takes real enforcement and a town that really supports it."

DRIVERS KILL AND CRIPPLE MORE CHILDREN THAN ANY DISEASE!

You've helped curb pneumonia, cancer, polio, and other terrible diseases. How about careless drivers? They kill and cripple more children from 1 to 14 years than any major disease.

You can do something. Just write to your local enforcement officials. Say . . .

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When traffic laws are strictly enforced and obeyed, traffic deaths go down. Your community can be another to prove it.

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"I just thought I'd start you thinking along those lines," Nathan says, smiling. "It's not everybody is as lucky as you, Keefe."

He goes on then, and I say to Joe Armbruster, "There's a joy-killer for you. There's a guy allus lookin' to queer a good deal."

Joe nods, but he says after a while, "He's a got a point, though, Manny. You know what I mean? So where is Mabel gonna wear this mink?"

"Around," I tell him. "For cryin' out loud! Weddings, funerals, parties, things like that."

"When was the last wedding you went to?" Joe wants to know, and I guess it must be nine-ten years since my niece got married.

"Parties," Joe says. "There's no parties around this neighborhood where you gotta wear mink, Manny. You know?"

"All right," I say, "so don't be another Nathan. There'll be places she kin wear it."

"You can take her to a fancy restaurant," he says, "an' shows an' things like that, where people wear mink."

"An' where they make more than sixty-eight-fifty a week," I tell him, "after taxes. Whadda you guys tryin' to do?"

"With a mink"—Joe shakes his head—"you got a few more problems than you had before, Manny."

This I'm beginning to realize, and this I hadn't figured on. After a while when the crowd thins out I go back into the house, and I see Mabel sitting at the kitchen table, and she's got a mirror propped up in front of her, and she's looking at herself in the mirror with this mink stole around her shoulders.

"I can't wait," she says, "until I wear it out, Manny."

"Well," I tell her, "you like to take a walk down the street? It's still early."

"Don't be silly," she laughs. "I mean really *out*, Manny."

"I know," I nod. "Really out."

I can see myself now stepping into some swanky restaurant where they charge a buck for a glass of water, and then stepping out again minus about one fifth of my pay check.

I change the subject pretty quick. I say, "Flaherty, the cop, says I oughta get it insured just in case you lose her or something."

The way it looks to me, though, this mink won't be getting any farther than the front door, and there won't be too much chance of anybody losing her around the house. The more I think about it, though, the better I see Nathan's point. So where is she gonna wear this mink? We live in these four rooms in Brooklyn; we got two kids; you know what I make. Our friends on the block don't hold no swanky parties, and there's nobody I know getting married pretty soon. The only chance, I guess, is if somebody kicks off and there's a funeral, but this is not something you should look forward to. You know?

"It's my first mink," Mabel is saying, her eyes shining, and I'm thinking to myself that the way she says it you'd think there was *more* coming! The union sold maybe five thousand chances on this mink, and I was the lucky guy. So could it happen again?

That dumb Dutchman, Schneidermann, says the next day down in the shop, "So, now we got a millionaire in the shop, boys. . . . How about that, Keefe? You don't need any more overtime now, do you?"

What they're telling me about this mink, I'm going to need double the overtime I used to put in to keep it up.

I get some more crummy jokes like the one from Schneidermann, and that night when I'm going home with Dave Rosenthal, who lives on our block, he says to me, "So how's the mink, Manny?"

The ways these guys talk you'd think this thing was alive. You'd think it had to be fed, and that it could walk off or something.

"The mink's all right," I tell him.

"You're a lucky guy," Dave tells me.

Am I? I think. *So you should be so lucky, Rosenthal.*

Mabel is not wearing the mink around the kitchen when I get home, but I guess she's had it on fifty times this day, looking at herself in the mirror. She says, "Manny, I've just got to wear this mink out."

So now it's coming to a head. So now the heat is on. I say, "Well, there's a good movie over at the Bijou."

"Movie?" she says. "Nobody will even see it at the movie, Manny."

So this mink has to be seen. Not only must it be supported with insurance and storage charges, but it has to be seen.

"Couldn't we eat out somewhere?" she says.

Eating out, I right away think of Max's Diner, where once in a while we take the kids for a Sunday dinner, but at Max's you don't wear no mink stoles.

"So like where?" I ask her.

"New York," she says. "Can't we go to New York to eat, Manny?"

"Way over there?" I say, like it was in Outer Mongolia. "Ain't there plenty o' places to eat in Brooklyn?"

"New York is for mink," she smiles. "You know that, Manny."

I know that, and I also know what it's gonna cost to eat in a good restaurant in New York where you can wear a mink and the waiters don't drop dead. So I guess I got to do it once anyway.

"We won't have to take the children," Mabel says. "Vera said she would look after them for one evening."

So it looks like she's already got this thing under way, and I don't like to scuttle it. I call up my brother Al, who drives this hack all over Brooklyn, and I ask him when is the next time he has to take his hack over to the city where they got the main garage.

"Have to run her over Thursday afternoon," he tells me. "I got clutch trouble. You goin' over?"

"Thought you could drop us off uptown," I tell him. "Mabel an' I are goin' out to eat."

So by telling Schneidermann my grandmother is sick to death I manage to get off thirty minutes earlier Thursday afternoon, even though it breaks the Dutchman's heart.

Mabel and me are waiting when Al tears up in the hack. He's a short, chubby little guy with a leather cap, and he used to be a professional prize fighter, which has flattened his nose some and not made him any prettier than he was when he started, which wasn't too much.

I say to him as we're getting in the cab, "Mabel wants to wear the mink over to the city, Al, which is why we're eatin' out."

Al has heard about the mink, but hasn't seen it yet in the flesh, or the skin, or whatever it is. He takes a gander at it, and he says, "Looks like mink all right, Manny. My girl Ethel from Canarsie's got a whole coat made of it."

"Rabbit," I tell him. "There's nobody wearin' mink in Canarsie, Al."

"She says it's mink," Al argues. But I know better. There's nobody wearing mink is going out with the likes of Al Keefe.

So we go to this nice restaurant in the city, and we order kind of light, but even ordering light that bill is way up there in the clouds. Mabel, though, is having

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herself a ball, so I guess it's O.K. This is the last time we'll ever see this joint anyway.

"So how's it feel, baby?" I ask her.

"You'll never know how it feels, Manny," she says dreamily.

I guess the only place I'll ever feel this mink is in the pocketbook, where it hurts. It's a good night, though, and I guess now she can put that mink away until somebody is married or somebody kicks off and she's got a reason to wear it.

I get the mink insured, and I make arrangements for a place to store it in the summer when the moths go on the heavy feed. So far, as you can see, this mink, which was a gift horse, has been costing me plenty, what with the dinner and the new dress Mabel had to buy to go with the mink and the insurance and things like that.

Nathan comes nosying around as usual, and he wants to know how much is the insurance and did I make arrangements for storage and am I keeping it up. "My advice is to have it checked at the furrier once in a while," he says. "That's not cat fur you have there, you know."

"Look," I tell him, "when I want advice from you, Jack, I'll ask for it."

"This is free advice," he grins. "Don't win any more minks, Manny, or you'll end up in the poorhouse."

"All right," I tell him. "You had your say. Now crawl back into the woodwork."

I don't need no brother-in-law around to tell me what this mink is costing. When I come home from work the next night, I find out that it's not over, neither.

My two kids are in the doghouse, and it's very quiet around the house.

"I have bad news, Manny," Mabel tells me solemnly. "*Your* children have been up to it again."

They're always my children when they get in trouble. I see little Ruthie sticking her head out the bedroom door, and she looks scared.

"So what's the bad news?" I ask her. "Somebody steal the mink?"

"It wasn't stolen," Mabel says grimly, "but the children had it out of the closet, and Ruthie was wearing it in the street."

My Ruthie is seven years old, and Joey is nine. I say hopefully, "It ain't lost, is it?"

If it's lost I might make some pretty good dough on this deal on the insurance. You know?

"Ruthie got it caught in the gate," Mabel tells me, "and there's a little tear in it, and I had to take it over to the furrier's across town."

I look at her. "How much?" I ask.

"Twelve-fifty," she says.

I look at Ruthie, and the bedroom door is closed again. "O.K.," I say. "O.K. So it's twelve-fifty. It's a lucky thing I got plenty of dough. I'm supportin' two kids an' a mink now."

"There shouldn't be anything after this," she says.

"I hope to kiss a duck," I tell her.

I figure out that night what this mink has cost me since I won her, and it's not a happy story. If there were any returns on the thing it wouldn't be so bad, but even when Mabel wears it, which will be once in a blue moon, it looks like it will cost me big dough.

I guess it's because I'm thinking along these lines that when I meet Louie Bender, the plumber, down in the street this Saturday afternoon, what he has to say goes home pretty deep.

"So how's the mink?" Louie asks.

He's a scrawny guy with loving-cup ears and big outsized hands which come from handling pipe all day.

"The mink," I say, "is gettin' sewed up."

So I tell him how the kids had the mink out and how they ripped it on the iron gate. Louie shakes his head sympathetically. "Hear you've been layin' out plenty o' dough on that stole," he says. "That's rough, Manny boy, especially when you ain't gettin' nothin' back on it."

"So how can you get anything back on it?" I scowl, so Louie makes his pitch now.

"Well," he says, "you ever think o' rentin' her out, Manny?"

"Rentin' her out?" I repeat.

"You know," Louie says, "like for dough, like these shops rent out a tux for men. Why can't you rent out a mink the same way?"

I look at him. "Well," I say, "it's an idea."

"How many times Mabel wear that mink?" Louie asks.

"Once," I tell him, which I'm thinking was once too much.

"Rest of the time," Louie says triumphantly, "she lays on the shelf in the box. Right?"

"Right," I nod.

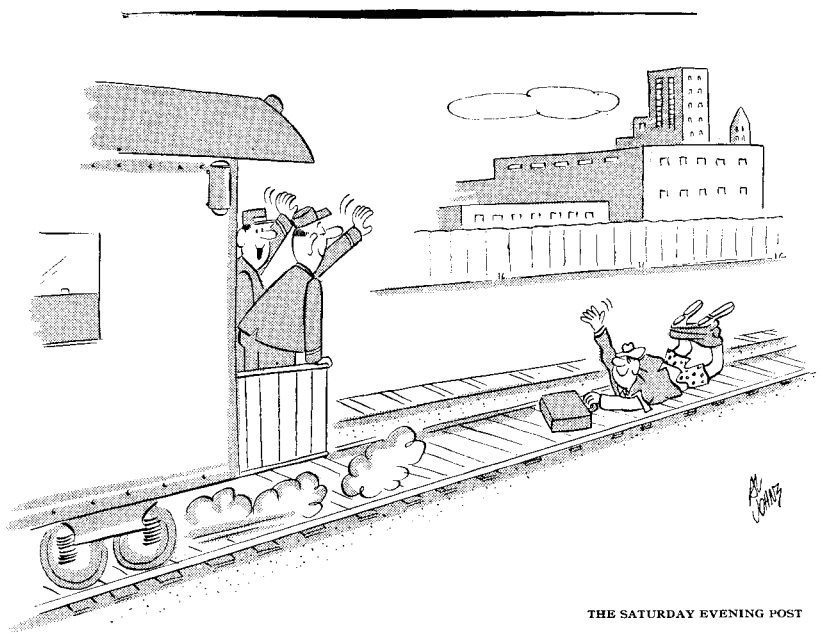
"So why not rent her out once in a while," Louie says, "an' pick up a few bucks to kind of pay expenses?"

"You got a point, Louie," I agree.

"You can put me down," Louie says, "for the first rental."

"You!" I say.

"My wife," he grins. "Don't be crazy, Manny. It's like this. We got this wedding on next (*Continued on Page 63*)



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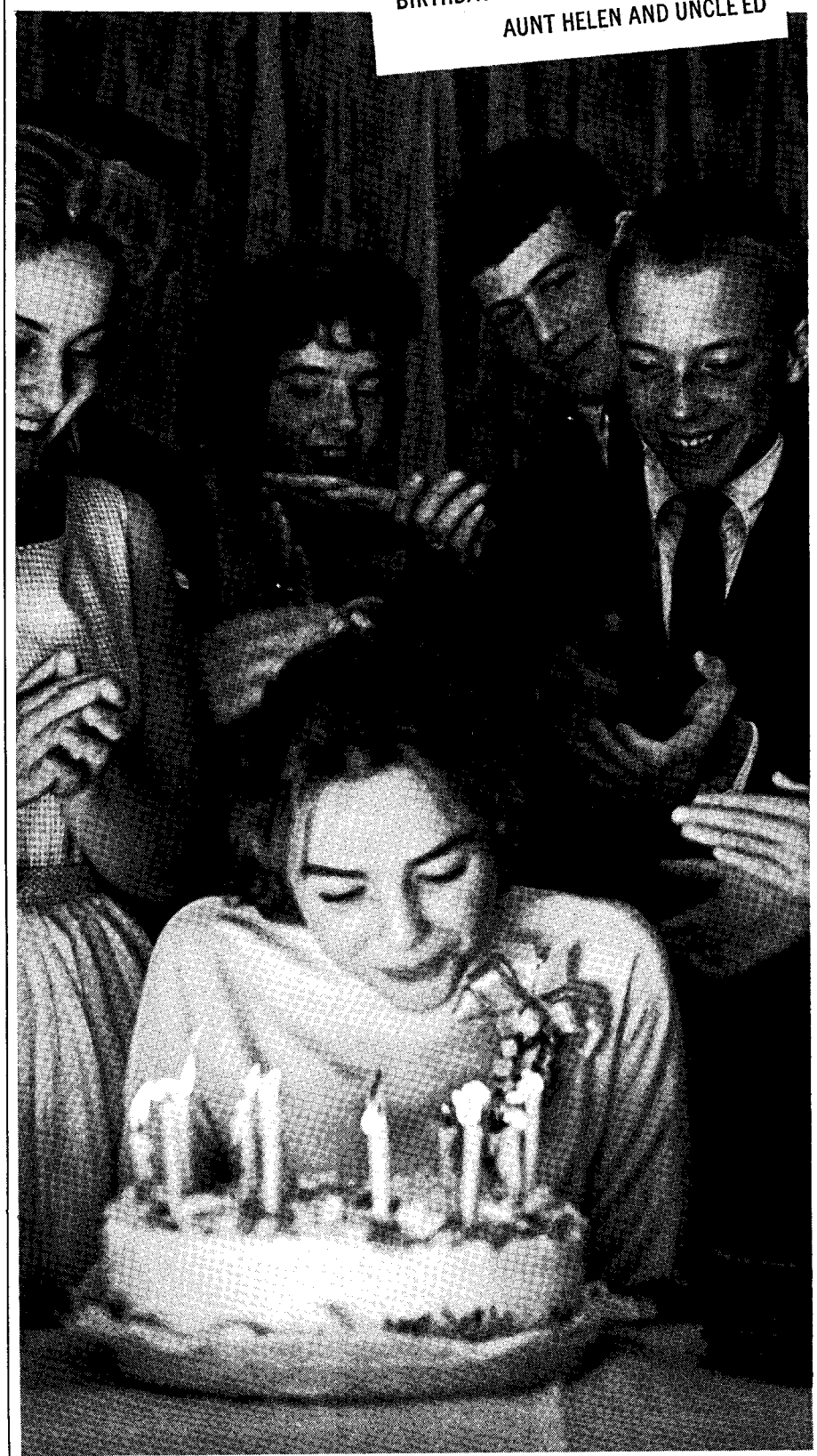

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(*Continued from Page 61*) Saturday. My wife's niece is gettin' married. These lousy in-laws of mine are always rubbin' it in how I never gave Tillie much. So she shows up at this wedding with a mink stole, and I rub their noses in the dirt. You know what I mean, Manny?"

"I know," I tell him. "I got in-laws too."

"O.K.," he says, "so what's the charge?"

I put my hands in my pockets and look down at the sidewalk, and I'm thinking so what's wrong with renting out a mink? That stole is laying in the box week after week and ain't being used, and it's costing me dough all the time, so why shouldn't it bring in a few bucks? I say to Louie, "How about three bucks for the night?"

Louie nods. "It's steep," he says, "but it's worth it to see the look on the puss of my mother-in-law when she sees Tillie come in with that mink. I'll pick her up Saturday afternoon, Manny."

"O.K.," I tell him, and I'm wondering now how Mabel will take this. So what damage can you do to it? You don't get a mink dirty. It's fur. You don't wear it out. If anything happens to her, she's still insured. You know?

Louie is saying, "You can make plenty o' dough with that mink, Manny, if you know how to work her. There's guys up an' down this block wouldn't mind rentin' a mink like I'm doin'. There's nothin' wrong puttin' on the dog once in a while. It keeps you out o' the doghouse too. Ha-ha! You get it?"

"I get it," I tell him.

So I go back to the house, and I'm wondering if I have struck a little gold mine here with this mink. There might be plenty of people around the neighborhood, as Louie says, who might like to rent a mink stole just once in their lives, so their wives can say they've worn one, or maybe just to show up some crummy relatives or things like that.

I go in the house and I find Mabel peeling potatoes in the kitchen. I say to her, "Baby, when do we get that mink back?"

"Tuesday," she tells me.

"You—you won't be usin' it Saturday, will you?" I ask her.

She looks at me, and she stops peeling potatoes. "What's Saturday?" she wants to know.

"Well," I tell her, "if you're not usin' the mink on Saturday, we got a chance to make a few bucks with it, kind of to pay for the insurance and stuff like that."

I see this funny look come to her eyes, and I start getting ready for a storm, because I've been married for fourteen years and I've seen this look before.

"What do you mean, Manny?" she asks.

"Well," I say, "I got a chance to rent out this mink to Louie Bender for Saturday. His wife wants to wear it to show up some of their crummy relatives. He's payin' three bucks for the night, an' it ain't bad money. You know what I mean?"

She's white now. I've never seen her like this before. She stands up like one of these actresses you see on TV, and she says slowly, "You want to rent out my mink stole to Tillie Bender. Is that what you said?"

"Look," I tell her, "all we're doin' is payin' out dough on this mink since we got her. If we can make expenses ——"

"You're renting out my mink stole to Tillie Bender," she repeats, a little louder this time.

"I figured ——" I start to say.

"My stole," she says almost in a whisper. "My mink! The most beautiful thing I've ever owned. Tillie Bender!"

"Well," I say, "you don't want to rent it to Tillie, there's plenty o' others ——"

"Others!" she almost screams. "Others!"

So I figure this rental scheme is not such a hot idea after all. It did sound pretty good, though, in the beginning, but then all lousy ideas sound good to begin with. It's only after they been aired a little that you get the smell.

"O.K.," I say. "O.K., we'll forget ——"

She's already walking off, and the door of the bedroom slams shut so hard that it shakes the house, and I hear Rauschmidt, the landlord, up on the second floor grumbling the way he does when somebody's roughing up his crummy apartment.

So I call up Louie Bender, and I say to him, "The deal's off, Louie. Mabel don't like the idea of rentin' the mink."

"Three bucks a night is good dough," Louie argues.

"It ain't the money," I tell him. "It's the principle."

"Principle?" Louie says. This is a guy who puts pipe together for a living, and three bucks to Louie Bender is three bucks, principle or no principle. "It's only a mink," Louie says, and I figure the way he looks at it if we were renting out our kids for three bucks, that would be principle. But a piece of fur!

"It's no deal, Louie," I tell him.

So for three days there's no talk around our house. Mabel walks around stony-eyed. She gets the meals and she washes the clothes, and this she would do for a chimpanzee if she happened to be married to him. On Tuesday she goes across town and gets the mink.

When I finish supper that night and the kids have left the table to do their homework, she comes out of the bedroom and walks over to me, holding the mink like it was a dead cat which had begun to stink a little. She drops it in my lap, and she says, "There's your mink."

Then she turns and walks back into the bedroom and slams the door like she did the first time. So I roll this mink up into a ball and slam it against the kitchen wall, and then I head toward the bedroom door like a fullback going into the line.

There's a doorknob on the door, but I don't bother with the doorknob. This door gets kicked open, and then I'm standing inside and I'm pointing my finger at Mabel, who is sitting on the edge of the bed, mouth open a little in surprise now.

"All right," I say. "All right."

I say it loud enough so that Rauschmidt upstairs can hear it like he was standing next to me and I was giving it to him in his ear.

"I brang you home a mink," I tell her. "A real mink, an' no imitation. I'm a poor workin' man an' I been sweatin' blood for fourteen years keepin' this family together, an' it ain't always been easy, especially when things get slow an' they lay me off down at the shop."

"You—you don't have to shout," Mabel says, and I can see she's a little worried now.

"Shout!" I yell. "Who's shoutin'?"

Now they can hear it down at the corner, which is six houses away.

"I was lucky," I tell her, "an' I got you a mink, an' I could o' sold her for three, four hundred bucks, they tell me down the shop. Only I didn't sell her. I brought her home fer you so's you kin wear her around an' be a little happy once in a while, because I ain't been able to bring you too much all these years. An' that ain't because I didn't want to. It's because I didn't have the dough—D-O-U-G-H."

"I can spell," Mabel says, "and please, Manny, the neighbors ——"

"This mink," I go on, "has been bleedin' me dry. I gotta pay insurance on her; I hadda take you to a restaurant I couldn't afford, and I hadda buy you a new dress; I hadda get that rip fixed; I'm gonna have to pay storage for the summer. When Louie Bender comes along an' tells me how I can make a few bucks to kind of pay expenses, I think it's a good idea. I made a mistake. O.K. Whadda you want to do, crucify me?"

"Manny," Mabel starts to say. "Manny ——"

"Anybody wants to see me," I tell her. "I'm down at Benny's Tavern."

So I give the bedroom door another slam on the way out, which nearly takes it off the hinges, and when I'm out in the hall I see fat Rauschmidt halfway down the stairs, and he's pointing a thick finger at me and his belly is shaking, he's so mad. He's giving it to me in Low German, and I guess it has something to do with our having to move.

I say to him, "Shaddup, you fat Dutchman."

This will likely put us out on the street tomorrow, but I don't care. I don't care about nothing—not a thing.

I say to Benny as I'm standing at the bar nursing my first beer, "Don't ever get your wife a mink, Benny."

"I ain't got no wife," Benny says, "but it's an idea, Manny."

I'm having my third beer in Benny's, which is two more than I usually have, when Flaherty, the cop, sticks his head in the door. "Go on home, Keefe," he says. "Your wife is waitin' out on the stoop for you. She says for you to come home."

"I got no home, Pat," I tell him. "I got nothin'. An' this is a free country. Nobody's tellin' me what to do."

"You go home," Flaherty says, "or I lock you up for disturbin' the peace. You got Rauschmidt all shook up down at your house too."

So I go home, and I see Mabel waiting out on the stoop for me. "I got nothin' to say," I tell her. "I said it all."

"Manny," she says. "I've been thinking. I don't really need a mink, and there's so much we can use around the house. We've wanted to buy a new rug for the living room, and we could use a refrigerator, and the children need clothes, and you could use a suit. It's been at least four years since you bought a new suit. Let's sell the stole. It's brought us nothing but trouble." She's almost crying now as she's standing on the stoop.

"Sell it?" I say. "Sell it?" Maybe it's the beer, but I'm beginning to feel like crying myself now.

"Get rid of it," Mabel sobs. "I don't want all this trouble in the family."

"I'll never sell," I tell her, and maybe I sound now like one of these big Wall Street guys with a million oil shares in his hands. "I'll never sell. Nobody in our family ever had a mink before, an' likely nobody ever will again. I was lucky, an' I was able to get you this one, an' now we're gonna keep her. When things get tough around here, you can allus take her out an' look at her, or maybe when I get a little overtime now an' then, we'll give her the works an' go out for dinner. Nobody's ever poor with a mink, baby."

Mabel is really crying now. She says, "Poor! We're not poor, Manny. We're rich. We just don't have much money."

You figure it out, and she's got something there too. You know what I mean?

Flaherty, the cop, goes by on the walk, his shoes squeaking like they usually do. I got my arm around Mabel now, and I don't care who sees it.

Flaherty says, "A good night, Keefe."

"There never was a better one, Pat," I tell him. THE END

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Love Is in Summer (Continued from Page 30)

Sistine and the prince had made an offer to Giuliando to care for his famous gardens in Rome.

By chance, both these offers came on the same morning; and that evening, while the silver moon shone over the lamps of the fishing boats in the bay, Giuliando came by and talked to Lucia on the lane by her cottage.

"Oh, I cannot leave Andormina," said Lucia. "I cannot bear to go."

"I also do not wish to go, Lucia. And I would not go if I had to leave you behind. But, ah, if we are both in Rome, the streets will be filled with almond blossoms, and all the fountains will play the *Pastorale*."

There was a long silence then that stretched away like a chord of silent music to the moon.

"Lucia, I must marry you!"

It came so suddenly that she leaned on the gate, as if she were afraid of fainting in the perfume of the night.

"Yes."

They had never spoken of love, never kissed, even on the day the almond blossoms had showered on her golden hair like a white wedding veil. Now, soft as a drumbeat, the steps came up the lane. The chief of police looked at them, did not smile, but spoke a polite "good evening" to Giuliando. Then he walked through the gate and stood at the door, as if waiting for his daughter Lucia to come in. She whispered "I must go in, Giuliando."

"No." His voice was taut. "You stay here. I am going in."

Captain Michelo unbuckled his belt with the gun, hung his police cap on the wall and looked at Giuliando.

"I wish to marry your daughter Lucia."

The captain sighed. "Lucia is going to Rome—and to a fine job. Why do you waste my time?"

"I also go to Rome—to care for the gardens of the prince. That is also a very fine post. And I shall have a house by the gardens. So, it is the wish of my heart to marry Lucia, and also the wish of her heart, and I come to you like a man and I say so."

"Giuliando, my daughter will never marry the son of a thief."

Giuliando went pale, and his eyes were bright and hard. "Captain, even if you are the chief of police, you cannot say that to me. My father never stole anything."

"Your father, Giuliando, stole a woman. In law they call it an elopement or a kidnaping. I call it plain stealing."

"Captain, my father ran away with my mother. They got married and lived happily until the day she died. And they were respected in all this village. I think it is an excuse, captain. Lucia has learned to speak English and some French, and she is beautiful and has gifts, and perhaps you wish her to marry to a man who is more than a gardener. But she will never marry anybody but me."

The captain got up and looked dark and angry. "Giuliando, I do not like the way you speak. I forbid you to see Lucia again in the short time she is here. And I forbid you to see her in Rome."

"And I do not take any orders from you, captain. And I shall marry Lucia, whether you consent to it or not."

Giuliando turned and walked out. He paused by the gate, and suddenly Lucia touched his hand. He whispered, "Sebastiano will see you."

She nodded, and he walked up the lane in the night. Away down in the bay, Sebastiano was fishing in his boat. Giuliando began to hum the *Pastorale*. The gay Sebastiano was just the friend to help an elopement. He had a boat and a longing to sail away and find an island. All they needed to do was to land and stay one day and night on a Greek island, and then, in the custom of Sicily, Captain Michelo would invite Giuliando to marry Lucia and protect her name. Giuliando got his mandolin and played a tarantella to the stars. After all, his father had done the same thing. In the morning he would talk with Sebastiano. They would need to hurry—before Lucia could be sent to Rome.

But Captain Michelo had also done some musing in the night, and in the morning when he came into the police station, he spoke to Carlo, his young corporal.

"Carlo, Giuliando wishes to marry Lucia, and I do not allow that it will happen. Carlo, why do you smile?"

"Because, captain, every young man in Andormina wishes to marry your Lucia. I would like to marry her myself. But, alas, she is in love with Giuliando."

"But suppose she was in love with you, Carlo, and I do not give my consent. Then what would you do?"

"I would elope with her, my captain."

"Carlo, one day perhaps you will be prefect of Rome—if I have not first put a bullet into you from this gun. Meanwhile, I want a patrol all night long down in the harbor—in case Sebastiano might embark on a long voyage. Do you understand, Carlo?"

"Perfectly, my captain."

Sebastiano came up with his basket of fish, with the wind and salt in his hair, and met his friend Giuliando in the light of early morning. Sebastiano listened in patience and then nodded his head.

"But, yes. One does not say no to a friend." He paused. "But there is one thing I do not find interesting—that you do only the same thing as your father did so long ago. I am with you, and my boat will be ready from this evening with sail and food and compass, but—" Sebastiano shook his head—"my heart tells me it will not happen in this way."

Sebastiano had a prescient heart.

Later that morning, in the beautiful garden of the San Dolce Hotel, that once was a famous monastery, the ambassadress finished her coffee and rolls and spoke to her husband.

"Ah, I cannot bear to leave this place and face all the trouble of installing us in the embassy at Paris. I shall leave you here, under the parasol, my dear, and buy myself some beautiful lace in that shop under the bell tower."

The ambassador smiled and thought his wife herself looked handmade and perfect as she walked in the sunlight. She could not bear anything that was not made by hand and perfect, and all the sheets on the beds and all the linen on the table and all she wore herself was always made by hand.

The ambassadress came into the shop, and the *Signora* Tessa welcomed her. The reputation of the ambassadress as a patron of silk and lace shops was known all over the world, even in Andormina, The ambassadress sighed.

"Not only do I have to provide for the embassy in Paris, but my daughter is to be married, and she also cannot bear anything but the most beautiful in linen and lace and silk all made by hand, and all that I shall give her as her wedding gift. So . . . ."

Just as the ambassadress was signing her check, Lucia came in with a long white box, and the ambassadress stopped writing to admire her beauty. *Signora* Tessa opened the box.

"Your excellency, now I shall show you something very special my Lucia has made."

Four girls held out the silk sheets, embroidered with lace, and Tessa watched the ravished eyes of the ambassadress.

"A special order from a princess of Venice, your excellency, who is to be married in ——"

"But I must have them, *signora*, for the bridal bed of my daughter, and"—she looked at Lucia—"I must have Lucia, to come with me to Paris and make all the trousseau and things for my daughter."

"But these sheets are a command, and Lucia has accepted a post with Quadrina in Rome, and . . . ."

In spite of all that, the ambassadress was in the police station talking to Captain Michelo within a quarter hour. Also there were the *Signora* Tessa and Lucia, trembling and pale.

"And so, captain," said the ambassadress, "you will have all the passport forms completed after lunch, and then I shall get the passport and visa for Lucia in Rome in the morning tomorrow, and at once, because of my position, and Lucia will be in Paris on tomorrow evening."

The captain looked at *Signora* Tessa, and she spoke. "Lucia will be crazy to say no, captain," said Tessa, "and I speak only in her interest."

"Lucia?" said the captain.

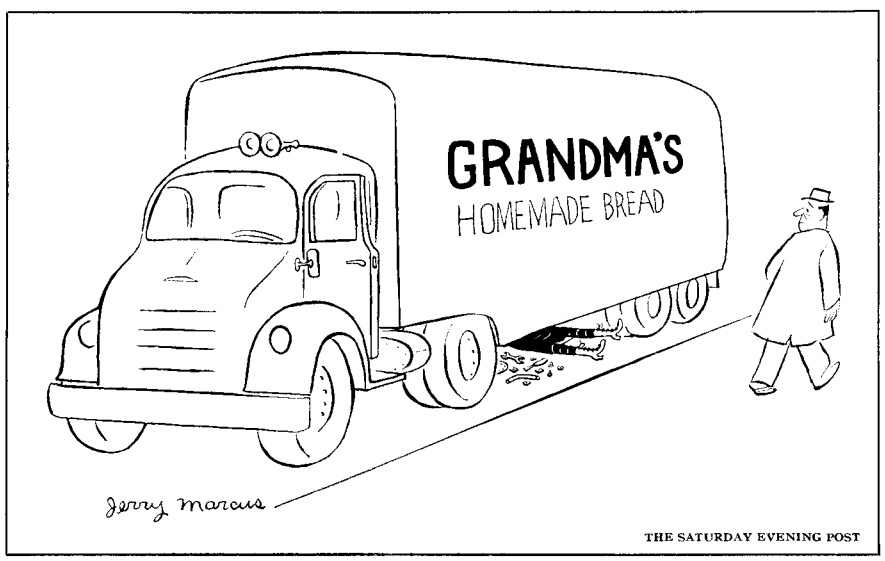
She did not say anything, only nodded and turned away her eyes.

It was an hour later that Lucia stole alone into the San Dolce Hotel and was led to the ambassadress in the garden. She spoke in English, to the surprise of the ambassadress.

"Your excellency, is there a garden in the embassy at Paris?"

"A small one, Lucia. But why?"

A little time later, Lucia took the hands of the ambassadress and kissed them. The ambassador grinned.



"But don't say anything now—only to Giuliando. Later we shall send for him. You're a honey, Lucia, and I'm with you all the way."

A month later a formal letter came from the secretary of the ambassador, offering Giuliando the post of assistant gardener at the embassy in Paris, Giuliando having been recommended by the Roman prince who employed him at the Villa Pasquale. And in a formal way Giuliando accepted, promising to come when he had got his passport in hand. Then he applied direct to Rome for a passport and was sent the forms which he filled in under the cold eye of Captain Michelo at the police station.

The captain asked him no questions, and Giuliando just said he wished to go to Switzerland to find work. He would apply for a French visa, he planned, only when he got to Rome. All was in order, and he sent on the fee and waited for his passport in peace.

And meanwhile, each week, a letter came from Lucia, and it always began in the same way.

It is just ten o'clock, and as always I sit on my balcony, and think of you, and then all the plane trees along the avenue grow bright with almond blossoms, and all the cars go silently along the avenue because I hear only the *Pastorale*, and the street lamps turn into candles in the night at Andormina . . . .

She always wrote the same words, and it always sounded as if she had written it for the first time. And once she spoke of the trousseau she was making for the daughter of the ambassadress and said it would be like the blushing snow of almond blossoms.

It was only after five weeks of silence from Rome that Giuliando became alarmed, and after consulting Sebastiano, he wrote about the passport. The reply came in a week, and it said only that they were unable to grant him a passport at present.

This made Sebastiano very angry, and he growled, "It's Captain Michelo. They inquire at the local police station, and he probably said you were the son of a thief."

"Then I'm going to him, and ——"

"No! Go to Rome. See the prince of the Villa Pasquale. He will find out for you what is happening."

With all his clothes in one suitcase and the letters from Lucia in his pocket, Giuliando went to Rome and found his prince in a blue silk jacket dining in the garden.

"Ah, Giuliando, you have come at last to work in my garden in Rome."

"No, I am in trouble . . . ."

Next day the prince went to the minister and found out that Sebastiano had guessed right and that Captain Michelo would not recommend the passport. The prince sighed.

"And I can't get the minister to do anything. He is nervous of local trouble in Sicily if he doubts the police. I am afraid not even your ambassador in Paris can do anything."

"Then I shall go over the frontier."

"No. They will catch you. Then you will go to jail. It is all wrong, but we must have patience."

"Then I want to get as near to Lucia as I can. If you can get me a job near the north frontier ——"

"But that makes no sense."

"Maybe. But I want to go." Giuliando wiped his sweat away in the hot sun of Rome. "My heart—it tells me to go."

"Very well. Obey your heart—that I believe." The prince paused. "I have two friends—Prince Renzi and Prince Roberto. They are brothers. Roberto is a great horseman. Renzi is a composer of music. Just (*Continued on Page 66*)

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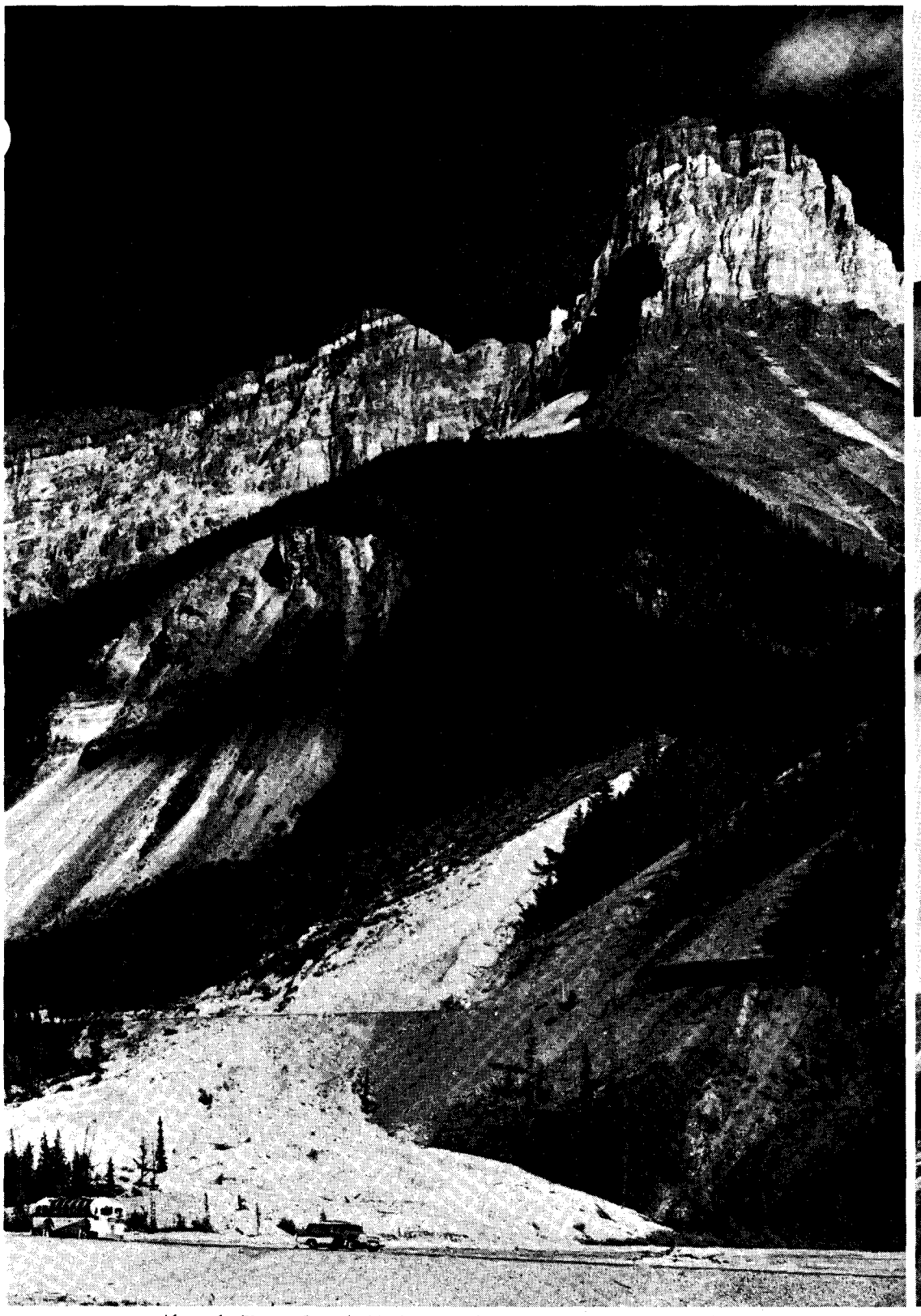

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(*Continued from Page 64*) now he lives in his villa on the lake that lies between Switzerland and Italy. He has a beautiful garden. Go to him. Here is the money. I shall telephone him. He will like you, because you play the flute and mandolin and know the music of Sicily. Good luck!"

It was beautiful in the garden by the lake, and Renzi, with his gay but dream-laden face, and his black, tossed hair, composed on his piano by the window while Giuliando worked in the garden. Roberto came up on weekends from his stable by Milan, and they both drank wine at night with Giuliando in the garden, and Renzi made him play over and over again the folk music of Sicily, searching for themes in the symphony that was breeding in his mind. They had learned of Lucia, and their bold Italian hearts beat in anger that Captain Michelo had imprisoned Giuliando in Italy, and Giuliando knew these young brothers were friends who would, like Sebastiano, risk anything for him.

But meanwhile the letters came from Lucia, and they made her so close to him that often he could feel her breathing as he read the words. Then one afternoon he got a letter from the butler as he pruned roses in the garden and Renzi coaxed the notes out of his piano.

And now I sit each night on the seat that stands on the point outside the garden, and I look over the lake and wonder which light down along the shore is the light of the villa where you work and . . . .

Giuliando looked at the envelope, saw the Swiss stamp, read the address on the letter and gave a wild shout that brought Renzi through the window with a leap.

"She is close by," cried Giuliando, "up on the lake! The ambassador has taken a villa there! Oh, I cannot bear it! I must go in a boat along the lake and get ashore in Switzerland. Once we had planned to sail away in a boat with Sebastiano. You will take me in your boat?"

"No." Renzi rubbed a hand in his wild hair. "No, not that. But Roberto comes this evening, and we'll bring her down here to see you. That way we do not break the law."

Roberto arrived before dinner, and at once there was a long discussion on how to bring Lucia to see Giuliando. After all, said Roberto, the princes of the house of Arindolo were well known in the world, and it would perhaps be best to telephone the ambassador at his villa.

"Bah," said Renzi, "there is no glory and no romance and no luck in doing things that way. We shall go, you and I, dressed as fishermen, and kidnap Lucia this evening from her seat on the point outside the garden. I know that Villa Lugando where the ambassador stays, and we can climb the rock stairway, and ——" He winked at Giuliando. "You sit waiting on the boat slip, Giuliando, and play the mandolin, and we shall bring Lucia to you."

The girl in the white dress sat on the point over the lake and watched the boats glide in moonlight on the lake. And now one fishing boat came in right below, and the engine was shut off, and soon the girl on the seat above was surprised to find two young fishermen climbing up just by her, and she smiled at them when they said "good evening" in Italian. She was more surprised when one of them swiftly gagged her with a scarf, and then both bundled her into the fishing net and carried her down the rock stairway.

It was a silent trip over the lake, by the silver path of the moon, and she sat in the heel of the boat, wrapped in the fishing net and with a silk scarf in her mouth. The next thing she realized was that they were slowing into a boat slip, where a man stood playing a mandolin. And then they took the net off her and the scarf out of her mouth, and the man with the mandolin ran down and then stopped dead and gasped.

"But—this is not Lucia!"

Before the girl had been spirited away in the boat, Lucia sat in her room above the garden and wished she could go and sit on the seat and look down over the lake. Down there somewhere on the Italian side was Giuliando. But the beautiful Princess Rose, once again seeking peace after a heartbreak, sat there alone on Lucia's seat. No Hollywood star had so many heartbreaks, and so publicly, as that royal princess of Europe called Rose.

But this time she had escaped from the world press and had come secretly to stay with her ambassador to Paris, who was also a cousin and had indeed taken this villa so that she could mend again that vulnerable heart. Nobody knew but the captain of the Swiss police in the village. Even the personal bodyguard of the princess was disguised as an extra chauffeur of the ambassador. It was only in discreet Switzerland that such a thing could be handled.

Lucia finished her letter to Giuliando and sighed and went to her window. Ah, the princess had gone in! And now Lucia could sit on the seat and imagine Giuliando sitting on the far shore and likewise dreaming of love.

Lucia stole out happily through the garden and sat on the seat and saw the white silk handbag of the princess on the grass. Ah, poor Princess Rose, so distraught with unhappy love that she would forget her handbag! Lucia took up the handbag and went back and found the ambassadress reading a book while his excellency studied a document.

"The princess, she has come in and forgot her handbag."

"Come in! She has not come in."

The ambassadress ran to the bedroom of the princess, and then the ambassador ran swiftly to the garden seat, and all that he saw, far down the lake, on the path of the moon, was a fishing boat. And it seemed that in the light of the moon there was a white gleam, as of a white dress, in the back of the boat.

Action was swift and almost silent. Staub, the Swiss police captain, was in the villa in five minutes, and Burt, the princess's bodyguard, stood there like a man struck by lightning. Staub, calm, turned to Lucia.

"You saw nothing, heard nothing?"

"Nothing. When I looked out the window, she was gone from the seat."

Now a Swiss officer, also in a civilian suit, came in and handed a pearl earring to Staub.

"I found it on the rock. She was kidnaped in a boat."

"But why? Who?" asked Staub. "Nobody knew she was here."

Suddenly Lucia began to cry, under the tension in the room. "Oh, I wish somebody kidnaped me in a boat. Once ——"

The ambassador leaped forward in a spring. "Lucia, did you tell Giuliando you were here?"

"Yes. Oh!"

In one minute Staub had the facts he wanted. He was quite calm. He made a note.

"Giuliando works with the Prince Renzi d'Arindolo. Do not let anybody do anything. I will go straight over the frontier—alone. It was almost certainly a mistake. Her royal highness will soon be back, your excellency. I must tell the police captain in Italy. But he will be silent. Be at rest, sir. The princess will be here in less than two hours."

"But," said the ambassadress, "Giuliando would know Lucia."

Staub smiled. "But Giuliando has no passport. He would send friends."

The Princess Rose found herself in the *salon* of the villa and was surprised that the butler came in and served drinks to the two fishermen who had kidnaped her. The fisherman with the gay but dream-laden face and stormy hair handed her a brandy. He spoke, for the first time.

"You understand, of course, that it was a mistake." He smiled at Giuliando. "We were trying to help a romance for Giuliando. Now, may I ask who you are?"

She told him, and he bowed and said, "This is my brother, Roberto d'Arindolo. I am Renzi. Giuliando is our friend from Sicily."

"Are you the Renzi d'Arindolo who wrote the *Sonata d'Amore?*"

"Yes. That was my first piece played in public. Now, would you like me to telephone your ambassador?"

"There is no hurry. Could you play something for me?"

At the first chord the Princess Rose knew she was cured of heartbreak. By the end of the sonata she knew she felt the pangs of the next one. It was at the end of the sonata that the doorbell rang. Roberto acted with great speed. He grabbed the Princess Rose by the arm and hustled her out of the room. Then he put her in another room and locked the door. When he came back, Staub and the Italian police captain were being shown in by the butler. The Italian captain knew them and smiled.

"I am sorry to disturb you. But I am sure you know why my Swiss colleague and I are here."

"I have no idea," said Roberto, and he also smiled. "Please explain this late visit. But, of course, we are always glad to see you. A little brandy?"

The police captain explained. He was looking in surprise at the disinterested faces of Renzi and Roberto and Giuliando.

"How very awkward," said Renzi. "A royal princess gets lost at night. What a scandal that could be, if she was not found at once—not good for the police. And from what you say, about Giuliando and Lucia, all this is the fault of a police captain in Andormina. Now, captain, it is very late, but I suggest if you want to find her royal highness and keep it quiet, you should make two telephone calls—one to the minister in Rome, to send up a passport by fast car, or even a plane, for Giuliando; another to Captain Michelo at Andormina, telling him to telegraph by confirmed signature his permission for Lucia to marry Giuliando. That way I am sure you will be able to find the princess, as soon as the passport and telegram arrive here in this villa."

"And if I do not make these calls?" said the captain, with murder in his eyes.

"Then I shall call a journalist in Milan and ask him to come up here and listen to your amazing story. And I don't think your Swiss colleague, Captain Staub, would like all this fuss very much. The telephone is there."

The telegram from Andormina was delivered by special messenger just at midnight. But the dawn was breaking over the lake before the passport came by fast police car from the airport in Milan.

"Now," said Renzi, "I think we shall have an early breakfast of champagne."

Her royal highness looked sleepy but happy as Roberto turned the key and then brought her into the *salon*. The champagne was poured in silence, and the princess smiled into the eyes of Renzi as she raised her glass. Giuliando, passport and telegram in his hand, stood like a man in a daze. Renzi raised his glass and looked at his police captain. "Now, captain, you give us a toast."

The captain raised his glass and looked at Giuliando. "Here's to Italy—where love is in summer all the year long!"

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Bertram, a minor city official with a major idea of his own importance, spent most of his time telling anyone who would listen what an impressive person he was. Whatever subject came up, he always managed to steer it to himself, then turn it into a lengthy lecture on his importance to the city. So, when the recent funeral of a big man was mentioned, no one was surprised by Bertram's reaction.

"It will take an awfully big place to hold my funeral service," he pointed out. "What with all the people that know me." He went on to estimate the awesome size of the procession, the masses of flowers and all the big names that would be there.

"You know," he said finally, "just about everybody in the city will be at my funeral."

"You're right, Bert," one listener promptly agreed. "Give the public what it wants, and it will turn out."

Arthur H. Richter

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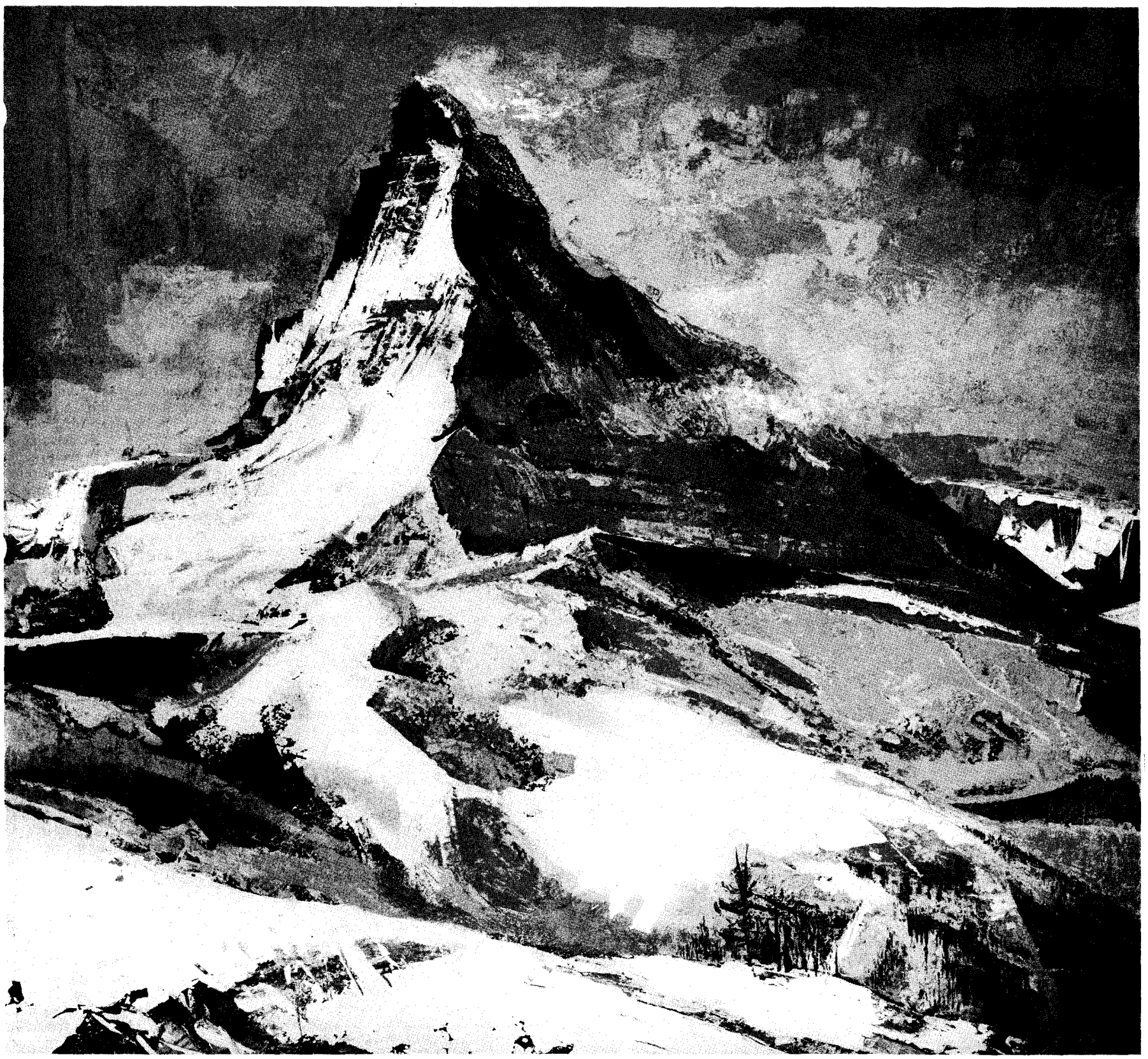

WITHOUT THE MATTERHORN . . . the Alps would be just another mountain range. ¶ No less important, really. And only slightly less stirring. Yet somehow uncrowned. ¶ What's so special about the Matterhorn —Olympian proportions? Perhaps, but since when did influence ever depend on size! There's more to influence than size . . . some special quality that quickens the blood or seizes the imagination or turns indifference into enthusiasm and involvement. ¶ The sort of thing The Saturday Evening Post excites in its readers. For here's a magazine that stands out among the rest . . . offers people a view out over the world from a recognizable vantage point . . . spins a yarn that doesn't leave you dangling . . . informs by looking *up* to its readers and takes time for a laugh or a joke along the way. And manages this without endlessly scaling down for lookers and lip-movers. ¶ The Post is designed for people who like to read. For spirited men and women who have graduated from the safe, easy slopes to new levels in search of broader vistas and fresher air. ¶ In steadily increasing numbers they turn to and *re*-turn to America's Influential Family Magazine. Why? Simply because there's no other magazine quite like—**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**

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Of Men I Have Known

(Continued from Page 29)

phase, the phase of opposition, usually lasted through one meeting and sometimes longer. All the while, Vandenberg was testing the proposal by attacking it; and he was learning a great deal in the process.

Then followed the period of gestation. The proposal grew and developed within him. This period had various manifestations, depending on the time available and the importance of the proposal. It could be a fairly short time, a time of "assuming for the sake of argument that we go ahead with this, where will it lead and what will it accomplish?" This gave Vandenberg an opportunity to try out statements of the merits of the proposal and possible answers to arguments against it. He thought out loud; and his talk would proceed with mounting enthusiasm as conviction and confidence grew.

But this period could take another and longer form, as it did in the case of the Marshall Plan. There, upon Senator Vandenberg's suggestion, committees were set up under Secretary of Commerce W. Averell Harriman and Secretary of the Interior Julius A. Krug to determine the capability of the country to carry out the plan and the economic consequences to it of doing so. This gave time for the country, the Republicans and the senator to get used to the idea and for the weight of supporting fact to have its effect.

At this stage Senator Vandenberg was convinced, but not committed. Before that occurred one further step remained to be taken. We called it, variously, "applying the trade-mark," or "determining the price." This meant either stamping the proposal with a Vandenberg brand or exacting from the Administration a concession which he thought politically important. Let me give examples.

When, in 1947, President Truman was discussing with congressional leaders his proposal for American aid to Greece and Turkey, he stressed that the attacks and pressures upon these countries were not, as surface appearances might suggest, merely due to border rows originating with their neighbors, but were part of a series of Soviet moves, which included stepped-up Communist Party activity in Italy, France and Germany. I can see Senator Vandenberg now, suddenly leaning forward on the sofa in the President's office and saying, "If you will say that to the whole country, I will support you." The presentation was put in this way, to the surprise and disapproval of some commentators.

Again, when the Administration bill was introduced into Congress, no mention was made in it of the United Nations. Senator Vandenberg pounced on this and insisted that the bill should provide for cessation of United States aid if and when the United Nations should take charge of the situation. Both he and I knew that this event would never occur, since the Soviet Union would prevent it, but he was quite right in his point. The change was important, and provisions like this have been standard practice ever since. I agreed at once and offered to propose the change at the hearings on the bill. But he would have none of that. The change was proposed as the "Vandenberg Amendment." The brand had been applied; and fair enough it was.

Still later, in 1947-48, Senator Vandenberg was chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee when the Marshall Plan was in the discussion stage. Remembering the early New Deal, he became obsessed with worry that the control of spending the billions of Marshall Plan dollars could give the Administration such power as to decide the approaching election of 1948. While he himself had a healthy interest in preventing this, his concern was not due to mere political partisanship. For other Republicans could worry about the same thing and, since they controlled the 80th Congress, could doom the Marshall Plan, which Senator Vandenberg had now come to believe essential. To solve the problem, the senator turned to a plan of organization for administration of the Marshall Plan. The Brookings Institution of Washington was called in to give a detached and expert atmosphere to the deliberations; and finally an "independent agency" form of organization was worked out, under, but not responding to, the President.

It is no matter that Senator Vandenberg's fears were unfounded. Under both the Truman and the Eisenhower Administrations, foreign aid was administered within the regular hierarchy of government without being used for political patronage. The point I am making is that Vandenberg exacted as the price of his support a concession to the opposition which contributed to the acceptance of the proposal—whatever it did to its administration.

What I have said suggests a strong and practical mind rather than a subtle and original one. Arthur Vandenberg's mind was not original; but it was open. He was not a creator of the ideas which he was eminently capable of receiving and using. A powerful advocate, he was not a great orator. His florid oratorical style, finding its emphasis in hyperbole and often in sheer lung power, had nothing like the range of Churchill's speeches. His importance lies not in brilliance of mind or speech, but—in equal parts—in himself, and in the time and place in which he lived and served. Without Vandenberg in the Senate from 1943 to 1951 the history of the postwar period might have been very different.

Was Arthur Vandenberg a likable man? Yes, he was. He had humor and warmth and occasional bursts of self-revealing candor. He was not among the "popular" senators. His ego was too strong for that. Some regarded him, as Mr. James B. Reston of *The New York Times* concedes that he did for a time, as the "most pompous and prejudiced man in the United States Senate." But this was wrong. He was not that; but he took a bit of knowing. When I retired as Under Secretary of State in 1947 (I returned to Government service as Secretary of State in 1949), I wrote to thank him for a warm note which I described as "another of the long list of kindnesses which you have shown me," and "for your outstanding fairness and warm generosity." This was from the heart; he was a good friend.

All these gifts and qualities were what fitted Senator Vandenberg so pre-eminently to perform a service for which the country should be forever grateful: the service of bringing together in support of a foreign policy, dictated by the necessity of events, an Administration which could carry it out and an opposition which could have prevented it from doing so. All the brilliance of Calhoun or the eloquence of Webster could not have performed this service. It called for what Arthur Vandenberg had, and was, and had spent a lifetime in acquiring and in being.

I salute his memory with affection and with honor.

This concludes a series of three articles by Mr. Acheson, excerpted from his book, SKETCHES FROM LIFE: *Of Men I Have Known*, to be published by Harper & Brothers on May 24. —THE EDITORS

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The New Indian Army

(Continued from Page 24)

situation we must go into more detail and we must look at the past, because the new Indian Army is a development of the old, not a new creation.

e year A.D. 1695 will do as well as other date for the birthday of the Indian Army. In that year the Honorable East India Company, a British trading concern, received permission from the great Mogul, emperor of India, to arm and train a few natives of India as guards for its trading posts. These guard companies grew and improved as the British power gradually took over from the collapsing Moguls. By the middle of the nineteenth century they formed a considerable army. There were battalions of infantry and regiments of cavalry and eries of artillery. They bore resounding titles, and their colors were proudly emblazoned with battle honors they had won in driving the French out of India and the Dutch out of Java and in the subjugation of a hundred Indian kingdoms. All of them were organized on the same pattern—the officers were British, but committed to this service for the whole of their careers. The under-officers and men were Indian.

By the end of the Second World War the Indian Army had reached a strength of more than 2,000,000, every man a volunteer—there has never been any conscription in India. This army varied in quality from unit to unit, as all armies do. Its best was as good as any in the world, as it proved against Rommel in the desert, Kesselring at Cassino, and Kimura in Burma. The only important change in its make-up, from the original pattern, was the introduction of Indian officers. This process began in 1919, and the British did not hurry it. By 1945 about three quarters of the corps of regular officers, including all the most senior, was still British.

1947 the British-Indian Empire partitioned, and two free nations emerged—Pakistan and India. The army, too, was split. At once the two new nations rushed at each other's throat over who should have the rich and beautiful state of Kashmir.

For the Indian Army this was a period of extreme crisis. The single, long-forged and finely tempered instrument which had destroyed German panzers and Japanese Imperial Guards was torn apart in many directions. It was in the throes of demobilizing after the long war. It lost all its British officers. It was split in two. Four out of its ten regiments of Gurkhas, the famous mercenaries from the mountains of Nepal, were transferred to the service of the British in Malaya. Most of its Moslem members went to Pakistan—and it was against these, so recently its comrades in arms, that the army found itself locked in combat in Kashmir. Other Moslems stayed with India, integrated now with Hindus, but however loyal they might be, during the Kashmir war the new nation looked on them with suspicion.

Armies have disintegrated under much less strain. The Indian Army survived only because its leaders were men of the finest caliber. These were the men whom the British had been admitting to officer rank since 1919, first through the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, later through a new Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun, north of Delhi. In 1947 the most senior of them was a recently promoted major general. Below him there was a mere handful more, and those widely spaced in experience. Captains became colonels overnight, majors became generals—and very few were found wanting.

The Kashmir war degenerated into the bitter stalemate which still holds. India has become a republic. The Indian Army has faced a rapidly changing India, a tense and unhappy world. Mr. Nehru and his policies have affected it; the cold war and the turmoil of new nations have affected it. It is in a state of transition and will be for a long time. That is why it holds so firmly to what it knows—its colors on the wall, Great-uncle Alec in his silver frame. Otherwise it might lose its footing and be swept away, either into chaos or into political rebellion—and both have happened in many neighboring countries. In spite of all this—perhaps because of it—it has grown in influence, particularly among the uncommitted nations of Southeast Asia. Its command and staff schools are full of officer students from Malaya, Nepal, Indonesia, Burma, even Ethiopia.

Like a business, an army's size and nature are determined by its purpose. The old Indian Army had four tasks—to keep the peace among the turbulent tribesmen of the frontiers, particularly the Northwest Frontier; to support the civil power in maintaining law and order inside India; to provide a small strategic reserve for British imperial use; and, with help from the empire, to defend India against foreign attack.

The new Indian Army does not have to worry about the tribesmen of the Northwest Frontier, for that lies in Pakistan. Instead, it worries about Pakistan itself. This state of tension will remain until the Kashmir question has been settled, which it could be in a week if Mr. Nehru held to his promise to allow a plebiscite there.

The role of the strategic reserve for the British Empire has gone. Instead India has accepted similar responsibilities under the United Nations.

The role of internal security remains and has even increased. It was the reasonable theme of Indian nationalist leaders that there (Continued on Page 71)

Old Dog, Old Rabbit

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

My old dog goes running,
In confident dreams,
Quick at the brink
Of forests and streams;

Rumples her pillow,
Comes flush down the trail,
Nose in the puff
Of a cottontail;

Then, screaming her sorrow,
Her game run away,
Wakes, mumbling and grumbling,
To hearthside and day,

As, digging for truth,
She searches her ears;
Did she miss that last rabbit
By inches or years?

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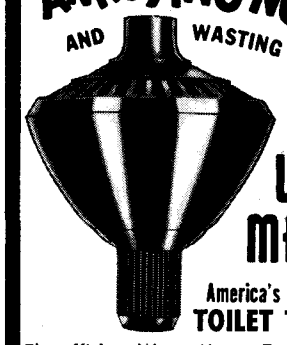

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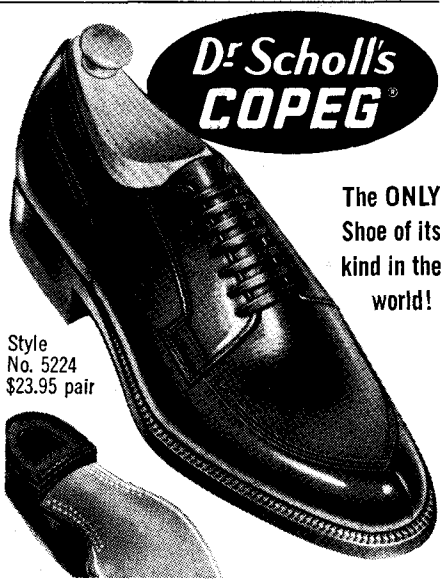

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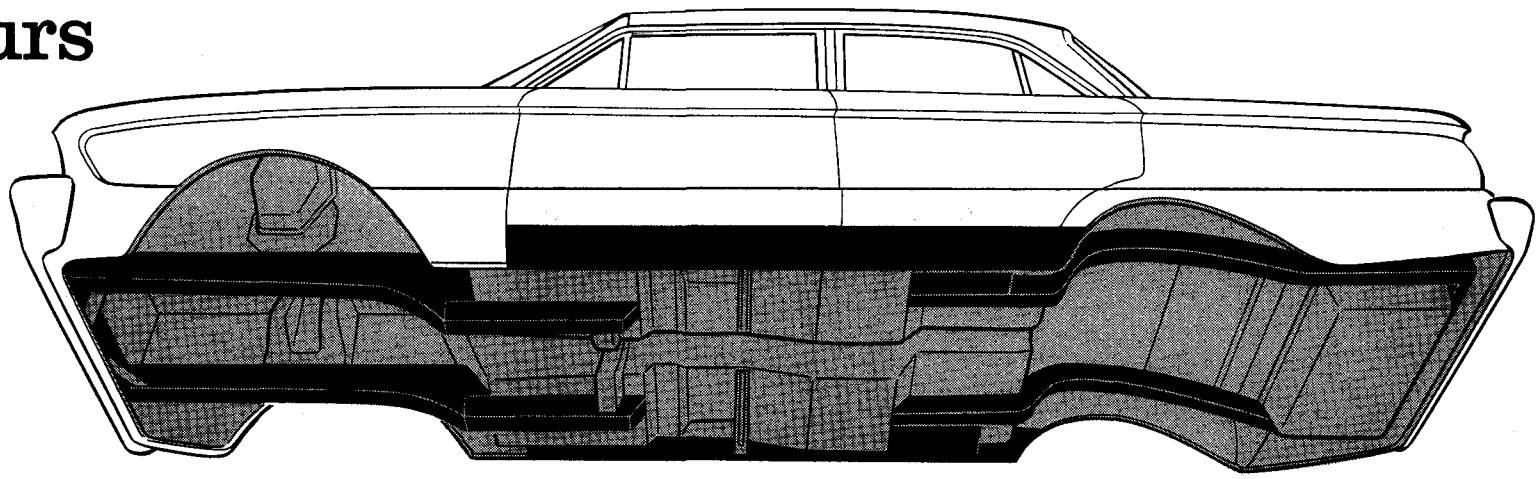

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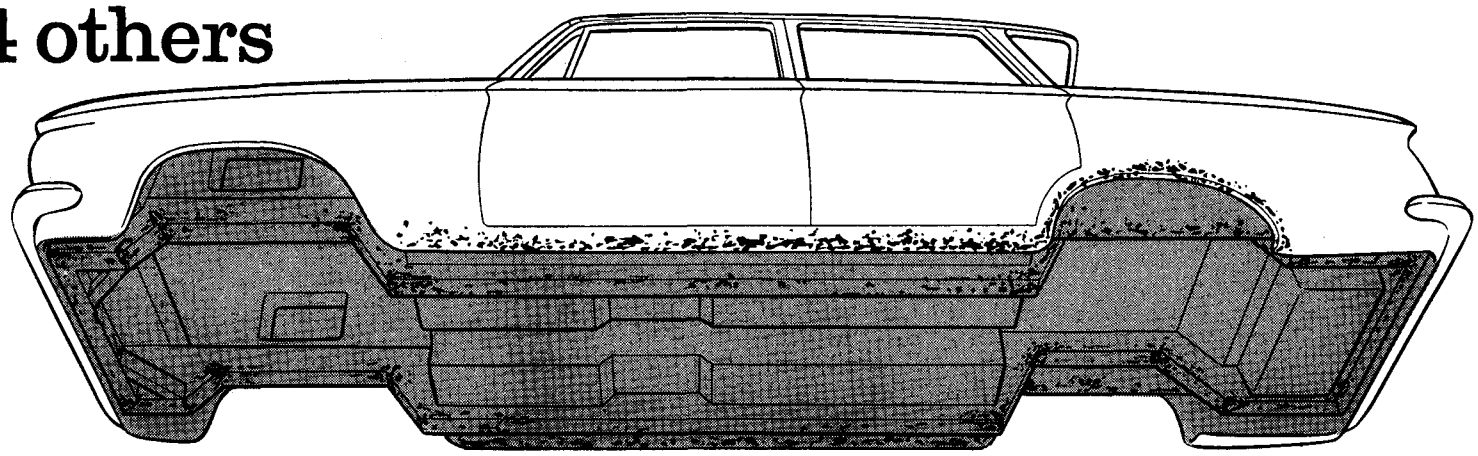

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(*Continued from Page 69*) would be no riots or insurrections, and hence no need of troops to quell them, once the English had been removed. The English went, but their place as irritant causes of violence has been taken by Communist agitation, v separatist movements all over the ıntry and by the dissatisfaction of ıbal groups on the hitherto peaceful northeast frontier.

Finally there is Red China. When Mr. Nehru allowed the legality of China's shadowy claim to Tibet, he committed a serious strategic blunder. He deprived India of the right to call on the world for help, and after 160 years he brought a major foreign power, and an aggressive one at that, onto India's back doorstep. (England, during this period, had kept major powers at a distance by supporting buffer states, such as Afghanistan and Tibet itself.)

Now, having allowed China to grab Tibet, Mr. Nehru wants his army to prevent its grabbing India. China is building roads and airfields along the border—some actually in Indian territory—and increasing its forces. India is trying to do the same, but the army is underequipped for the task, and the nation lacks supporting industrial power.

India ought to have the advantage in this situation; for in respect to all her tential enemies, she has the interior es of communication. This means that ıdia, like a pioneer in a beleaguered cabin, can rush help from one window to another quicker than the enemy can run round the outside—provided that the necessary roads, railways and airfields exist. They do not, and India does not have the mechanical equipment to build them in a hurry; nor will she accept Western help to do so. The Indian Army, in its present state, could not stave off a determined Chinese assault, and India's political leaders seem to think that the surrender of Indian soil is preferable to an entangling alliance. In the circumstances, a certain defeatism about Red China is inevitable—and it exists.

One curious and ironical result of all these factors is that Mr. Nehru, an antimilitarist, maintains a standing army of more than 500,000 men, or some three times the size of the old Indian Army in peacetime. Allowing for the departure of the British troops which England also used to keep in India, the country still supports twice as many soldiers as it used ›. But numbers mean nothing. How good this army?

In the material sense, an army consists of officers, men and equipment. Equipment is the weak point in India today. It never was really up to date, because the areas in which the army expected to fight were undeveloped. Full mechanization, for instance, would have been foolishness in a continent where motorable roads were few and far apart. But the army did keep moving, usually ten years or so behind the pace setters of military fashion. By the end of the recent world war it was as modern as any. At that time it had the latest tanks, guns, trucks, radios, weapons and auxiliary equipment, mostly provided from Britain or the United States. This hardware, the *dernier cri* of 1945, it still possesses in 1961.

Although the Indian soldier had to spend a great deal of his time keeping his ancient tools in working order, they seemed adequate until a few years ago, for no potential enemy was better equipped. Then the United States program of military aid to Pakistan put India behind that country, and the aggression of Red China brought a large l up-to-date army onto India's border.

The problem is not real, like poverty or overpopulation. It is political. The Indian Government knows what price it must pay to solve its difficulties with Pakistan—a fair settlement in Kashmir. But it refuses to pay it. It knows that it can get modern equipment from the United States free, or at nominal prices—but it does not want to align itself with us in the cold war. It is trying hard to increase its industrial capacity—but for a long time India must import all except the simplest defense items. And, of course, the government hates to divert any of its resources into this essentially wasteful effort when so much else needs to be done in order to give the mass of the people a halfway decent standard of living. In the meantime, India seems to be trying to beat the Chinese dog with a Russian stick. She has been negotiating for helicopters, heavy road-making equipment and transport aircraft from Russia. The contact with England, though less than before, still remains. In December of 1960 an Indian mission went to London to buy some modern tanks.

The Indian Army's strongest point is its enlisted men. The old-time sepoy was a simple, uneducated peasant or small landholder. Being a soldier gave him status in his community; he had a martial tradition to uphold and he liked the service. For $3.50 a month these men conquered India and between 1800 and 1945 fought in every country from France to China and, many times over, earned every valorous decoration England could bestow. They fought well, and what made them fight was discipline; pride of race and regiment; intimate knowledge of, and faith in, their officers, who served a lifetime with them; and homogeneity within the battalions, each man knowing every other's background to the fourth and fifth generations.

The new India has raised the sepoy's pay fourfold, though soaring prices have left him not much better off than before. The increasing complexity of modern war has forced education on the sepoy in the army, and the new spirit of India emergent has made the villager, the potential recruit, clamor for education in the way his grandfather used to clamor for a new village well. Many more townsmen, always better educated than the rustics, are joining the army. Today's sepoy is as hardy a soldier as his ancestors were and he is also better read, more independent of thought and attitude, more realistically a child of this century. The old pride in service is still there, and there is still—perhaps only for another generation—the feeling that a man can live no better life than that of a sepoy in a good *paltan* (regiment).

The big present danger to the sepoy's morale lies in certain secessionist tendencies inside India. Mr. Nehru and his wing of the Congress Party have imposed on India a strongly centralized government on the British model. No other pattern will serve a socialist state, but the natural consequence has been restiveness and rebellion among minorities who feel that their culture and way of life are being trampled on by an alien government far away.

Of these minorities, the Sikhs are by far the most important to the army. The Sikhs split off from Hinduism, as a militant and puritanical sect, some three centuries ago. Now they are both a race and a religion—you can recognize them anywhere, because the men always wear a beard and a turban, never a hat. They inhabit the sensitive border region touching Pakistan in the northwest of India. They are warlike, well organized and determined. They demand a separate state within India, which Mr. Nehru refuses to grant—partly because large numbers of Hindus live among them. Most dangerous of all, there are many, many of them in the army—whole battalions of infantry, plus a high proportion in all the technical arms and among the officer corps.

The officer corps as a whole is uneven in quality. Those men who are now at the extreme top all went through Sandhurst. The British set about Indianization, as it was called, very slowly. The Indian cadets for Sandhurst were examined by selection boards, scrutinized, hand picked—the best of the best. A West Point class, if picked as rigidly, would consist of three men, not 700. Their caliber is above average for any army. General Thimayya, the present chief of army staff, received world-wide praise for his work with the United Nations in Korea. Below him there are others as good. But the whole number is small; there are today no more than about fifteen still in service.

Next comes the larger, but still small, number of officers graduated from the Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun between its first class in 1935 and 1940. Indianization was moving at a faster pace, but the competition for a vacancy was still severe, and the quality very high. These officers, now averaging forty-two or forty-three years of age, are holding nearly all appointments from full colonel through major general.

After this batch there is a falling off. The expansion during the Second World War and the inevitable lowering of the old ultra-high standards must, in any case, have reduced the level. But then came the departure of the British, independence and further expansion of the regular forces. These pressures have worked to reduce the level of the junior officers, so that although most of them would shine like stars in the army of any other newly independent nation—always excepting Pakistan—they seem inferior in degree and almost different in kind from their own seniors. In the rapid scurry of events, they did not have time to learn what they needed to learn in order to get self-confidence—and often they needed to learn everything, from idiomatic English through minor tactics to the correct setting of a dinner table for a formal dinner. They are transferred from regiment to regiment, and so do not have time to get to know their men, or vice versa. This last is important. Indian soldiers would rather follow a bad officer they know than a good one they don't. A first-rate infantry company in Burma once refused to make an attack against the Japanese simply because the company commander was new.

In my opinion, the officer corps will continue to go slowly downhill. An army needs discipline in action, but nothing like as much as it needs independence of thought. In India the direct influence of the government on the individual—that is, the power of the bureaucracy—is increasing and, under Mr. Nehru's philosophy, will continue to increase. A business executive, if he thinks he is being misused, can always go to another firm or strike out for himself. An army officer can not. Few officers are now financially able to show a dangerous independence; soon there will be none.

The level of proficiency in English is inevitably going down and with it the power of direct contact with new ideas from outside India. Hindi, the new national language, is as unsuitable as Latin for communication in the atomic era. The lowering of the officer's financial and general status relative to other trades and professions, however good it may be for

NEXT WEEK

Post Editor Harold H. Martin Reports On

CASTRO'S
ANGRY EXILES
IN FLORIDA

A NEW NOVEL BY

STORM JAMESON

THE GREATEST AMATEUR
GOLFER SINCE BOBBY JONES

By Herbert Warren Wind

In Color:

NEW YORK'S
NEW QUEEN OF FASHION

By Jack Alexander

THE FANTASTIC DUTIES
OF A SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

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the country's economic welfare and however smoothly it fits into the pattern of the socialist state, means that India's best young men are not now seeking army careers, as they used to. From the potential officer's point of view the regular army is now a rather ill-paid and slightly shameful part of the body politic, much as it was in the United States before 1941.

The body politic—sooner or later, discussion of any army must return to this. India is a democracy, and its parliament controls the army through a Minister of Defense. Parliament in India today means Mr. Nehru. His Minister of Defense is Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon. Mr. Nehru all the world knows. Mr. Menon is the vitriol-tongued, ascetic-faced leftist who earned himself the deep distrust and suspicion of the West when he was India's representative to the United Nations.

The mere difference in background and outlook between these two and the senior army officers is enough to insure that there will be friction. While the politicians were struggling against the British—leading rallies, publishing subversive papers, organizing resistance, going to jail—the generals were serving the British, since they accepted the British assurance that India would soon be free and knew that it would then need trained officers for its army. A glance at the Congo will show that the generals were right. In brief, politicians as well as generals are patriots; but the generals are very much more willing to give the politicians their due than are the politicians to give the generals theirs.

Mr. Nehru and Mr. Menon are considerably to the left, politically, of most senior army officers; but this is not an important cause of friction. The Indian officer is seldom doctrinaire about the benefits of private enterprise versus state socialism and he knows that India today could not advance without a measure of state planning. Nor does the generally anti-Western attitude of the government—most noticeable since Mr. Menon's increasing and obvious ascendancy over the Prime Minister—cause as much concern as it might. The wine of independence still fizzes too headily in Indian minds for them to admit yet that if the peace-loving nations do not hang together, we shall certainly hang separately.

Yet there is hope. The incredible folly of the Red Chinese in attacking Indian soil is beginning to do the job which Mr. Dulles's bulldozing policies and our attitude of absolute negation—anti-Communist but not pro anything—conspicuously failed to do.

A bachelor is someone who knows the difference between a long leash and a free rein.

PHIL H. TUSETH

No, the trouble between the army and its civilian leaders is at once more subtle and more widespread. The Ministry of Defense is enormously bigger than it used to be and enormously more pervasive. It used to lay down policy. Now it also controls the day-to-day execution of policy. The Ministry has become an octopus, its arms daily growing longer, more numerous, more prehensile. It tries to dictate the selection of weapons systems and equipment, not on merit, but on political grounds—to divert government funds from private firms to state corporations, for instance, or from Western to neutral providers. It interferes in promotion, trying to raise officers who are politically oriented toward it, to ease out those who are not.

This promotion matter nearly caused a showdown. The chief of army staff, General Thimayya, handed in his resignation to Mr. Menon in protest, but at once withdrew it when Mr. Nehru asked him not to add to his many other difficulties. The over-all opinion of the army is that General Thimayya should have stuck to his guns. The issue, the army thinks, will never again be so clear-cut, nor will the army ever again have so popular and widely respected a champion.

Friction continues. The generals believe that the army should be entirely divorced from the political views of the administration in power. Any democratic soldier must believe this when the administration can, in theory, be changed overnight by an election. The generals' protests are understood by the ministry as little less than treason. At least one Delhi cocktail party was much enlivened when a senior general, on being introduced to a civilian guest in the Criminal Investigation Department, cried, "Ah, you're the fellow who's having my telephone tapped. Well, our signalers got onto it in ten minutes, and if I have any more of it, we'll tap *you*, see?"

This and other incidents show that Mr. Menon and the ministry suspect that the generals would execute a coup if given half a chance. Mr. Menon is too suspicious. The present generation of senior generals is too patriotic, too much imbued with the old nonpolitical doctrine the British taught them. These very qualities, for which the ministry would like to get rid of them, are the qualities that protect the ministry and the nation from a military coup.

The next generation of generals the ministry will have more closely under its thumb. There will indeed be danger of a coup in ten or twenty years from now, if a non-Congress and antisocialist administration comes to power, to find the army indoctrinated against it. Meanwhile, the danger is not subversion but inefficiency.

In sum, the Indian Army of today first class in its senior leaders and its e listed men; something less than first class in its junior officers and its over-all morale; and third class in its equipment and political direction. A change in political direction, not to tie the country to the American chariot wheels, but to make an open admission of the military truth, would solve most of the army's problems at once. The military truth is that India's only real enemies are Communist subversion in general and Red Chinese aggression in particular. If the politicians faced these facts, the army would regain the sense of purpose and the confidence which it had when Pakistan loomed as "the enemy."

However, India's political direction is unlikely to change in the immediate future. I wish I could believe that the army's dedicated patriotism, the manifest enthusiasm of its young men, will be enough to maintain and even improve its standards, because all sane men must wish India well. But I cannot believe it. Soon Great-uncle Alec in his silver frame wil' be no more than a meaningless curio, ar it is right that he should be.

One of the pressing needs of the Indian Army is to create its own tradition. But incorporation into the bureaucratic-socialist state, a state that seems unable to tell the difference between its truest friends and its bitterest enemies, is a poor substitute for the old independence of outlook, pride in self, regiment and profession, and unswerving dedication to duty. THE END

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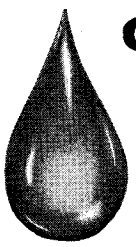

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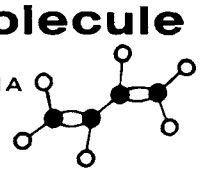

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The Connecting Imagination

(Continued from Page 23)

that many civilizations have already vanished, and that the early Christians lived from day to day in expectation of the plain end of the world, and yet produced many things of value, including great art. We may even fix our minds on the thought suggested by science fiction, that consciousness is not unique to our planet. If there are no human beings on Mars, from now on it will become necessary for us to invent them.

Nevertheless, even if we banish the idea of the Big Bang from our minds, it remains true that the existence of so much concentrated mechanical power in the hands of a few men has greatly widened the gap between the overshadowed life of personal values and the impersonal realities of forces made available by science. Public morality seems to have become separate from personal values. It is still possible to consider that another person may be "human" and, therefore, open to an appeal to understand a private problem. But the impersonal forces are like some inexorable god, not really even under the control of the high priests who minister to it. It seems almost too much to expect this god to spare the lives of the world's millions of inhabitants and of their millions more children.

So it is scarcely possible today to think that anyone could, like Hamlet, feel the call to impose his personal vision upon the state for the sake not just of the external order but of the personal vision itself. Perhaps what ultimately undermines religion in the modern world today is the sense that it is impossible to imagine a savior. Doctor Schweitzer serves as a reproach, but our confidence in him is shaken when we hear that he refuses the most up-to-date methods of medicine in his hospital. We like him, but we have greater faith in penicillin than in healers. Gandhi was effective, and perhaps now ranks among the several hundred Hindu gods, but this is only because India is so "backward" and because in the last two decades of the British raj, British loss of faith created a power vacuum in which a saint could lead an effective movement of nonresistance. If we try to imagine a situation in which personal qualities would again make themselves felt as public ones, we are likely to find ourselves thinking of a world in which all the machines have been destroyed, and where few humans are left wandering through a world of ruins. In their hatred of machines, the minds of some artists have played dangerously with the idea of such a holocaust.

So in modern circumstances there tends to be an ever-widening split between public morality and personal standards. The public sphere consists of the vast impersonal forces, some of them working for the general good and others for the general destruction. People who value personal relationships, affection, discriminating taste, tradition and sensibility naturally enough support what they regard as the constructive, rather than the destructive, side in the war of the impersonal forces. They are against war and in favor of feeding and clothing the multitudes. But in the world divided between East and West, even this choice is not easy, because both sides, while opposed to each other, nevertheless stand for what they believe to be progress. That two sides, both having ultimate goals which are similar, can yet be prepared to destroy the world in order that the one may not be overcome by the other, shows how far power has overreached the scale of individual human values. Neither side can, in fact, be the instrument of that which individuals on both sides, all over the world, want, because the impersonal forces are so powerful.

And so it happens that we live in a world where those who wish to perfect their own individuality tend to accept the situation of a life divided into two compartments—one of personal living and the other of the impersonal forces. On the one hand are personal relationships, marriage, children, friends, culture and travel. On the other hand, the struggle of history which, in its effect of making social ciphers of us all, regards the individual simply as a unit who gives of what he has to the state and receives from it, in return, protection and various benefits. We pay our taxes, vote, worry and try to appease the impersonal forces, while at the same time preserving a life

... ...

Sunday's Children

By Catherine Cameron Thaxter

The street to church is a
bonbon shelf
Stocked with
sugar-candy girls—
Cherry, citron, pastel mint,
With gumdrop eyes and
taffy curls.
But, here and there, in
charcoal gray,
Stiffly conscious of the
coy
And candied smiles of a
lemon lass,
Struts a licorice stick of a
little boy.

... ...

apart from them, something in us which says "I." Among human generations there probably has been none in which people have insisted on their "individuality" so much as we in the West do today. Yet this individualist who says "I" is only a half person; the part inside himself has been saved from that other half outside which is yet also inside, because it is the bad dream that stops him from being king of infinite space. The inner world is threatened by the external state which vaporizes the life inside the nutshell skull.

Individuals worry a good deal today about what makes them real. They go to the psychoanalyst to discover whether they are real or unreal. What makes a person real? The sense of existing *in* his own body *with* his own mind and within a community. This is exactly what many persons today lack; they are cut off from half themselves.

Many also feel convinced that in the past, in more intimate, more personal communities—like those of the New England settlers and of the English cities from which these came—men were more real. Their relation with the life around them was a flesh-and-blood relationship, heartfelt and less abstract. Radii spread, as it were, from the isolated individual to a circumference of the community in times of the kind described in the novels of Jane Austen or Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Nevertheless, we are committed to the world of impersonal forces, and there seems no foreseeable political solution of the problem of the estrangement of the individual from the society in which he lives. We should not, for that reason, however, make the attempt to return to the past of organic communities. Nor should we become paralyzed, hypnotized or drugged in a gesture of refusal to regard ourselves as anything but ourselves, as in any way responsible to society, like the beatniks. We probably have to accept the idea of the separation of private from public worlds. But, at the same time, we have to bridge the gulf in our imaginations if we cannot do so within the social structure.

Poets, novelists and artists have been telling us, in various ways, for more than a century that we must do this. I am chary of saying that poets have a message; yet if they do have one it is this: that modern man must once more connect the separate worlds of personality and society, and that this can be achieved through an effort not so much of the will as of the imagination.

Perhaps the first poet to declare this was Shelley in his famous essay on the *Defence of Poetry*. In this essay Shelley analyzes very exactly the relationship of people at the beginning of the 1800's to the emergent world of scientific inventions. He points out that systems of economics, centralized government and industrialization tend to become a kind of circumference developing by their own automatism of accumulating knowledge and removed from the true center of human needs and the significance which gives life spiritual value. "We must imagine that which we know," wrote Shelley, foreseeing a world in which men would make great advances in specialized knowledge and in applying its results, without understanding the effects that these activities were having on human beings. Shelley foresaw that the world of science and material advance might become divorced from the centers of individual values.

The English novelist E. M. Forster wrote a series of novels which might with justice be regarded as demonstrations, in terms of contemporary English life, of the failure of the British ruling classes to apply Shelley's injunction of imagining that which they knew. *Howards End* is the study of a successful businessman, Henry Wilcox, head of what Forster calls the "tribe of Wilcoxes," who despises every attitude but such as he considers practical, and lives in a world of "telegrams and anger." The Wilcoxes' lives become entangled with those of Margaret and Helen Schlegel, two girls who consider that friendship, kindness to one's employees, music, poetry, art and, beyond these, an awareness of "invisible values," provide standards for actual day-to-day living which are sacred and must never be betrayed. Their association with the Wilcoxes sets a devastating analysis of the Wilcox tribe and all they stand for. Forster shows how, under Henry Wilcox's gospel of practical good sense, there lies nothing but panic and emptiness, and that in practice it produces the obtuse actions which led to the decline of England, even in terms of money and power.

The "message" of *Howards End* is "only connect." In 1910 Forster could still think that if men at the head of affairs could "imagine that which we know," there was hope even for the Wilcoxes—redeemed by the Schlegels. Nor should one dismiss this as the dream of an idealist. The background to the events related in *Howards End* is the rivalry between the then British and the then German empires. And who, looking back, can regard the First World War as a triumph of hardheaded realism? Was

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it not, rather, the record, written in the blood of the world's youth, of failure of imagination and neglect of "personal relations"?

A Passage to India depicts the effects of the failure of imagination, which has resulted in making personal relations impossible, and which therefore leaves a situation in which the only remedy for violence and unending hatred is political surgery. The British officials described in Forster's novel are conscientious, scrupulous and just, according to their lights, but they treat the Indians as their inferiors, the "natives."

As long as the English remain in India, personal relations between Indians and British are impossible. That they have become so is a measure of what is ultimately failure of imagination. Not that in a situation where the British were occupying India such a situation was not inevitable. But with imagination and understanding a better solution might have been found. And if, after all, the leaving of India by the British was a much less unfortunate affair than other like episodes in recent history, this may at least in part be due to the effect on both Indians and British of Forster's plea for personal relations and the life of the imagination.

Forster's conclusion, at the end of *A Passage to India*, is that it is impossible for an Indian and an Englishman to trust each other as friends until the British have left India. But it would be also true to say that if the English had treated the Indians as persons, the British might have stayed in India; perhaps not as occupiers, but as equals.

Fifty years after *Howards End* it is too late to hope that the connecting imagination might save an empire or, indeed, solve the political problems made by the impersonal forces. But it is not too late to bridge the gulf between the person as person and as social unit within the inner world of individual life. For the modern individual is divided within himself between an oversubjective "I" and an oversocialized "he."

The split was always implicit, of course, through the dichotomy of the I/he double aspect of each man's existence. To myself I am "I"; to others I am "he." Within the circle of my family and a few friends, I am able to enter into the "I" aspect of half a dozen people, but beyond that, everyone is "he" and "she"—whom I cannot think of as being "I."

In the past, as I have pointed out, societies tended to recognize the "I" aspect of men and not to treat them simply as social concepts. The "I" was expressed within the "they" in the architecture of cathedrals, like great arrows directing the souls of men upward to heaven, carrying all those "I's" up to that "You" who cared equally for all of them as his children. The cathedrals, expressing a shared belief, were built also by anonymous hands, those of all the able-bodied community. The modern situation, in which social awareness penetrates individual consciousness and divides it into two separate subjective and objective halves, has been brilliantly described by D. H. Lawrence:

> It seems to me that when the human being becomes too much divided between his subjective and objective consciousness, at last something splits in him and he becomes a social being. If man loses his mysterious naïve assurance, which is his innocence; if he gives too much importance to the external objective reality and so collapses in his natural innocent pride, then he becomes obsessed with the idea of objectives or material insurance; he wants to insure himself, and perhaps everyone else: universal insurance. The impulse rests on fear. Once the individual loses his naïve at-oneness with the living universe, he falls into a state of fear and tries to insure himself with wealth. If he is an altruist, he wants to insure everybody and feels it is the tragedy of tragedies if this can't be done.

What Lawrence says about the individual is surely true, though I do not agree with his rejection of "social insurance." We are surely committed to progress which consists of caring for people who have never before been cared for, and we must somehow combine this with strengthening individual values.

Lawrence thought that society could be redeemed through a new attitude toward sexual relations between men and women. This is not so ridiculous as it sounds, so crudely stated. He saw that the estrangement of modern people from society leads often to the total isolation of the individual, even within marriage, where people may have very little true relation with each other. By confronting them with the basic reality of marriage—sex—he would break down this separateness. What Lawrence was really doing, perhaps, was fortifying the "personal relations" of E. M. Forster with modern psychology.

However, one should not reject writers like Forster and Lawrence because their conclusions seem too demanding, or ineffective, nor even when they seem simply wrong. The remedy such writers offer is not so important as the fact that they have imagined our predicament and stated it in terms in which a philosopher, or even a statesman, can translate into terms of their thinking—and even of action. When the poet or novelist tells us what things are like and how people behave, he may be a genius. When he tells us how to act, he is probably no wiser than ourselves who read the newspapers. Einstein was a genius as a physicist, an amateur as a violinist and a child as a politician. The art of the novelist and poet helps us to chart our place on the map of our time, though the writer may tumble when he instructs us how to get to the next place.

Today literature and art are perhaps the only bridges we have left. The religious can still command faith, but they cannot connect the modern experience of a man living in this world of science and power with the traditional past. They can only set aside the world and direct our thoughts to eternity. But poems, novels, paintings and sculpture can interpret the changes happening in the world of machinery, inventions, discoveries and revolutions as changes which are happening inside men's souls. When Picasso painted his famous picture of the bombing of the little Basque town of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War, we not only had a terrifying realization of the screaming horror of a cellar in a village when the bombs are falling all around but we also knew, more significantly, the modification which takes place in the individual sensibility when someone reads of such an event. Appalled as the spectator of *Guernica* may be, it is better to be appalled than to be indifferent.

In fact, one cannot really be indifferent to anything that happens, and of which one knows, that debases the human condition. Either one refuses to be affected by it, in which case one has hardened one's heart and becomes something less of a human being, or one faces the horror, in which case one keeps alive a little of that hope which ultimately might transform the human condition.

We live then in a world divided between statistical facts and personal experiencing. Generalizations derived from statistics tell us certain things: that people will be happier if they have better plumbing, more food, refrigerators, television sets. But the final test of such things is the effect they have on inner lives. Imaginative truth is individuation: the experience of the circumference of external history by the centers which call themselves "I." Statisticians and sociologists cannot tell us much about the individual—even when individuals are the whole population. We do know, of course, that the hungry should be fed. We do not know whether television sets and automobiles make people happier. Partly we do not know, because it takes a man of genius to define what happiness is.

Art, because it imagines the individual within a given situation, reaffirms the "I" in each one of us and opens up the possibility of a life where people do not merely live in better conditions, but where they really might be themselves—their better selves.

If civilization is to survive, nothing is more important than that the gap between real life—the life of the experiencing and feeling individual—and the external world of technological advances should be bridged. For as Max Born, the German physicist, pointed out, scientific "progress" just as much as scientific destruction, is a kind of explosion and threatens men's souls almost as much as it threatens their bodies.

In our part of the world we can still use a symbolism which refers to the love and the values of the human personality without regard for the state. There are enough warnings—from India yesterday, from the rest of Asia, and still more, from Africa today—that there is a sense in which the writing of men of imagination, such as Forster, may still suggest a line of conduct that "pays" better than the so-called realism of politicians and that if we do not use our imaginations, there are continents and civilizations to lose. Still more important than this practical consideration, however, is the fact that unless we use the imagination, the nutshell kingdom of infinite space which is human individuality will be subject to diminution as people become, in their external lives, ever more absorbed in the tasks of progress. It is possible, then, that the artist has a task in our time: to resist the temptation to withdraw into subjectivity. And his public also has a duty: not to neglect—indeed to respect and encourage—the life of the imagination.

It seems to me that the bridges which cross the gulf of interior and exterior worlds can, today, be made only by men who have the power to imagine vividly and create in novels, poems and paintings our situation. In the West we still have the freedom to build bridges. In totalitarian countries, when such men become too powerful the politicians attempt to stop their creative warnings. This struck me forcibly in Moscow recently. I went to visit the studio of a famous artist, a sculptor much feted by the authorities. After he had shown me statues of Lenin, Maiakovsky, Gorki and other heroes of the people, just before I left, he hesitated, and then said in a rush of confidence, "I am now going to show you something I really care about. But this cannot be shown till after my death and then only if a great disaster happens." He went to the end of the studio and drew back a curtain, revealing, unfinished, an immense statue of Christ.

"And to think I named you Prudence!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Spender, Stephen
World Within World
Harcourt, Brace
$3.50

Shelley, Percy Bysshe
"The Defence of Poetry"
(*In Selected Poetry and Prose of Shelley*)
Modern Library
$1.65

Lawrence, D. H.
Selected Literary Criticism
Viking
$5.00

Orwell, George
1984
New American Library
$.50

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Reprieve (Continued from Page 17)

There were two others in there with him. They were a grim pair; one churlish and swaggering, the other quiet and brooding. I could not see them at all times, for there was only the light of my candle and the oil lamp attached to the corridor wall, shining weakly some distance away. When they moved to the rear of their death cell, away from the bars, they were lost to me in the blackness. It was only because of the way the cells were situated that I was able to see them at all. A stone wall divided us, but their cell faced into mine slightly because it turned a corner of the jail, ending the row of cells against a high wall of rock.

When the guards had finally hurled the young man headlong into the cell, he quickly rose to his feet and rushed at the door as it closed. The heavy, barred door slammed against him, knocking him backward. Two guards secured the latch and sighed at having at last put him away. They turned then and walked toward the stairs, and the young man shouted after them, "Swine! Filthy, foreign swine!" His words echoed down the corridor as the guard detail walked out. He grasped the bars and tried violently to shake them loose from the door timbers. The stout metal bars budged not at all, and, realizing the futility of his act, he stopped and clung thoughtfully to the door.

He seemed not to notice the others in there with him, though the boorish one taunted him about "having another try at tearing out those bars." I myself was silent, stunned actually by the intensity of the young man as he stood there, his face pressed against the unyielding bars. It was an intelligent face, I saw. The young man was obviously not of a mean background, had probably not seen the inside of a prison before. He was, I would guess, not much past his twentieth birthday. But though his unlined face bespoke youth, his dark eyes burned without brightness. There was a dull glow of embers in his eyes, not the flame of youth. He wore an expression of pain. At last he turned from the door and resignedly lay himself down on a bed of straw.

For the first hours he was there he could not let the guards come within hearing without cursing them. Whenever they came, to bring water or food or to cast in a new prisoner—it was the holiday season then, and the city must have been filled with those who had come to celebrate—he would rail at them. "Pig!" he would yell. "Damn your black soul!" Then his anger seemed to run its course. He became less belligerent, his speech less vile. His spirit seemed to relent.

But he would have nothing to do with the men who shared his cell and his fate. After a while they came to ignore him, too, even the churlish one. As I sat at my table I could see the young man's feet near the front of his cell, there in the strip of half-light at the bars. He would lie still for a long while, in either slumber or quiet thought, then at intervals would spring to his feet as if, having reached a decision, he meant to act on it. Whatever it was, those unmoving bars thwarted any action the young man had wanted to take. He was a prisoner, locked away from the world, sealed off from his companions, and he slowly but clearly came to realize it as he stood at the door. He would grip the bars and then study the hands that held them. Once, as I watched him in the dim light, I saw his eyes moisten; his thoughts had drawn tears.

It was then that I knew I must speak to him, that I (*Continued on Page 79*)

Intrinsic Chill

By Margaret Grahame Collins

There is an elemental
chill
In pebbles brought from
deep below
The river's surface, where
the green
Water runs from melting
snow.

These bits of agate, jasper,
quartz,
Translucent red
chalcedony,
Wet and gleaming, seem
to store
The essence of frigidity.

Washed down countless
streams, aware
Of winter's icebound
sepulchers,
They hold in cold alluvial
hearts
Old memories of glaciers.

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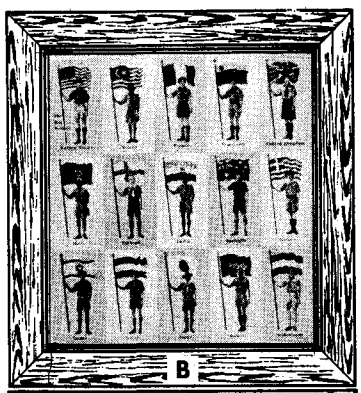
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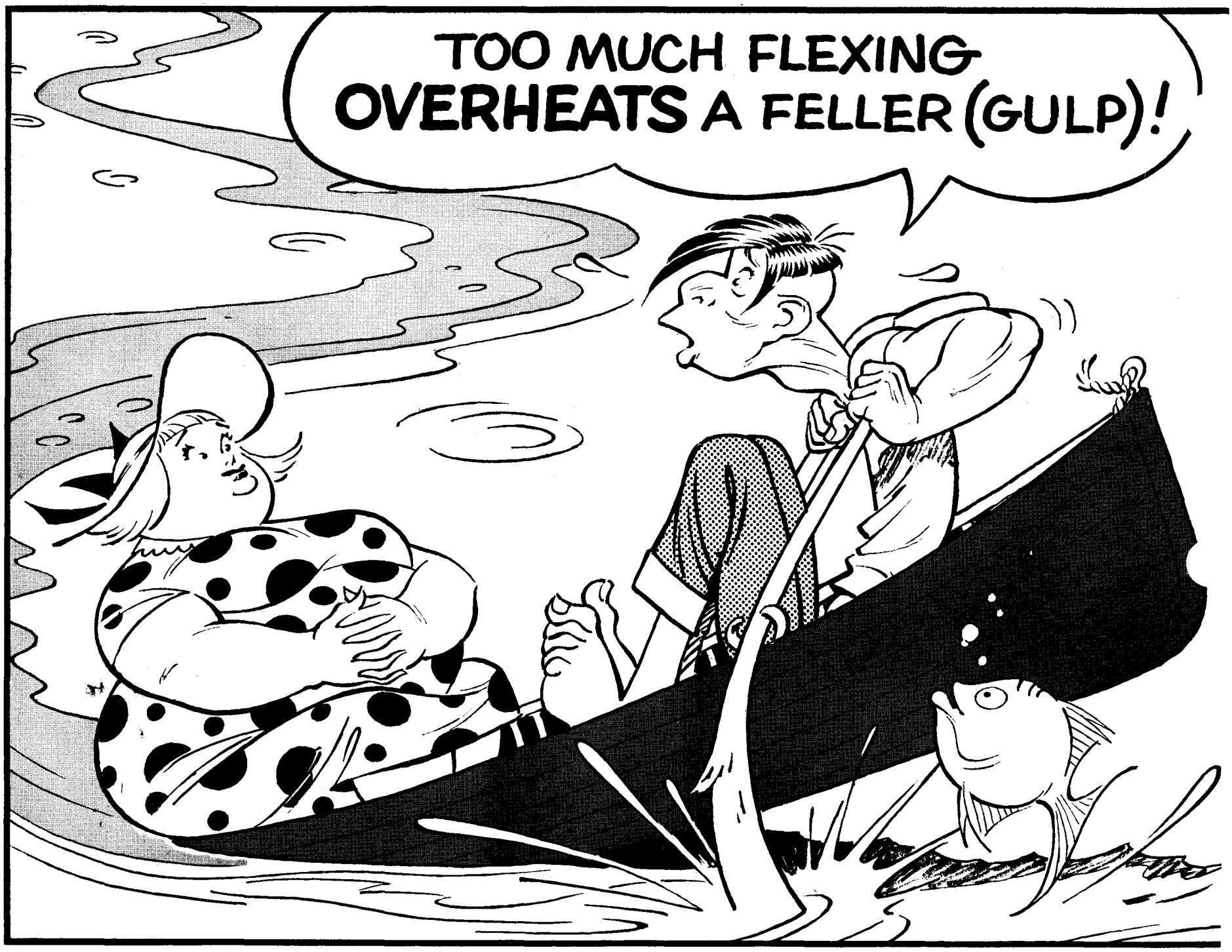

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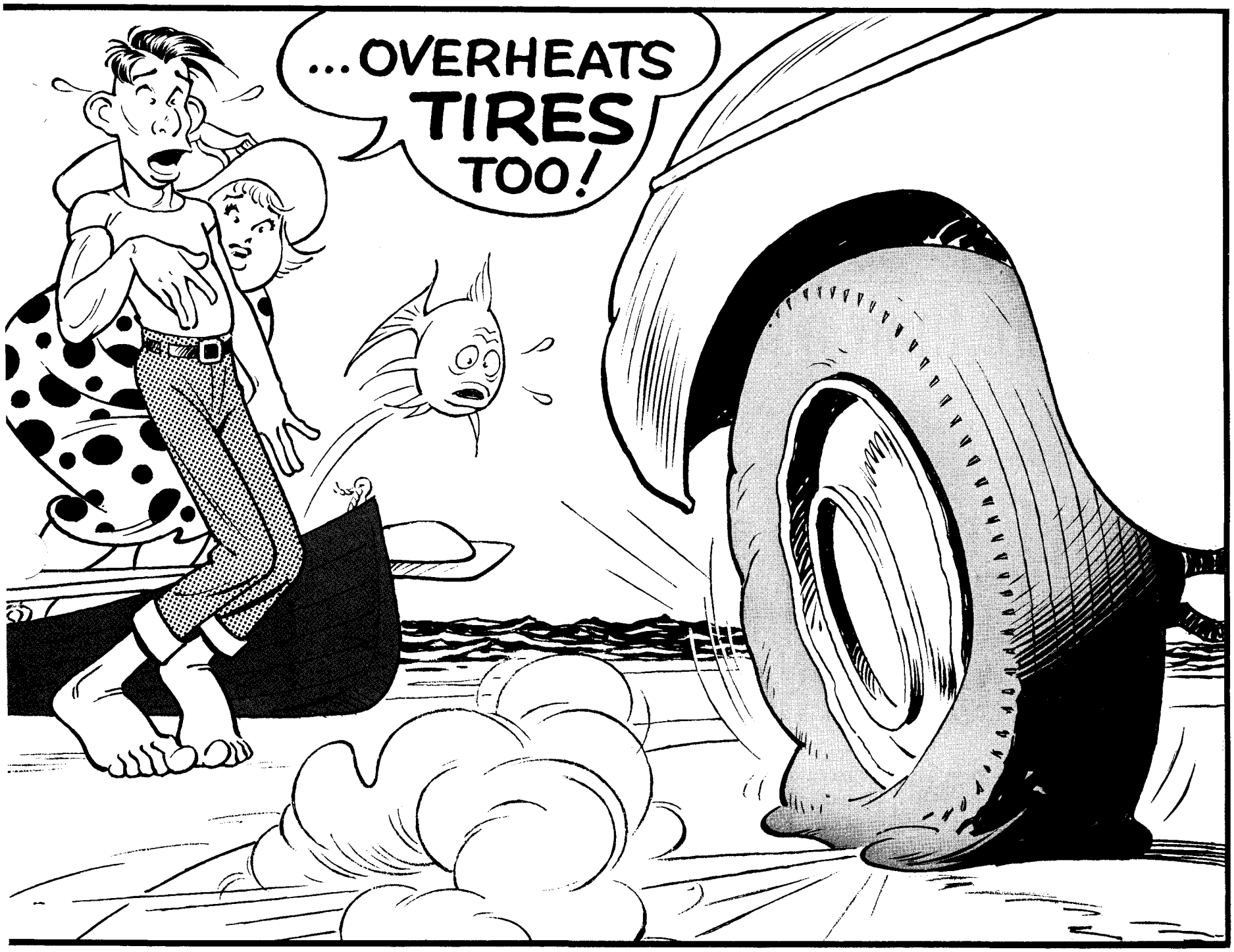

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(*Continued from Page 75*) must know what had put him in that death cell, that I should help him, somehow, if I could. I opened my mouth to say —— I don't know what I was going to say; but before the words could come out he turned and withdrew into the darkness.

Only occasionally did I get an opportunity to speak to a guard without being overheard. Aside from the awkwardness of speaking about someone while he is listening, I further did not want to take the risk of offending the young man and destroying any possible chance I might have later to communicate with him—although I wondered anxiously if I should approach him immediately, for there was no way of knowing how much more time he had to live. Then, a little while later, I was brought a new candle by a guard, one who had been helpful to me previously, and I motioned him over to the far side of my cell, away from the doomed men.

In a voice just above a whisper I asked the guard, "Who is he, that young fellow? What has he done?"

The guard spoke flatly, his coarse voice unable to articulate a hushed tone. "A rotten revolutionary," he said. "And a killer!"

His words, to me, seemed to boom out through the prison. I knew the young prisoner had heard it, as well as everyone else on that side of the jail. Not that it mattered to them, but it did matter to me, and I knew, too, that it mattered to the young man what was said of him. For all his earlier fierceness, he could not now hide the remorse in his heart, the anguish in his eyes.

I tried to quiet the guard. "Oh, I see," I whispered hurriedly. "Too bad. Well, thanks—many thanks." Someone in a cell at the far end of the corridor yelled to the guard, and he walked away. I was relieved to see him go. But I was sure the young man would be beyond approach now, that I had forfeited any chance I might have had to help him in the short time he had left. I sat on my bench and watched the old candle as it began to flicker.

As I watched the candle, I thought of the men in that death cell, particularly the young fellow. Their lives were now flickering, just as the candle, and soon—any time now—the light would go out, and there would be only the darkness of death. I shuddered in the chill thought of the death that awaited them. I knew the "justice" of the oppressive rulers of our land, and I wondered if these men were truly receiving their just punishment. I was certain about those two in there, a pair of cutthroats if ever I saw them. But I couldn't help thinking that somehow there must have been some mistake about the youth's having to die. I lighted the new candle and began to write. It was a letter to my dear wife.

I wrote in the bright glow of the new light, focusing my mind on the things I wished to say to my beloved. After some minutes, however, I became aware of a figure that the corner of my eye had noticed. I turned my head to see the young condemned man standing at the bars of the death cell. He stood close to the wall that separated us and was gazing intently at me as I wrote.

"Forgive me," he said as I met his eyes, and I was surprised by the calmness and the strength in his voice, "for seeming to stare; I did not mean to alarm you."

"It's all right," I told him, speaking as evenly as I could.

He moved still closer and said, "I see you are an educated man and can write. Perhaps sometime you would be good enough to write a letter for me." His voice then faltered, and I saw him struggle to go on. "I am at a loss to do so for myself," he said, turning his head and extending his arm in a gesture indicating the black nothingness in his cell.

"Of course," I said. "I would be glad to. I am at your service." I wanted to go on, to say something more, but my mind, surprised, could not supply me with words. He hesitated, his head bowed. Then he looked up again, and I saw once more the anguish in his eyes.

"My father, too, is a learned man," he said. "He is a teacher. He has many students at the university."

Was it true? I wondered. There was nothing in his appearance or his speech to contradict him. But, then, did not most men in jail speak of rich and noble families they had come from, or the great position from which they had fallen? Misfortune, a woman, bad companions—these were to blame for their presence in prison, or else it was "the swine" who occupied our land, who had robbed them of their station, of their fortune. I had heard many stories in jail. But this young man was different. His words rang true.

"Is it your father you wish me to write?" I asked. He nodded, and I said, "Would you like to start now?" He must have guessed what I was thinking, that perhaps time would run out for him if he put it off. He nodded again.

"Yes," he said sadly. "Perhaps it would be the wise thing to do."

Then he told me what he wished to say to his father. He spoke slowly, and often with great difficulty. This is what I wrote as he spoke it, and I think I have recalled it accurately.

Dearest Father: Please thank the kind friend who is writing this for me. I am under such handicap that I am unable to write you myself, and it is only by the goodness of my friend, to whom I am forever indebted, that I am afforded the opportunity to convey to you the thoughts which weigh most heavily on my heart and mind. Please give him your warmest thanks, even as I so do now.

I have, regretfully, traveled some distance since last I saw you. The distance by foot is great, but could be spanned if I were free to do so. However, the distance I have strayed from honor and circumspection is irretraceable. From that good place I have wandered beyond the possibility of returning. And for that I am most deeply sorry. For though it would grieve me to leave this earth without again seeing you and wishing you well, I am so much more anguished to know that I must leave without having brought to you the honor which I ought, that instead there is disgrace.

My greatest fear now is that the news of my ignominy will soon reach your city and you consequently will suffer for my sins. If it is any solace at all to you, I wish you to know that I would give anything, would do anything, if it could be otherwise, if someway the past year could be relived.

Only a year it has been. Sometimes, as I think of home, the time seems greater; other times it seems less. Would that it were yesterday, so that I could face about now and return. After leaving home I spent several months wandering about before I came to this city. I found men who were eager to become my friends. They talked stirringly, imaginatively, excitingly. I had never heard such talk. They spoke of bold deeds, of a new order that they would establish in our country, of how they would overthrow our oppressors. I listened, and I joined them.

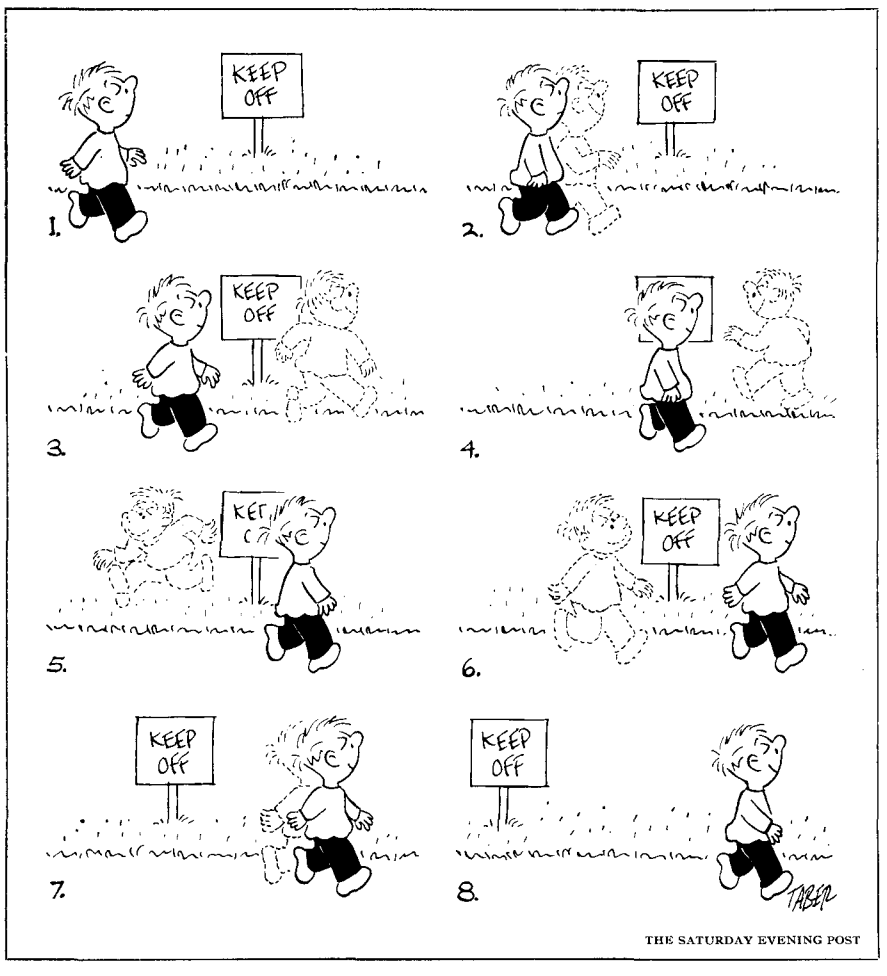
For a while all went well, and I was pleased with myself. Then came the time when they began to put their plans into operation, the hour to strike for freedom, they said. It was not as I had thought. Their "strikes for freedom" were the murder of innocent men and women, the slaughter of children, the burning of homes, pillaging. These were the acts of terrorists, black outlaws. I tried to withdraw from their group. They would not let me. I stayed on.

There was more killing, more burning. The government soldiers sought us night and day. We moved about constantly. Two weeks ago we planned another foray into the city, more killing. The soldiers were nearer than we thought. They surprised us, and there was much fighting. Our leader and ten others were slain; I was captured. Now I await the executioners. Except for my friend who writes for me, I am without a friend. I am alone with the thoughts of my crimes, in the blackness of my sins.

I am not afraid to die, for it is just punishment for my foul deeds. But I am sorely distressed that events have, or will, come to an abrupt end, that there is no opportunity to attempt to make amends somehow for my evil acts.

If I had all things to do over, I would, of course, do them very differently. But deeds once done cannot be undone. There is no pouring back the spilled sands of time. However, I do sincerely wish—and do earnestly desire to have you know it is my wish—that were I able, I would devote my life to repairing as I might the great harm I have done to innocents. Only God's miracle could give me that opportunity, and from Him I deserve no mercy and have not enough boldness left to ask Him.

Therefore, I bid you farewell with sincere sorrow and contrition, but knowing there is no hope for me and fearful that I have brought ruin upon you also.



He had no chance then to end the letter, for it was at that point the guards burst in on us. They drew back the latch on the death-cell door and ordered the young man out. He looked back at me, halted, then started to tell me his father's name, so that I might dispatch the letter.

"Come out, rebel scum!" a guard shouted. "Come out of there!"

The young man was calm, as though he had done all that he could to prepare for death and was now ready to face eternity.

"Wait," he said to the nearest guard, "there is one last thing"—he held out his hand to me and gestured with his fingers; I knew that he wanted to sign the letter—"I would like to do before I die."

As he stepped toward the front of my cell in the corridor, I picked up the letter and got up to meet him at the bars.

"Save it for your death day then," the guard said irritably. "This is not it."

The young man stopped short, puzzled. "Where are you taking me then?" he asked.

The guard grasped him by the arm and pulled at him. "Nowhere, you damned rebel. You're free."

The words seemed to hang in the stillness that followed them. The young man stared blankly, unbelievingly at the guards, then at me. "Free?" he said, his voice rising uncontrollably. "Me? Free?"

The guard was impatient with the young man's disbelief and his refusal to come along with them. "Yes—you!" said the guard. "You're Barabbas, aren't you?"

"Yes," the young man said, "but ——"

"Well, that howling mob out there wants you. Pilate's got to give amnesty to somebody, and that mob would rather see the Nazarene dead than a black-hearted murderer like yourself. Even Pilate, the governor himself, can't understand it. Come on, get out, you."

"The Nazarene?" the young man, Barabbas, said, yielding to the guard.

"Yes—your 'king.' . . . That's a good one, ain't it?" the guard said, turning to the others. "This murdering young louse goes free, and 'the King of the Jews' takes his place on Skull Hill. Now, that's one for you to try to figure."

"I—I ——" the youth stammered.

"You can tell your two playmates in there good-by," the guard said derisively, his head motioning toward the death cell. "No such luck for them. They'll be hanging on crosses along with the Nazarene before the day is out."

The young man took the letter from my hand and walked out with the Romans, speechless. He didn't look back.

After that I never saw or heard from him again. I never found out who his father was, either, or if he ever saw the letter the youth took with him. Barabbas was sincere, I know, and I often think about him. I often think also about the "miracle" which he said was the only thing that could give him the second chance he wanted so badly. THE END

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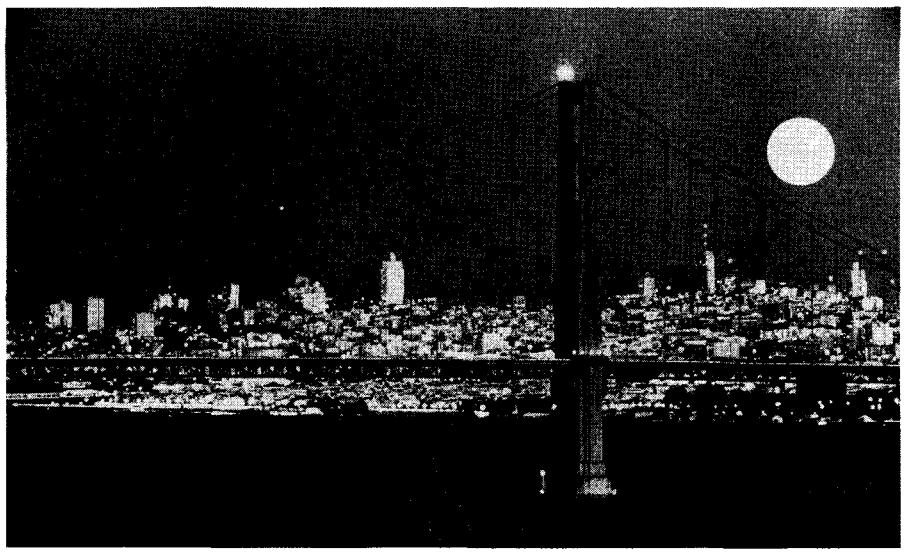

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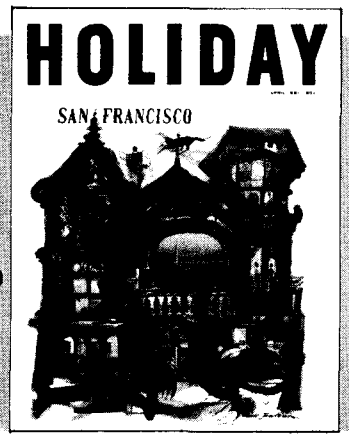

ON SALE NOW

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Hounds of Youth

(Continued from Page 35)

Papa explained what had happened.

With a wide-eyed look on his face, he said, "Do you mean to tell me those hounds stayed with the tree in that blizzard?"

I nodded.

Looking at me, he said, "Son, I hope they have that coon treed, because you need that one to win the cup. Those two Walker hounds caught three before the storm came up."

The judge spoke up. "I'll always believe that those hounds knew that boy needed another coon to win," he said. "If you fellows had seen some of the things those dogs have done, you'd believe it too."

One hunter walked over to the broken snag. "Three out of one tree," he said. "No wonder, look here! That old snag was half full of leaves and grass. Why, it was a regular old den tree."

Several of the men walked over. I heard one say, "I've seen this happen before. Remember that big hunt in the Red River bottom, when the two little beagle hounds treed four coons in an old hollow snag? They won the championship too."

"Say, I don't see Benson," Mr. Kyle said.

"He was searching farther downriver than the rest of us," one fellow said. "Maybe he didn't hear us shouting."

Some of the men climbed out of the gully. They started whooping. From a distance we heard an answering shout.

"He hears us," someone said. "He's coming."

Mr. Benson struck the gully a little way above us. He was breathing hard, as if he'd been running. He started talking as soon as he was within hearing distance.

"It scared me when I first saw them," he said. "I didn't know what they were. They looked like white ghosts. I'd never seen anything like it."

A hunter grabbed Mr. Benson by the shoulder, shaking him. "Get ahold of yourself, man," he said. "What are you talking about?"

Mr. Benson took a deep breath to control himself and started again in a much calmer voice. "Those two hounds," he said. "I found them. They're frozen solid. They're nothing but white ice from the tip of their noses to the end of their tails."

Hearing Mr. Benson's words, I screamed and ran to my father. Everything started whirling around and around. I felt light as a feather. My knees buckled.

Regaining consciousness, I opened my eyes and could dimly see the blurry images of the men around me. A hand was shaking me. I could hear my father's voice, but I couldn't understand his words. Little by little the blackness faded away. My throat was dry, and I was terribly thirsty. I asked for some water.

Mr. Benson came over. He said, "Son, I'm sorry, truly sorry. I didn't mean it that way. Your dogs are alive. I guess I was excited. I'm very sorry."

I heard a deep voice say, "That's a dumb thing to do. Come running in here saying the dogs are frozen solid."

Mr. Benson said, "I didn't mean it to sound that way. I said I'm sorry. What more do you want me to do?"

The deep voice growled again. "I still think it was a dumb thing to do."

Mr. Kyle took over. "Now let's not have any more of this," he said. "We have work to do. We've been standing here acting like a bunch of school kids. All this time that old man has been lying there suffering. A couple of you men cut two poles and make a stretcher."

While the men were getting the poles, papa heated the coonskins again and rewrapped grandpa's foot.

With belts and long leather laces from their boots the hunters made a stretcher. Very gently they put grandpa on it.

Again Mr. Kyle took command. "Part of us will start for camp with him," he said. "The others will go after the dogs.

"Here, take this gun," papa said to me. "I'll go with him."

Looking at me, Mr. Kyle said, "Come on, son. I want to see your hounds."

Mr. Benson led the way. "As soon as we get out of this cane," he said, "we may be able to hear them. They have the coon treed in a big black-gum tree. You're going to see a sight. Now, I mean a sight. They've walked a ring around that tree clear down through the ice and snow. You can see the bare ground."

"Wonder why they did that?" someone asked.

"I don't know," Mr. Benson replied, "unless they ran in that circle to keep from freezing to death, or to keep the coon in the tree."

I figured I knew why my dogs were covered with ice. The coon had probably crossed the river, maybe several times. Old Dan and Little Ann would have followed him. Coming out of the river with their coats dripping wet, the freezing blast of the blizzard would have done the rest.

Nearing the tree, we stopped and stared. "Did you ever see anything like that?" Mr. Benson asked. "When I first saw them, I thought they were white wolves."

My dogs hadn't seen us when we came up. They were trotting round and round. Just as Mr. Benson had said, we could see the path that they had worn down through the ice and snow until the bare black earth was visible. Like two ghostly white shadows, around and around they trotted.

In a low voice someone said, "They know that if they stop they'll freeze to death."

"It's unbelievable," said Mr. Kyle. "Come on. We must do something quick."

With a choking sob I ran for my dogs. On hearing our approach, they sat down and started bawling "treed." I noticed their voices didn't have that solid ring. Their ice-covered tails made a rattling sound as they switched this way and that on the icy ground.

A large fire was built. Standing my dogs close to the heat, the gentle hands of the hunters went to work. With handkerchiefs and scarves heated steaming hot, little by little, the ice was thawed from their bodies.

• •

Here's Mud in Your Eye, Darling

By Ann Blackmar

Poets cease to sing of
passion;
Cynicism's now the fashion.
Sentiment? It's out of style.
True love? My dear, how
juvenile!

So that's the reason, lover
mine,
I didn't send a valentine—
No use inviting ridicule.
But won't you be my April
fool?

• •

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"If they had ever lain down," someone said, "they would've frozen to death."

"They knew it," another said. "That's why they kept running in that circle."

"What I can't understand is why they stayed with the tree," Mr. Benson said. "I've seen hounds stay with a tree for a while, but not in a blizzard."

"Men," said Mr. Kyle, "the loving heart of a dog is something that man has never fully understood. Take these two little hounds. They knew there was a coon in that tree, and they knew this boy wanted it. They were willing to give their lives for something their master wanted."

After these words were spoken, a thoughtful silence settled over the men. The mood was broken by the deep growling voice that I had heard back in the gully.

"It's a shame that people all over the world can't have that kind of love in their hearts," he said. "There would be no wars, slaughter or murder; no greed or selfishness. It would be the kind of world that God wants us to have—a wonderful world."

After all the ice was thawed from my dogs and their coats were dried out, I could see they were all right. I was happy again and felt good all over.

One of the hunters said, "Do you think those hounds are thawed out enough to fight a coon?"

"Sure, just run him out of that tree," I said.

At the crack of a gun the coon ran far out on a big limb and stopped. Again the hunter sprinkled him with bird shot. This time he jumped. Hitting the ground, he crouched down. Old Dan made a lunge. This gave Little Ann a chance. Darting in, her jaws closed on the back of the coon's neck. I knew the fight was over.

Arriving back at camp, I saw that all the tents had been taken down but ours. A hunter said, "Everyone is in a hurry to get out before another blizzard sets in."

Papa told me to take my dogs into the tent, as grandpa wanted to see them. I saw tears in my grandfather's eyes as he talked to them. His ankle was swathed in bandages. His foot and toes were swollen to twice their normal size. They had turned a greenish-yellow color. Placing my hand on his foot, I could feel the feverish heat.

Doctor Lathman came over. "Are you ready to go now?" he asked.

Snorting and growling, grandpa said, "I told you I wasn't going anywhere till I see the gold cup handed to this boy."

Turning to face the crowd, Doctor Lathman said, "Men, let's get this over. I want to get this man to town. That's one of the meanest sprains I've ever seen, and it should be in a cast, but I don't have any plaster of Paris with me."

The hunter who had come by our tent collecting the jackpot money came up to me. Handing me the box, he said, "Here you are, son. There's over three hundred dollars in this box. It's all yours."

Turning to the crowd, he said, "Fellows, I can always say this. On this hunt I've seen two of the finest little coon hounds I ever hope to see."

There was a roar of approval.

Looking down, I saw the box was almost full of money. I was shaking all over. I tried to say "Thanks," but it was only a whisper. Turning, I handed the box to my father. As his rough old hands closed around it, I saw a strange look come over his face. He turned and looked at my dogs.

"Here it is!" someone shouted.

The crowd parted and the head judge walked through. I saw the gleaming metal of the gold cup in his hand. After a short speech, he handed it to me, saying, "Son, this makes me very proud. It's a great honor to present this championship cup to you."

I don't know where the two silly old tears came from. They just squeezed their way out. I felt them as they rolled down my cheeks. One dropped on the smooth surface of the cup and splattered. I wiped it away with my sleeve. Turning to my dogs, I knelt down and showed the cup to them. Little Ann licked it. Old Dan sniffed one time and then turned away.

The judge said, "Son, there's a place on the cup to engrave the names of your dogs. I can take it into Oklahoma City and have it done, or you can have it done yourself. The engraving charge has already been paid by the association."

Looking at the cup, it seemed that far down in the gleaming shadows I could see two wide blue eyes glued to a windowpane. I knew that my little sister was watching the road and waiting for our return. Looking back at the judge, I said, "If you don't mind, I'll take it along with me. My grandfather can send it in for me."

Laughing, he said, "That's all right." He handed me a slip of paper and said, "This is the address where you should send it."

Grandpa said, "Now that that's settled, I'm ready to go to town." Turning to papa, he said, "You'll have to bring the buggy, and I wish you'd look after my stock. I know grandma will want to go in with Doctor Lathman and me to Tahlequah, and there'll be no one there to feed them. Tell Bill Lowery to come up and take care of the store. You'll find the keys in the usual place."

"We'll take care of everything," papa said. "Don't worry about a thing. I don't

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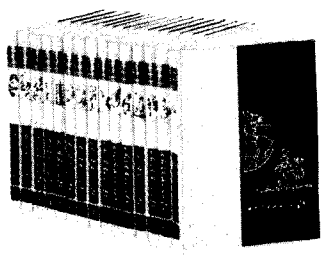

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intend to stop until we get back, because it looks like we're in for more bad weather."

I went over and kissed grandpa good-by. He pinched my cheek and whispered, "We taught these city slickers that they can't come up here and beat our dogs."

I smiled. Grandpa was carried out and made comfortable in the back seat of Doctor Lathman's car. I stood and watched as it wheezed and bounced its way out of sight.

"While I'm harnessing the team," papa said, "you take the tent down and pack our gear."

On the back seat of the buggy I made a bed out of our bedclothes. Down on the floor boards I fixed a nice place for my dogs. All through the night the creaking wheels of our buggy moved on. Several times I woke up. My father had wrapped a tarp around himself. Reaching down, I could feel my dogs. They were warm and comfortable.

Early the next morning we stopped for breakfast. While papa tended the team, I turned my dogs loose and let them stretch.

"We made good time last night," papa said. "If everything goes right, we'll be home long before dark."

Reaching grandpa's store in the middle of the afternoon, papa said, "I'll put the team in the barn and feed the stock while you unload the buggy."

Coming back from the barn, he said, "In the morning I'll go over and tell Bill Lowery to come up and open the store."

Feeling big and important, I said, "I don't like the looks of this weather. We'd better be scooting for home."

Papa laughed. "Sure you're not in a hurry to get home to show off the gold cup?" he said.

A smile was my only answer. And so we left for home.

Two hundred yards this side of our home the road made a turn around a low foothill shutting off our house from view.

Papa said, "You're going to see a scramble as soon as we round that bend."

It was more of a stampede than a scramble. The little one came out first, and all but tore the screen door from its hinges. The older girls passed her just beyond the gate. In her hurry she slipped and fell face down in the snow. She started crying. The older girls ran up, asking for the cup.

Holding it high over my head, I said, "Now wait a minute. I've got another one for you two." I held the small silver cup out to them.

While they were fighting over it, I ran to the little one. Picking her up, I brushed the snow from her long, braided hair and her tear-stained face. I told her there was no use to cry. I had brought the gold cup to her, and no one else was going to get it.

Reaching for the cup, she wrapped her small arms around it. She squeezed it up tight and ran for the house to show it to mamma. Mamma came out on the porch. She was just as excited as the girls were. She held out her arms. I ran to her. She hugged me and kissed me.

"It's good to have you home again," she said.

"Look what I have, mamma," the little one cried, "and it's all mine." She held the golden cup out in her two small hands.

As mamma took the beautiful cup, she looked at me. She started to say something, but was interrupted by the cries from the other girls.

"We have one, too, mamma," they cried, "and it's just as pretty as that one."

"Two cups!" mamma exclaimed. "Did you win two?"

"Yes, mamma," I said. "Little Ann won that one all by herself."

The awed expression on my mother's face was wonderful to see. Holding a cup in each hand, she held them out in front of her.

"Two," she said. "A gold one and a silver one. Who would have thought anything so wonderful could have happened to us. I'm so proud; so very proud."

Handing the cups back to the girls, she walked over to papa. After kissing him, she said, "I just can't believe everything that has happened. I'm so glad you went along. Did you enjoy yourself?"

With a smile on his face, papa almost shouted, "Enjoy myself? Why, I never had such a time in my life."

His voice trailed off to a low calm. "That is, except for one thing. Grandpa had a bad accident."

"Yes, I know," mamma said. "One of Tom Logan's boys was at grandpa's store when Doctor Lathman and grandpa arrived. He came by and told us all about it. The doctor said it wasn't as bad as it looked, and he was pretty sure grandpa would be home in a few days."

I was happy to hear this news and could tell by the pleased look on my father's face that he was glad to hear it too.

On entering the house papa said, "Oh, I almost forgot." He handed the box of money to mamma.

"What's this?" she asked.

"Oh, it's just a little gift from Old Dan and Little Ann," papa said.

Mamma opened the box. I saw the color drain from her face. Her hands started trembling. Turning her back to us, she walked over and set it on the mantel. A peaceful silence settled over the room. I could hear the clock ticking away. The fire in the fireplace crackled and popped.

Turning from the mantel, mamma looked straight at us. Her lips were tightly pressed together to keep them from quivering. Walking slowly to papa, she buried her face in his chest. I heard her say, "Thank God, my prayers have been answered."

There was a celebration in our home that night. To me it was like a second Christmas. Mamma opened a jar of huckleberries and made a large cobbler. Papa went to the smokehouse and came back with a hickory-cured ham. We sat down to a feast of the ham, huge plates of fried potatoes, ham gravy, hot corn bread, fresh butter and wild-bee honey. During the course of the meal, the entire story of the championship hunt was told, some by papa, but mostly by me.

That night, as I was preparing for bed, a light flashed by my window. Puzzled, I tiptoed over and peeked through the pane. It was mamma. Carrying my lantern and two large plates heaped high with food, she was heading for the doghouse. Setting the light down on the ground in front of it, she called to my dogs. While they were eating, mamma did something I couldn't understand. She knelt down on her knees in prayer.

After they had eaten their food, mamma started petting them. I could hear her voice, but couldn't make out her words. Whatever she was saying must have pleased them. Little Ann wiggled and twisted. Even Old Dan wagged his long red tail, which was very unusual.

Papa came out. I saw him put his arm around mamma. Side by side they stood for several minutes looking at my dogs. When they turned to enter the house, I saw mamma dab at her eyes with her apron.

Although the winning of the cups and the money was a big event in my life, it didn't change my hunting any. I was out after the ringtails every night.

I had been hunting the river bottom hard for about three weeks. On that night I decided to go back to the Cyclone Timber country. I had barely reached the hunting ground when my dogs struck a trail. Old Dan opened up first. They struck the trail on a ridge and then dropped down into a deep canyon, up the other side, and broke out into some flats. I could tell from their steady bawling that the scent was hot. Three times they treed the animal.

Every time I came close to the tree the animal would jump, and the race would be on. After a while I knew it wasn't a coon. I decided it was a bobcat.

The fourth time they treed they were on top of a mountain. After the long chase I figured the animal was winded and would stay in the tree. In a trot I started to them. As I neared the tree, Little Ann came to me, reared up and whined. By her actions I knew something was wrong. I stopped. In the moonlight I could see Old Dan sitting on his haunches, staring up at the tree and bawling.

The tree had lots of dead leaves on it. I knew it was a large white oak, because it is one of the last trees in the mountains to lose its leaves.

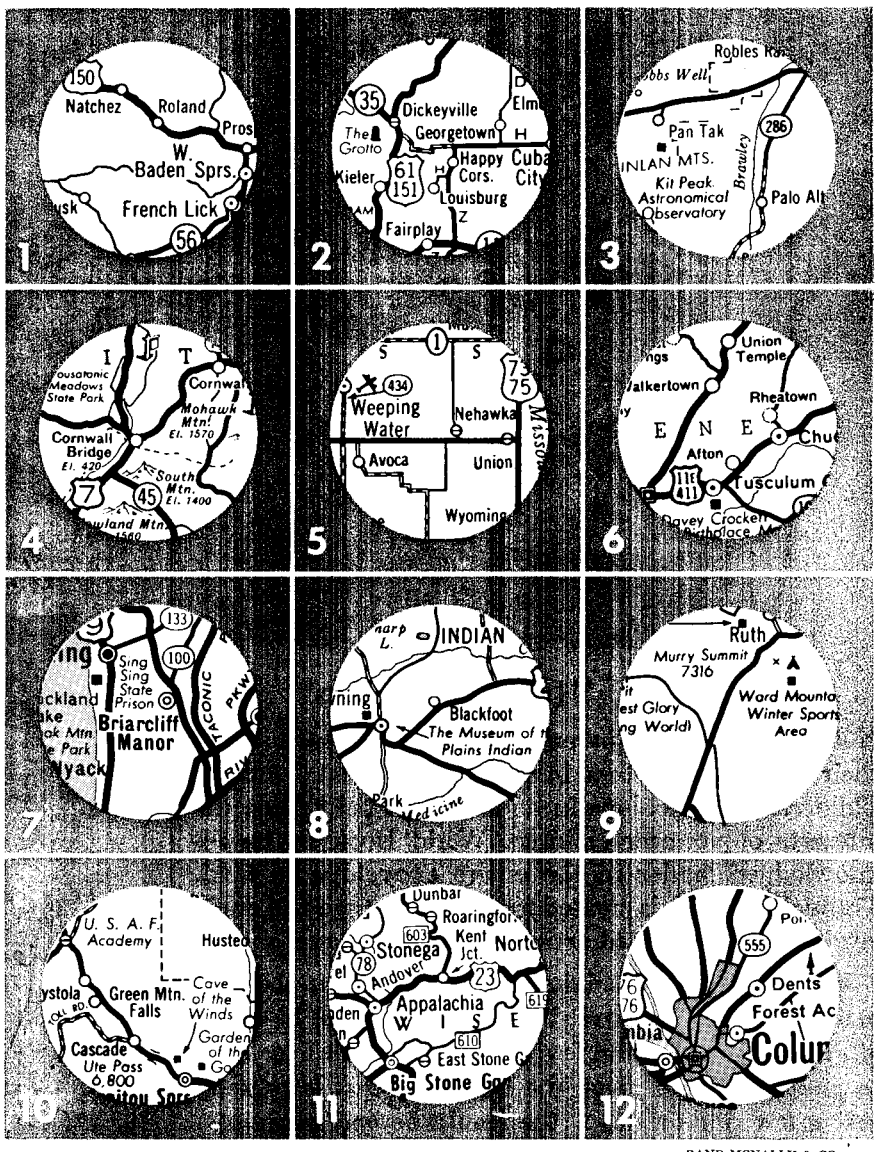
Old Dan kept bawling. Then he did something he had never done before. For seconds his deep voice was still, and silence settled over the mountains. His lips were curled back, and he snarled as he stared into the dark foliage of the tree. His teeth gleamed white in the moonlight. The hair on his neck and along his back stood on end. A low, deep rumbling growl rolled from his throat.

I was scared, and I called to him. I wanted to get away from there. Again I called, but it was no use. He wouldn't leave the tree, for in his veins flowed the breeded blood of a hunting hound. In his fighting heart there was no fear.

I set the lantern down and tightened my grip on the handle of the ax. Slowly I started walking toward him. Then I saw them—two burning yellow eyes—staring at me from the shadowy foliage of the tree. I stopped, petrified with fear.

The deep baying of Old Dan stopped, and again the silence closed in. I stared back at the unblinking eyes. I could make out the bulk of a large animal, crouched on a huge branch that was close to the trunk of the big tree. Then it moved. I saw it clearly as it passed between the moon and me. I knew what it was. It was the devil cat of the Ozarks, the mountain lion.

The silence was shattered by one long, loud bawl from Old Dan. I'd never heard my dog bawl like that. It was different. His voice rang out over the mountains, loud and clear. The vibration of the deep



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 85*)

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tones rolled in the silence of the frosty night, on and on, out over the flats, down in the canyons and died away in the rimrocks, like the cry of a lost soul. Old Dan had voiced his challenge to the devil cat.

There was a low cough and a deep growl from the lion. I saw him crouch. I knew what was coming. My hands felt hot and sweaty on the smooth ash handle of the ax. With a blood-curdling scream he sprang from the tree with claws outspread and long, yellow fangs bared.

Old Dan didn't wait. Rearing up on his hind legs, he met the lion in the air. The heavy weight bowled him over and over. He wound up in a fallen tree top. The colliding of the two bodies threw the lion off balance. Little Ann darted in. Her aim was true. I heard the snap of her steel-trap jaws as they closed on his throat.

With a squall of pain and rage the big cat rolled over on his side, dragging Little Ann with him. His right paw reached out, and razor-sharp claws dug inward. With a cry of pain she loosened her hold. I saw the blood squirting from the deep wound in her shoulder. She ignored it and bored back into the fight.

Old Dan—stunned for an instant from the impact of the lion's body—fought his way from the tree top. Bawling the cry of the damned, he charged back in.

I went berserk and charged into the fight. There in the flinty hills of the Ozarks I fought for the lives of my dogs. I fought with the only weapon I had, the sharp cutting blade of an ax. Screaming like a madman, with tears running down my face, I hacked and chopped at the big, snarling mountain cat.

Once, feeling the bite of the sharp blade, the devil cat turned on me. His yellow slitted eyes burned with hate. The long, lithe body dipped low to the ground. The shoulder muscles knotted and bulged. I tried to jump back, but my foot slipped and I dropped to my knees. I knew I was trapped. With a terrifying growl he sprang.

I never saw my dogs when they got between the lion and me, but they were there. Side by side they rose up from the ground as one. They sailed straight into those jaws of death, their small, red bodies taking the ripping, slashing claws meant for me.

I screamed and charged back into the fight, swinging my ax, but I was careful not to hit one of my dogs. The battle raged on and on, down the side of the mountain, over huckleberry bushes, fallen logs and rocks. It was a rolling, tumbling mass of fighting fury. I was in the middle of it all; falling, screaming, crying and hacking away at every opportunity.

I had cut the big cat several times. Blood showed red on the blades of the ax, but as yet I had not got in the fatal lick. I knew it had to be soon, for my dogs were no match against the razor-sharp claws and the long, yellow fangs.

The big cat had Old Dan by the throat. At the pitiful bawl of Old Dan, Little Ann—throwing caution to the wind—ran in and sank her teeth in the lion's tough neck.

With her claws digging into the mountain soil, she braced herself and started pulling. The muscles in her small legs knotted and quivered. She was trying hard to pull the devil cat's fangs from the throat of Old Dan.

In the rays of a bright Ozark moon, I could see clearly. For an instant I saw the broad back of the big cat. I saw the knotty bulge of steel-bound muscle, the pistonlike jerk of the deadly hind claws, trying for the downward stroke that could disembowel a dog.

Raising the ax high over my head, I brought it down with all the strength in my body. My aim was true. Behind the shoulders, in the broad muscular back, the heavy blade sank with a sickening sound. The keen edge cleaved through the tough skin, on down through bone and gristle until the spine was severed.

As the heavy body struck the ground, something exploded in my head. I knew no more. When I came to, I was sitting down. It was silent and still. A bird, disturbed by the fight, started chirping far up on the side of the mountain. A small winter breeze rustled some dead leaves in the deep canyon. A cold, crawling chill crept over my body.

If you lend someone five dollars and never see him again, it may be worth it.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

I looked over at the lion. My dogs were still glued to his lifeless body. In his dying convulsions the ax had become dislodged from the wound. It lay there in the moonlight, covered with blood.

I got to my feet and went over to my dogs. I knew I had to inspect them to see how badly they were hurt. It wasn't too hard to get Little Ann to loosen her hold. I examined her body. She was cut in several places, but nothing fatal. The only bad wound that she had was in her shoulder. It was nine inches long and down to the clean, white bone. She started licking it immediately.

It was different with Old Dan. Try as I might, he wouldn't turn loose. I took hold of his hind legs and tried to pull him loose. It was no use. He knew that the hold he had was a deadly one, and he wasn't going to let go until the body turned cold and stiff.

With my ax handle, I pried apart his locked jaws. Holding onto his collar, I led him off to one side. I couldn't turn him loose, for I knew if I did he would go back to the lion.

With one hand I started examining him. I ran my fingers through the short, red hair. I could feel the quivering muscles and the hot, sweaty skin. He was a bloody mess. His long, velvety ears were shredded. His entire body was a mass of deep, raw, red wounds. His friendly old face was pitiful to see. A razor-sharp claw had ripped down on an angle across his right eye.

I saw he was bleeding to death. With tears running down my cheeks, I did the only thing a hunter could do. I raked the leaves away and let his blood drip on the black mountain soil. Mixing it into a mud, I worked it into his wounds to stop the flow of blood.

With my ax in one hand and holding onto his collar with the other, we climbed out of the canyon. I knew if I could get him far enough away from the lion he wouldn't go back.

On reaching the top, I saw the yellow glow of my lantern. Little Ann was close by. She was sitting down, licking at the wound in her shoulder. I let Old Dan sniff around the tree where the lion had been treed.

Then I called to him. In a stiff-legged trot he came to me. I caught hold of his collar and gave him another inspection. In the lantern light I could see the mud-caked wounds clearly. The bleeding had almost stopped. I felt much better.

Little Ann came over. I knelt down and put my arms around their small

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bodies. In every way I could I poured out my love to them. In my heart I knew that if it had not been for their loyalty and their unselfish courage I would have met a terrible death from the slashing claws of the devil cat.

Getting up, I said, "Come on, let's go home so I can take care of those wounds."

I hadn't gone far when I heard a cry. At first I thought it was a bird, or a nighthawk. I stood still and listened. I glanced at Little Ann. She was looking behind me. I turned around and looked for Old Dan. He was nowhere in sight. The cry came again, low and pitiful. Instantly Little Ann started back the way we had come. I followed as fast as I could run.

I found Old Dan lying on his side, pleading for help. What I saw was almost more than I could stand. Far back in the soft belly, the slashing, razor-sharp claws of the lion had cut deep. In my inspections I had overlooked the wound. The walking and trotting motion of his body had started a heavy flow of blood.

He whimpered as I laid my hand on his head. A warm red tongue flicked out at it. With tears in my eyes I started talking to him. "Hang on, boy," I said. "Everything will be all right. I'll take care of you."

With trembling hands I packed the wound. Knowing that I couldn't carry him and the ax and lantern, I stuck the ax deep in the side of a white-oak tree. I blew out the lantern and hung the handle over the other blade. I wrapped my dog in my old sheepskin coat and hurried for home.

Arriving home, I awakened my mother and father. Together we doctored my dogs. Special care was given to Old Dan. The deep wound was sewed up and bandaged with a clean white cloth. We sat down and waited.

Hearing a whimper from behind me, I turned around. There in the semidarkness of the doorway stood my three sisters. Having heard the commotion, they had got up. They looked like ghostly white angels in their long, white cotton gowns.

My oldest sister asked, "How is Little Ann?"

I told her that she was all right except for the deep wound in her shoulder, but we had taken care of it.

She then asked about Old Dan. I told her it was bad. I didn't know if he'd be all right or not.

The youngest one looked up at mamma and said, "Mommy, God won't let Old Dan die, will He?"

Mamma said, "I don't think so, honey. Now go back to bed." They turned and walked slowly back to their room.

Our wait wasn't long. Slowly the heaving sides relaxed and the friendly gray eyes closed. My dog was gone. I picked him up, took him out on the porch and laid him down. I went back inside and sat by the fireplace, lost in sorrow.

Long after my mother and father had retired I sat by the fire. The hurt was so deep. I couldn't think. It had engulfed my very soul. The crackling of the fire and the tick tock, tick tock, tick tock of the grandfather clock seemed to blend in with the deep sorrow.

I got up to look again at the body of my dog. Stepping out on the porch, I saw a pitiful sight. Little Ann was snuggled up ever so close to the lifeless body of Old Dan. It was too much. I couldn't stand it. I wanted to run.

I ran down through the barn lot, on down into the fields, on and on to the riverbank. There in the gray shadows of a breaking dawn I cried the grief out of my heart.

From rough pine slabs I made a box for my dog. Upon the hillside, at the foot of a beautiful red-oak tree, I dug his grave. There, where the wild blue violets and the beautiful green ferns would grow in the spring, I laid him away.

I had a purpose in burying my dog up there on the hillside. It was a beautiful spot. From there one could see the country for miles—the long white crooked line of the river and the tall thick timber of the bottom, the sycamore, birch and box elder. I thought, perhaps, that on moonlight nights Old Dan would be able to hear the deep voices of the hounds as they rolled out of the river bottom on the frosty air.

After the last shovel of dirt was patted in place, I sat down and let my mind drift back through the years. I thought of the old can that I used for a bank, and the first time I saw my pups in the box at the depot. I thought of the fifty dollars, the nickels and dimes, and the fishermen and blackberry patches.

I looked at his grave and, with tears in my eyes, I voiced these words, "You were worth it, old friend, and a thousand times over."

In my heart I knew that there in the grave lay a man's best friend.

Two days later, when I came in from the bottom where my father and I were clearing land, my mother said, "Billy, you had better look after your dog. She won't eat."

I started looking for her. I went to the barn, the corncrib, and looked under the porch. I called her name. It was no use. I was about to give up, and then I saw her. She had wiggled her way far back under the thorny limbs of a blackberry bush in the corner of the garden. I walked to her and tried to coax her out. She wouldn't budge. I got down on my knees and crawled back to her. As I did, she raised her head and looked at me.

Her eyes told the story. They weren't the soft gray eyes I had looked into so many times. They were dull and cloudy. There was no fire, no life. I couldn't understand.

I carried her back to the house. I offered her food and water. She wouldn't touch it. I noticed how lifeless she was. I thought perhaps she had a wound I had overlooked. I felt and probed with my fingers. I could find nothing.

My father came and looked at her. He shook his head and said, "Billy, it's no use. The life has gone out of her. She has no will to live."

He turned and walked away. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't. With eggs and rich cream I made a liquid. I pried her mouth open and poured it down. She responded to nothing I did. I carried her to the porch and laid her in the same place I had laid the body of Old Dan. I covered her with gunny sacks.

All through the night I would get up and check on her. Next morning I took warm, fresh milk, and again I opened her mouth and fed her. It was a miserable day for me. At noon it was the same. My dog had just given up. There was no will to live.

That evening, when I came in from the fields, she was gone. I hurried to my mother. Mamma told me she had seen her go up the hollow from the house, so weak she could hardly stand. Mamma had watched her until she had disappeared in the timber.

I hurried up the hollow, calling her name. I called and called. I went up to the head of it, still calling her name and praying she would come to me. I climbed out onto the flats—looking, searching and calling. It was no use. My dog was gone.

I had a thought, a ray of hope. I just knew I'd find her at the grave of Old Dan. I hurried there.

I found her lying on her stomach, her hind legs stretched out straight and her front feet folded back under her chest. She had laid her head on his grave. I saw the trail where she had dragged herself through the leaves. The way she lay there, I thought she was alive. I called her name. She made no movement. With the last ounce of strength in her body, she had dragged herself to the grave of Old Dan.

Kneeling down, I touched her. She was cold and lifeless. I couldn't cry. The hurt was too deep. I was numb all over. I felt as cold and lifeless as the body of my little dog.

Sitting down, I lay her head in my lap. Looking up to the heavens, I tried to see far beyond the vision of man, into the wonderful world of our God Almighty. In a choking voice I asked this question, "Why? Why must I hurt so? What have I done wrong? You gave them to me. Why did You take them away?"

I heard a noise behind me. It was my mother. With tears in her eyes she sat down and put her arms around me.

She said, "Billy, God works in strange ways, but there is always an explanation. He gave us Old Dan and Little Ann as a gift, to fulfill His purpose. They had a job to do. Now that job is done, and He has called them back."

I told my mother I couldn't understand.

"Someday you will," she said. "Now let's go to the house. Supper is ready, and your father wants to say something to you and the girls. I think that after you have heard what he has to say, you will understand better."

"Guess again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I covered Little Ann's body with my coat. I knew that tomorrow another grave would be dug by the side of Old Dan.

With my arm around mamma I walked back to the house.

My father and sisters met us on the porch. Mamma told them the sad story. My sisters broke down. Running to her they buried their faces in her dress ar sobbed. Papa's hands were clasped tc gether, and his lips were moving. I knew he was saying a prayer.

"Go on in to the supper table," papa said. "I have something to say to you."

We went in and sat down. Mamma set our supper on the table. I could hear papa in the front room. I wondered what it was he wanted to talk to us about. When he came in, he had a small shoe box in his hand. A hallowed quietness settled over the room. Mamma came over and sat down. She had a sweet little smile on her face.

Walking to the head of the table, papa laid the box down. Still standing, he took the lid off, reached inside and started lifting out bundles of money. He stacked them in a neat little pile. I could see that the box must have been almost full.

Raising his head, he looked at me. "Billy, do you remember when you said a prayer and asked God to give you two hound pups?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"That prayer was answered, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "but if He gave them tc me, why did He take them away?"

Papa said, "Billy, God works in strange ways. You see, your mother has been praying too. She was asking help so she could take you and your sisters out of these hills and into town where you could get an education. Both prayers have been answered. He gave you the pups to make you happy. Through your pups, your mother's prayer was answered. She is happy too."

Laying his hand on the money, he said, "This is the money earned by Old Dan and Little Ann. We now have enough to move to town."

I told papa I could see what he meant, but I still couldn't understand why they were taken from me.

He said, "Your mother and I had already decided not to separate you from your dogs. We knew how much you loved them. We were going to leave you here with grandpa, but the good Lord didn't want that to happen. He doesn't like to see families broken up. That's why He called them back. He gave them to us as a gift. They had a job to do; the fulfillment of two prayers. When the job wa done, He called them back."

Mamma, quiet all this time, said, "Someday you will all be married. You'll probably be scattered, living in different parts of the country, but I want you to always remember the gift that God gave us, Old Dan and Little Ann."

Papa said, "Now let us bow our heads and give thanks for our food and for all the wonderful things God has done for us."

The next day I made another box. It was smaller than the first one. I buried Little Ann by the side of Old Dan. I also buried a part of myself along with my dog.

As I stood and looked at the two graves, I said, "You came together, you hunted together and you're buried together. I'll always love you, and I'll never forget you."

I'm sure God made a heaven for all good dogs, and I know my dogs are there. I know He made rivers, mountains, tall timber, cornfields and old rail fences. And in that heaven, on moonlight nights, the beautiful voices of my dogs can be heard along the banks of a blue river over the mountains, fields and valleys an on and on through the heavenly night.

THE END

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The Crazy World of Dog Shows

(Continued from Page 15)

It follows inexorably that, being the competitive people we are, once we acquire a pup with imposing papers, we ave to prove its merits. Query the exibitors at a big show, exhibitors arriving with a station-wagon load of dogs and fifty pounds of grooming equipment, and you'll find half of them started less than a dozen years ago with a single dog. One day they took that dog to a show, and life hasn't been the same since. This competitive urge not only accounts for the mushrooming number of dog shows but also for the employment of handlers, trainers, judges and superintendents who make a tidy living from the shows.

The exact classification of dog shows is one of the mysteries of our culture. The view is sometimes advanced that they are a sport. It is a view often held by those making their first or second appearance at a show and by ladies who write dog columns for suburban newspapers. It is always good for a ritual chuckle at the judges' dinner the night before a show, usually coming up for mention somewhere between the second cocktail and the first confidential whisper that Champion So-and-So sires pig-eyed runts.

Most sports editors take the view that og shows are a form of sport only in the sense that purse snatching is a form of foot racing. Some papers print the results of shows on the society pages, in the mistaken idea that high society still runs them, and a good many editors simply include the results in the general-news sections, along with the rest of the evidence of man's essentially combative nature.

Among those who make their living from them, there are two well-supported and highly private views of dog shows. The first is that they are a good thing, because they provide supervised entertainment for the unbalanced. The second is that someday they will surely be closed down because they bring out a streak of ferocity in otherwise responsible citizens and thereby endanger the public peace.

Certainly it is true there is nothing quite like entering a dog in competition to bring out alarming tendencies in otherwise solid burghers. One veteran judge explains it this way: "You can kiss a man's wife and kick his child, and he bears up. But give his dog a second-place ibbon, and you'd better prepare to deend yourself."

As that judge sees it, most people will admit their spouses fall a little short of movieland ideals and their children are sometimes less than adorable, but few will concede any flaws in their dogs. At various times judges who insisted there were such flaws have been bashed on the nose, lashed with the ends of leashes, hissed, booed, bitten and invited to confess publicly their blindness, incompetence or corruption.

Officials of the local dog club often give a dinner for judges the night before a show, a dinner attended by the principal exhibitors. There is a cynical explanation sometimes offered for the timing. The moment a show is over, according to this explanation, nothing must impede the rapid exit of the judges from town. Eliza scampering over that ice had nothing on a judge fleeing a passel of losing owners and their humiliated pooches.

Judges, for their part, are certain there are innumerable exhibitors and handlers who could write a treatise on "How to Win at Dog Shows Without Actually Getting Disbarred by the A.K.C." The cat which campaigned from inside a coat pocket on behalf of its collie friend is only one example. Not so long ago a German short-haired pointer swept to honors largely on the strength of the picturesque points it struck at opportune moments. Its career suffered when a judge discovered the owner had trained it to point, not at game, but at a pigeon stuffed under his shirt.

A virile German shepherd much seen in Middle West rings was of undoubted show quality except for a droopy left ear—a small, perhaps, but dismaying handicap in that breed, somehow causing the dog to look as though it would rather sleep than perform the noble chores of guiding, defending and so on, for which its breed is famous. The limp-eared shepherd was habitually shown by its master, and about the time it entered the

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 82

1. Ind.	2. Wis.	3. Ariz.
4. Conn.	5. Nebr.	6. Tenn.
7. N.Y.	8. Mont.	9. Nev.
10. Colo.	11. Va.	12. S.C.

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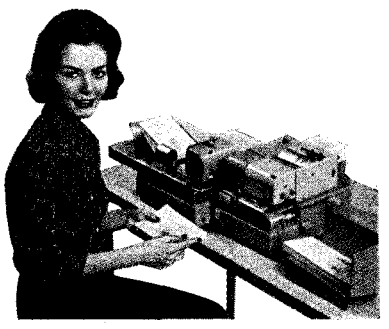

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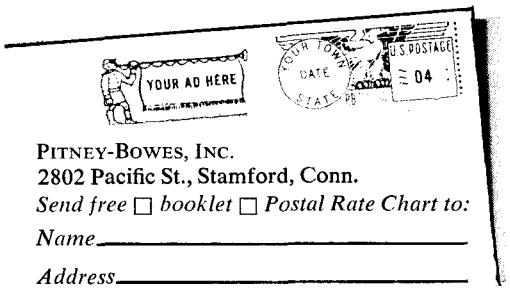

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ring, its mistress would appear nearby, leading a bitch in season. That droopy ear would fly up in rigid salute, and the dog went on to notable honors.

The A.K.C. frowns with a mighty frown on ruses of this type and wages ceaseless war on what it calls "double handling"; but the truth is, the judge and his ring steward can hardly keep track of the people and dogs in the ring, much less patrol the audience.

At various times ringsiders have used secret whistles, calls, yelps, coughs, groans, grunts and even dances to alert a dog in the ring and thereby enable the judge to see a nobility that might otherwise escape him. These various sounds can also be used to disconcert an enemy dog. Nothing is more pleasing to an exhibitor of truly combative nature than to see a rival dog, at the exact moment it is undergoing its most critical examination, yield to an impulse to yelp, scratch itself or, best of all, leap at the throat of its neighbor, or even the judge. Of all the things a dog can do wrong in the show ring, judge biting is the wrongest.

Showing dogs, contrary to some belief, is an immensely difficult and stylized performance. Though it might seem to the casual viewer as if the handler is merely leading the dog through a series of loony trots and poses that look as though they were choreographed by W. C. Fields, the actual maneuvers are as purposeful as steps in surgery. The way a dog is shown is the single most important element in its show-ring career. Mediocre dogs skillfully shown often win; fine dogs badly shown seldom do.

The secret of showing is to make a dog look handsome, limber and alert, and to prove it exemplifies the standard for its breed. Since no dog ever meets its standard exactly, the handler has to show it in such a way that its good points are emphasized and its flaws obscured. There is, for example, a precise speed at which each dog gaits most gracefully, and the handler must hop along at that exact speed, looking like a blithering fool himself so that the dog may shine. These mincing paces of the handlers, which draw such raucous laughter from the uninitiated, are the heart of showing dogs and can be learned only in time.

The intricacies of showing have led to the growth of a separate professional class—the free-lance handlers. It is true there have always been a few professional handlers since the earliest days of shows, but almost all of them were in the full-time employ of big kennels. Today the A.K.C. has licensed more than 1150 handlers. Almost all are their own bosses and follow the shows across the country the way professional golfers follow the sun.

Handlers get a minimum of fifteen dollars for exhibiting a dog and sometimes much more. A particularly capable handler may exhibit fifteen to thirty dogs a show, skipping gracefully from Japanese spaniels to Lhasa Apsos.

Handlers know the standards for each breed the way motorcycle officers know the local speed laws. Most handlers can watch a dog trot across the yard, examine its profile, rub its ears and give its owner an accurate estimate of its show chances. For some reason, prolonged contact with dogs and their owners seems to produce a morose streak, and the evaluations may consist of such laconic pronouncements as "high in the rump" or "a little pig-eyed." Like jockeys, handlers try to avoid sure losers, but sometimes relations with a good client involve showing some of the client's less fortunate beasts. In such cases a skilled handler will show the animal in a way to reduce that high rump and even to make the best of those unfortunate eyes.

Wise owners almost invariably take a handler's word on a dog's quality. In 1959 R. B. Owen, a Grandview, Missouri, breeder, offered a fourteen-month-old boxer for sale. The dog looked promising, but there was a catch. Owen wanted $9000. Veteran handler Harry Sangster of Los Angeles looked the dog over, told Mr. and Mrs. George M. Cowie, clients of his who dote on boxers, that while it was a lot of money, it was also a lot of dog. They bought it, and since then Champion Evo-Wen's Impressario, with Sangster doing most of the handling, has won thirty-seven best-of-shows, which means that thirty-seven times Imp has not only beaten all boxers, but all dogs in the show—an almost incredible record, which might be compared to a major-leaguer's slamming seventy-five homers three years running.

Skilled handlers can always pick up a sizable number of entries simply by dropping the word they'll be on hand for a certain show. But many, like Sangster, bring their entries with them. Sangster has a specially built van which is actually a dog hotel on wheels. He will mail entry forms to a series of Middle West and Eastern shows, load up with dogs from his Southern California clients and be on his way. The thought of crossing the country with twenty or more highly bred, expensive and temperamental dogs might give pause to some, but to Sangster it's the grandest way to make a living.

Sangster puts his dogs to bed hungry the night before a show, so they'll be especially attentive when he offers them titbits of cooked liver in the ring. (Food as an attention getter is permissible, as are squeaking toys, crinkly bits of paper and any whistles, grunts or chortles the handler may attempt—just so it isn't done by someone outside the ring.) When the show's over, Sangster's performers feast, whether they come home with best-in-show or tenth in a field of ten. Sangster and his van make about seventy-five shows a year, which is average for a busy professional handler. He hasn't missed Westminster, the granc daddy of them all, in more than a doze. years.

While many owners are glad to turn their hopefuls over to handlers for the trips to the shows, there are others who think nothing of bouncing across the country in the family sedan to give Fido his big chance. The problem of where to sleep when traveling with dogs is always baffling. The Taft Hotel in New York is beloved by dog people everywhere because it takes both people and dogs; and during Westminster week the elite of the dog world, and their owners, can be found there. But in lesser cities owners sometimes find themselves curling up in the back seat with their dogs, after a series of turndowns by the best, and even the worst, hostelries. Hotel and motel managers sometimes have a stony indifference to the tearful argument that this is no dog, this is Champion Bright Buckaroo.

The dog-show boom has also produced another expanding class of professionals—the licensed judges. The A.K.C publishes a register of approved judge: and there is no breed so rare but wha there's a sizable list of people with Olympian knowledge of its every peculiarity. Judges get from twenty-five dollars to $1500 a show, plus expenses, the fee being based on the judge's experience and reputation and on the number of breeds he is licensed to judge. Each dog breed is actually a world of its own, with its own famous people. A dog show which can bring in a famed boxer man, for example,

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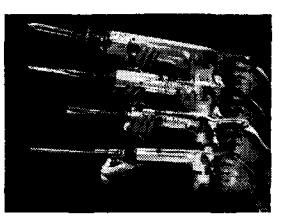

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must expect to pay him a hefty fee, but will be rewarded by a heavy run of entries from owners who want their dog judged by the famed one. Generally, fees stay in the $75-to-$300 range, and judges are of the unanimous opinion they earn every cent of them.

Show officials like to import judges from as far away as their budget will allow, on the sound theory that distance lends authority. Moreover, a local judge is likely to know local entrants and their dogs, and thus his impartiality is open to attack. A judge is not supposed to know the identity of the dogs before him, an innocence obviously best preserved by having the judge come from as far away as possible. A recent Santa Barbara, California, show came close to expressing the ideal. Of thirteen show judges listed in its catalogue, only two were from California. There were three from Illinois, two from England and one each from New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Connecticut and New Hampshire. The Santa Barbara is a well-heeled show. Most other shows, with less money to spend, have to content themselves with a bigger share of close-to-home judicial talent.

Judges are often reminded, sometimes in quivering voices, that the dog they placed fourth in its class today was best of breed under Judge So-and-So only last week. Sometimes the reminder is coupled with a remark such as, "There is a standard for these dogs, you know. Why don't you read it sometime?" The traditional answer of judges is to take a deep breath, smile and then say there is also a written Constitution of the United States, but even the judges on the Supreme Court sometimes disagree on what it means.

As judges see it, the professional handlers and the major kennels cause less trouble than the small breeders who do their own showing. Says one judge, "Spare me from the couple who've got just one dog and show it once a year. They spend half their time bragging about what a great dog they've got, and when he loses, they're afraid to go back and face the people on their block. And the more they think about it, the more they're sure the whole thing's rigged against them."

Judges have a stout ally in the mighty A.K.C., which is ready to set its awesome machinery in motion against exhibitors who protest too much. In extreme cases of A.K.C. displeasure, an owner may lose the privilege of showing any dog registered in his name. The last attempt by dog people to revolt against the A.K.C. took place before World War I and ended in dismal failure.

This is not to say that individual kennel clubs are never forced to acknowledge error. In this year's Westminster Kennel Club show at Madison Square Garden, for instance, dog owners protested almost to a man when the judge, Dr. Joseph E. Redden, breezed through the show's final events with such unseemly haste that he had selected Champion Cappoquin Little Sister, a black toy poodle, best in show by eleven P.M., five minutes before this climactic event was scheduled even to begin. It was all the fault of television, said the club's show committee; TV coverage of the Garden was due to be interrupted at eleven o'clock for newscasts, and the committee had therefore decided to try to complete judging before then. Obviously regretting that it had ever sullied its dignity by taking such trivial matters into account, the club later stated austerely that such a thing "will, of course, never occur again."

Dog shows first began to attract notice in this country late in the last century and for years were completely dominated by a handful of the wealthy. At the turn of the century, J. Pierpont Morgan, the elder, began to pursue show ribbons as relentlessly as he did corporation directorships. Morgan and Samuel Untermeyer entered into a fierce contest for mastery of the collie world, and agents of the two men had standing orders to buy likely-looking winners of British shows. Morgan's Cragstone Kennels would ship contenders to the shows in private boxcars, and Untermeyer would counter, dog for dog, boxcar for boxcar.

Morgan's passion for collies accounts for the origin of a tale that has been retold with different names and beasts 10,000 times. Morgan was involved in dealings with Li Hung Chang, the virtual dictator of China under the old emperor. As a gesture of good will, he sent Li a brace of his finest collies. Somehow Untermeyer got hold of Li's thank-you letter and gleefully spread its contents through the financial district. The gist of the contents was simple—Li had ordered the dogs served at a palace banquet, and all hands found them delicious.

It is symbolic of the democratic trend in breeding and exhibiting that one of the greatest show collies since Morgan's days turned up in the 1940's in the back yard of a Council Bluffs, Iowa, high-school biology teacher, Stephen J. Field. Field came to the shows with a sable named Silver Ho Parader, which stormed to its championship ("storming" in dog-show parlance means a sensationally fast rise to the top).

Shortly after that rise, Field was repeatedly offered handsome sums for Silver Ho, but always refused, wisely as it turned out, because over the years the stud fees and offspring of his champion amounted to a good deal more than any of the offers. In contrast to the ornate quarters occupied by the Morgan dogs—better than sometimes occupied by Morgan clerks, according to some mean comment of the times—Field's champion lived in his back yard. When other dogs in the back yard barked and threatened to incur the wrath of neighbors, a perennial problem of dog breeders, Champion Silver Ho Parader was trained to grab the barker by the ruff, holding on until it was silent. He was considered the most expensive and efficient dog silencer in Council Bluffs history.

For those who have always had a secret hankering to have a champion snoozing at the fireside, handlers offer a word of advice: Pick an easy breed. It takes fifteen points won in dog-show competition to become a champion, and it's relatively easy to win those points in some breeds, woefully difficult in others.

The point system itself is basically simple. In each breed one dog among all the males is chosen "winners dog," and one among all the females, "winners bitch," the better of these two then being selected "best of winners." Between them, these two win all the points awarded to their breed, but the number of points they win depends on two factors—on a point schedule set up by the A.K.C. for each section of the country, based on the number of entries likely to turn up for each breed and sex, and on the number of dogs of that breed and sex which actually are entered in the show.

German shepherds, boxers, collies, dachshunds, great Danes and Samoyeds almost always appear in swarms at shows, and achieving a championship with one of these is a notable feat. The owner of a German-shepherd male, for example, might have to beat forty or more other males to be chosen winners dog; and the fewer the number of shepherd males entered, the fewer the points awarded for winning. The number of entries which the A.K.C. requires in this breed for "major" points—three to five—varies from one section of the country to another, but is always comparatively high. The owner of an English setter, schnauzer, Bedlington, cairn or fox terrier, on the other hand, could earn "major" points with a winners dog or bitch in a far smaller field—only three or four, perhaps—since the number of entries in these breeds is expected to be smaller.

Exhibitors in the fiercely competitive breeds welcome newcomers much as commuter buses welcome fat ladies with packages. But other breeds usually rejoice at the prospect of a new showman, and, in some cases, will actually stake a newcomer to his first dog, an act which has been compared to a bartender's buying the first drink.

Generally speaking, $150 will usually buy you a pup with a pedigree longer than that of any surviving human royalty; and after that, it's merely a question of entering the shows and finding a place on the mantel for the cups and ribbons—not, of course, that this first pup is going to win any. After his first half dozen outings, it will be all too clear that his stifles are too straight and his hocks too crooked. But, meantime, you will have met this wonderful couple who have a truly great prospect they are forced to sacrifice for $450, and once you get hold of it and find some shows where the judges really know something—and therefore can appreciate your obviously keen eye for dogs—you are off and running. In the years to come, the day you bought your first show pup will occupy a fateful place in your memory, along with the day you met your spouse or got your draft notice.

The true dog-show spirit was expressed at last year's Glendale, California, show. The Glendale is one of the big ones, a benched show, which means the dogs must sit in small stalls from roughly nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, except for time spent in the ring or being exercised. Benching gives spectators a chance to walk along and inspect each dog at close range.

Owners customarily pin whatever ribbons the dog wins on the wall behind it. Dog shows are free with ribbons—in contrast to points—and most dogs come up with at least one gaudy little memento. But it can be a long, hard day for dog and owner if the dog is judged early, fails to win so much as a fourth-place ribbon and then has to sit all day in public ignominy.

Such a fate had obviously befallen a dachshund at the Glendale. All the other dachshund stalls along its row seemed ablaze with strips of ribbon, but the judge had obviously passed this one by.

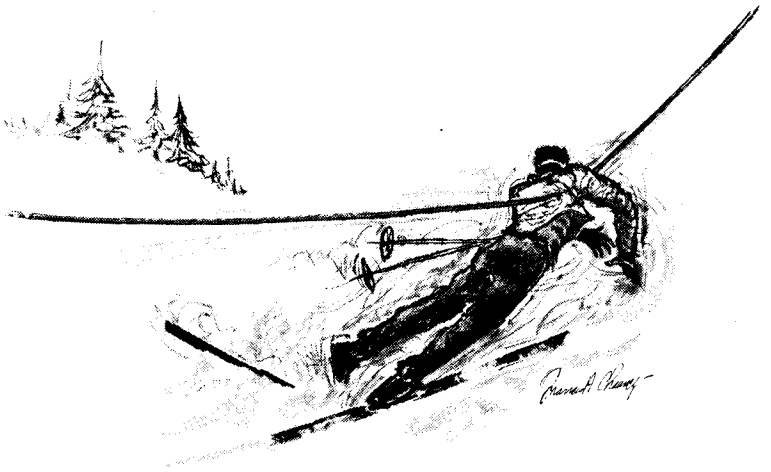
A mother, father and two small girls sat on campstools in front of their humiliated pet. Their defeat was not complete, however. A childish hand had lettered a sign in pencil and hung it on the wall, a sign that proclaimed in large letters:

FIRST

Then, below, in much smaller letters:

(At 9981 Laredo Lane)

THE END



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Sam hooked onto a rope ski tow and went up the slope. When his jacket became entangled, the tow dragged him into the towing machinery and injured him. A little more than a year later he sued the tow operators. They asked the court to throw out the case under a law requiring that ski-injury suits must be filed within a year.

"But I wasn't engaged in skiing," Sam protested. "I was just getting ready to ski. The law applies only when a person is hurt while on skis under his own power or control."

"Skiing involves going uphill as well as downhill," the operators' lawyer replied. "The fact that Sam was using machine power instead of his own muscles to travel along on skis is immaterial."

If you were the judge, how would you rule?

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Sam won. The court said the law applied only "where the skier undertakes to exercise independent control of his course, speed and direction"; not where "a mechanically unsafe or improperly operated device not controlled by the skier" is involved.

Based upon a 1960 Vermont decision.

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Dream and Stay Sane (Continued from Page 21)

about what would happen to people if they were denied any chance to dream.

A Dement dream-deprivation experiment would do nicely as a scene in a science-fiction play. The action would begin in a darkened laboratory building in upper Manhattan; the time, past midnight. The sleeper, a man of twenty-eight, is snoring gently on the bed. A rope of spaghettilike wires, resembling the queue of an old-time Chinaman, extends up the bedpost from the top of his head. At one end they fan out to small silver electrodes taped to his scalp and forehead. At the other they are jack-plugged into a cable that runs three doors down the corridor to a large machine with black knobs, small lights and a battery of pens. The machine is an electroencephalograph, automatically recording on moving graph paper the millionths-of-a-volt electrical impulses picked up by the cranial electrodes—the "brain waves."

The doctor watches carefully as the wiggling pens tell him what he wants to know about the man in bed down the hall. He sees the "alpha" waves of normal wakefulness weaken and crop out as sleep approaches, giving way first to long, slow waves, four or five to the second, and occasional bursts of fast, fourteen-per-second waves called sleep spindles, then to the very slow, one-per-second waves of deepest sleep. During the second hour the sleeper may return to the lighter slumber wherein dreams are dreamed. The doctor now concentrates on a particular one of the four pens—the one rigged to detect eye movement. Rapid action here would signal the beginning of a dream. Presently this eye-movement pen begins a wild, rapid scratching. The doctor presses a button which rings a clamorous bell in the sleeper's room; then he speaks into an intercom.

"Hello. Were you dreaming?"

The drowsy voice of the sleeper comes back, "There was this cow. I was supposed to hang some lights on her. . . ."

"Fine," the doctor says. "Now please sit straight up in bed. We want you fully awake. Awake now? . . . Good." After a few minutes of chatting: "Now you may go back to sleep. Thank you and good night." In this direct manner every dream the sleeper attempts is brought to a halt shortly after its beginning.

Dement's experiments on his first eight subjects, men ranging in age from twenty-three to thirty-two, showed that the inner drive to dream has incredible pertinacity. As dreaming was methodically interrupted, the normal four or five dream attempts per night rose to ten attempts on the first night and to as many as thirty on the fifth night.

Following the fifth dreamless night, volunteers were allowed five nights of unmolested sleep. On the first recovery night, sleepers who normally dreamed eighty minutes made up for lost dreamwork with dream periods that totaled as much as 150 minutes, and continued to dream longer than normally for several more nights.

There were sharp changes in daytime behavior while the sleepers were short on dreaming—increased irritability, anxiety and tension, difficulty in concentrating, memory lapses, temper flurries. A majority of participants who were awakened more than three consecutive nights had an enormous increase in appetite. They had "become ravenous" . . . "always felt empty" . . . "couldn't be filled." By night they dreamed about food, by day they consumed it. Individuals gained an average of a pound a day.

Some of these symptoms, Dement reasoned, might simply be the result of interrupted sleep and have nothing to do with dream deprivation. To check this point he put the same people through the same experiments for the same length of time with the same number of awakenings, but with one difference—they were always awakened during nondreaming periods and never during dreams. None of the signs of upset were present—no jitters, unusual tension, fogginess or voracity. The slight loss of sleep had no noticeable effect. The emotional backlash had been due entirely to the shortage of dreaming.

The first sequence of dream deprivals was followed by three more series, checking and rechecking the first findings, answering doubts, plugging loopholes in method, studying subjects of both sexes over a wide range in age. These experiments yielded the information that women seemed slightly less upset by laboratory dream deprivation than men. Otherwise they confirmed the original findings. There was no further question about it, an important discovery had been made. The force behind human dreaming had been shown to be more powerful, more persistent and far more extensive in its effects on mental and physical health than had been suspected.

These conclusions were established early in 1960. The young doctor had now reached the culmination of years of study and investigation. How, exactly, were his findings to be interpreted? In terms of basic human nature, what did they mean? The quest for an answer led him to consult the speculations of others, as it had many times before.

Dement's serious interest in dreaming began eight years ago, when he was a graduate student at the University of Chicago. Compared with the millenniums during which man has pondered the nature of those fascinating playlets that decorate his sleep, eight years seems a short time. It was, however, a period of extraordinarily rapid exploration of the dream world. In his own writing Dement is careful to review the work that went immediately before, insisting that his own contribution can be understood only in its light. As one of the first-rate detective stories of recent biological research, the tale indeed bears repeating.

The story properly begins with a man who had no particular interest in dreams. In 1924 Hans Berger, a German scientist, found that rhythmic electrical discharges were given off by the human brain. He carefully recorded these currents for five years and published, in 1929, the first account of "brain waves." Berger proved not only that electrical impulses were emitted constantly by the brain but that their rhythms were altered by drugs, by working arithmetic problems and by sudden noises. In 1934 a team of British researchers confirmed Berger's discoveries, and the scientific world became aware that a potent new tool had been placed in its hands.

Meanwhile, Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, a physiologist at the University of Chicago, had resolved to make solving the riddles of sleep his life's work. A paper he published in 1933 was the first of many on such topics as how much sleep people need, how often they roll over during the night, what happens to temperature, pulse and breathing. Berger, Kleitman knew, had discovered in 1932 that the brain waves changed during sleep. He had an electroencephalograph installed in his Chicago sleep laboratory and began making brain-wave records, called "EEG's." In 1953 a new staff member joined in the EEG work, a graduate student named William Dement.

Kleitman in 1951 had read some reports telling of slow, rolling movements of the eyeballs during sleep. This was the lead that started an entirely new sequence of discoveries about dreams. The work of Kleitman and his new associate drew wide attention in scientific literature during the 1950's, finally receiving nationwide review in the press. During this decade Dement established himself as a resourceful investigator in his own right, leaving Kleitman's laboratory to work independently in New York. His work with Kleitman had directly foreshadowed his newest discoveries, however, and therefore becomes a key part of the present narrative.

Kleitman had become curious to know whether the reported slow eye rolling had anything to do with the "soundness," or depth, of sleep. Aware that, with proper spotting of electrodes, the EEG could detect eye movements as well as brain waves, the sleep-lab staff began making all-night recordings of both. Kleitman and an assistant noted that, in addition to the reported slow motions, there were periods of very rapid, jerky shifts of the eyes. Previous researchers, probably because their records had been restricted to brief samples taken at intervals, had missed these quick flicks.

Kleitman now had a historic hunch that these rapid eye movements might be signs of dreaming. Volunteers for a series of tests were recruited at three dollars a night, later raised to five dollars. They agreed, for the duration of any experiment, not to sleep, nap or doze outside the laboratory nor take caffeine, alcohol or other drugs. Sleepers awakened during periods of quick eye shifts gave detailed accounts of dreams in progress. When awakened at other times, they could recall only fragments of fantasies dreamed at other times. The rapid eye movements *did* mean dreams!

Kleitman, Dement and a staff associate, E. A. Wolpert, during the next four years studied more than 100 sleepers through more than 1000 nights of sleep. Electrodes were placed so that horizontal and vertical eye movements would be registered separately. There was a perfect correlation between eye motion and dream action—sleepers were watching their dreams just as waking people watch a ball game. The following dreams were reported immediately after times of vertical eye swings: "I was standing before a long staircase leading up into a building. Not sure I was in the right place, I kept looking up and down between the top of the stairs and the address, which was carved in the sidewalk at my feet."

"I was popping peanuts into the air and catching them in my mouth."

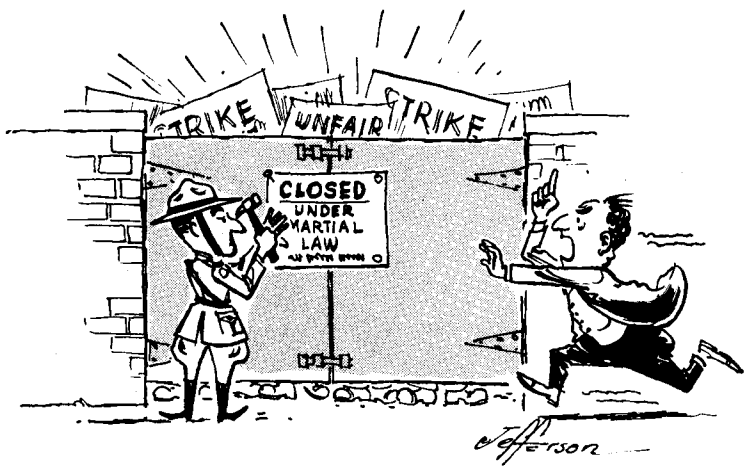
"A blimp was coming over, dropping leaflets. I'd look up at the blimp and down at the leaflets and up again."

These dreams were in progress during horizontal eye movements:

"We were driving, and when we came to a crossroad, I'd look right and left."

"I was crossing a bridge, looking at the water on each side."

Sometimes there were short, quick movements and (*Continued on Page 90*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The management decided to keep the plant open despite the strike there. Then the strikers threatened to riot. The mayor, appalled, asked the governor to declare martial law. The governor consented and closed the plant. The management went to court to have martial law lifted so work could resume.

"The martial law should stay in effect," counsel for the governor contended. "In a public emergency, the preservation of life, law and order takes priority over all other considerations."

"When unions threaten riots to close a plant, the government should aid the law-abiding employer rather than the lawless union," management counsel replied. "Otherwise any union could close any plant whenever it pleased."

If you were the judge, would you lift martial law for management?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Management won. The court said, "Peace and order should not be bought by acceding to the demands of the mob at the sacrifice of the law. It would be shocking if the state could not quell mob action without declaring martial law and depriving of constitutional rights the victims of the lawlessness." Only insurrection or anarchy, it added, justifies martial law.

Based upon a 1959 Federal decision

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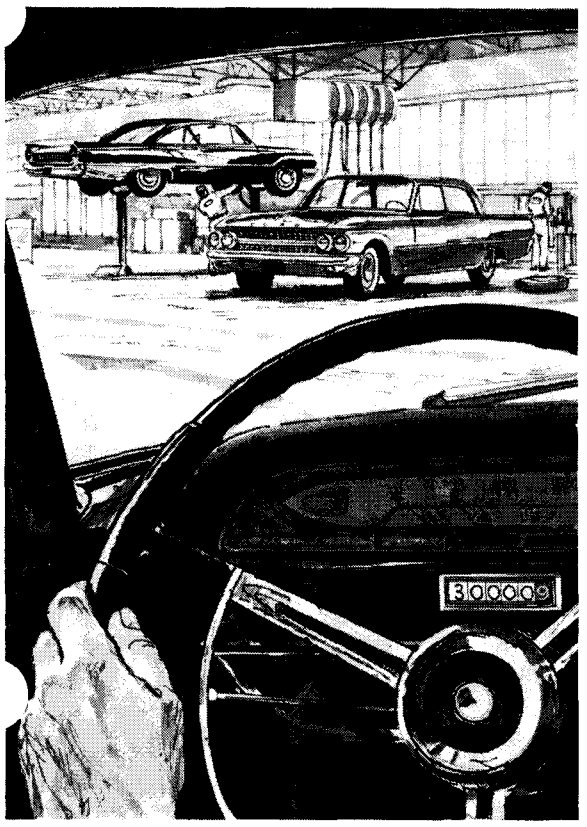

It goes 30,000 miles between lubrications. You'll never again pay for frequent chassis lubrications. Ford's *sealed-in* lubrication system lets you go 30,000 miles before you need your *first* lube (which takes about 20 minutes, costs about $4.00).

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(*Continued from Page 88*) times when the eyes remained fixed. The dream always matched the eye action:

"The track stretched to the horizon, and we watched the train approach."

"I kept watching the door, expecting somebody to come in."

Dement, deeply impressed by the discoveries of the early 1950's in which he had participated, was eager to press ahead on his own. He was keenly aware that a new era in the study of dreams had opened. For the first time it was possible to know exactly when a person was dreaming and, by inquiring while the dream memory was still fresh, to learn fairly accurately what he was dreaming about. Dreams could now be observed systematically. Answers to age-old questions might now be forthcoming: Do babies dream? Do animals? Do some people dream more than others? Do lights and noises, hunger and thirst, influence dream narratives? Does time pass more quickly in dreams than in waking life? The young physiologist tackled these questions one at a time.

In the laboratory Dement found that sleeping cats produce EEG's comparable to those of dreaming humans and found it reasonable to assume that cats also dream. He studied children and concluded that dreaming probably begins shortly after birth and has reached an adult pattern by the age of three. Talking in sleep, it turned out, is a separate business; people are believed not to be dreaming visually while talking. Most dreams are in a monochrome, though full-color dreams are not uncommon. Emotional stress may affect what one dreams, but not how long. The dream cycle is an individual characteristic. People dream eighty to ninety minutes a night, in three to five cycles of ten to thirty minutes each.

One of the most persistent notions of pre-1950 dream theory was that outside stimuli influenced dream narratives. Dement and Wolpert ran a series of more than 100 experiments on this theme. They'd wait until the sleeper was dreaming, then sound a humming tone, flash a light bulb or spray the sleeper with cold water. The dream was modified once in every four tries.

Typical dream responses to the humming tone were:

"There was a plane flying over."

"An earthquake started, with an awful roaring sound."

"There was a noise like Niagara Falls."

Flashes of the light bulb introduced sudden fires, lightning flashes and shooting stars into dream scenes. The water spray evoked various situations in which the dreamers got wet:

"Two kids were fighting to get the ice cubes out of a glass of water, spilling the water all over my trousers."

To discover the effect of thirst, three sleepers were asked on five occasions to do without fluids for twenty-four hours. Of the fifteen resulting dream narratives, none involved a direct slaking of thirst. Five, however, were on thirst themes:

"Somebody raised a glass and proposed a toast, but I didn't have a glass."

"Two youngsters were asked what they wanted to drink, and one started yelling, 'Coca-Cola, Pepsi, orange,' and everything."

One of the more firmly established myths was that long and complicated dreams could be dreamed in split-second intervals of time. This notion drew much of its strength from the vivid account of the nineteenth-century writer Maury, who in 1861 reported his famous "split-second" dream of being beheaded during the French reign of terror. It was an elaborate dream, with Robespierre and Marat in the cast and fearful scenes at the guillotine. Finally Maury himself was seized, condemned and taken to the block. The blade fell; Maury felt his head leave his body and awoke in fright—to find that the headboard of his bed had fallen on his neck. He offered the widely accepted suggestion that the whole dream had been experienced in the instant between the falling of the board and his awakening.

Dement thinks it more likely that the headboard fell while Maury was already dreaming. Moreover, Maury reported the dream ten years after it occurred, which, in view of the brief time most dreams are clearly remembered, does not speak well for its accuracy. In EEG studies, lengths of narratives closely matched the time of eye movements. Time passes in dreams, it is now assumed, at about the same rate as in waking life. In one of Dement's tests a bell was rung once and rung again four seconds later. This dream was reported: "I was listening to some records with a friend. The doorbell rang, and she asked me to answer it. I hesitated. It rang again, and I was on my way to answer it when I waked up." When asked to re-enact the dream in waking life, the action took about four seconds.

Whenever people talked about their dreams, Dement had noticed, there were always some who claimed they never dreamed or dreamed only rarely. Dement had made EEG's of many such people—they seemed to dream about as much as anybody else. The rare-dreamer question was finally settled toward the end of the 1950's by two doctors from Brooklyn. Drs. Donald Goodenough and Arthur Shapiro recruited eight persons at the Downstate Medical Center who said they dreamed almost every night, matched them with eight persons who claimed they rarely or never dreamed, and recorded all their EEG's for three nights. All had comparable numbers of eye-movement periods and all reported dreams when awakened at these times. The self-designated habitual dreamers had a 93 per cent dream recall at awakening, the others 46 per cent. The investigators concluded that "nondreamers" merely forget their dreams more consistently. Freud had observed this dream-forgetting tendency and attributed it to "massive repression" of unwelcome information about to be made conscious through the dream.

It was against this background—the accumulated dream research of the 1950's, to which he had himself contributed so much—that Dement asked his memorable question of early 1960: "Since there appear to be no exceptions to nightly dreaming, it might be asked whether a substantial amount of dreaming is in some way a necessary and vital part of our existence." Then he plunged into the laboratory work that yielded such surprising results—people must dream.

At this point Dr. Charles Fisher, the psychiatrist member of the team, a specialist in psychoanalytic theory, stepped into the spotlight. The question of exactly how dreaming is "necessary and vital" is still open, but there are some exciting theories and educated guesses.

While the experiments were in progress, Doctor Fisher's part had been to maintain a careful physical and mental check on the volunteers. He concluded that nature had allowed an ample margin of safety and that Dement's regimen of 75 per cent dream deprivation for five days would not harm the average person in reasonably good health. More complete dream deprival over a longer period could, Fisher believes, bring serious trouble. Hitherto unexplained breakdowns involving hallucinations were now open to a tentative theoretical explanation as results of prolonged dream deprivation.

Doctor Fisher has reminded inquiring scholars that other observations, involving other methods of preventing dreaming, have supported Dement's findings. Sodium amytal, in moderate doses, can reduce dreaming about 30 per cent. Alcohol also inhibits dreaming. Alcoholic "DT's" are subject to partial explanation ("It is only a suggestion," Doctor Fisher explains) as violent breakthroughs of the dream cycle into waking life—brought on by long denial of dream satisfaction in the sleeping life.

Hallucinations also have followed prolonged wakefulness, which is another way of preventing dreaming. Performers in dance and radio marathons, soldiers kept awake for days in combat, and subjects in Army stay-awake fatigue studies have all hallucinated after several days without sleep. The dream cycle seems to offer an inflexible proposition—"Dream asleep if you know what's good for you; if not, dream awake, but dream you must."

The hunger which overtook dream-deprivation volunteers in the Dement experiments, Fisher explains, is most probably a reassertion of infantile feeding urges, impractical for the adult, which in normal sleep are disposed of by dreaming. He noted that the volunteers' fierce hunger vanished, along with the other stress symptoms, when they were allowed to dream again.

The Dement discoveries would have been no surprise to "the father of psychoanalysis," Sigmund Freud, Doctor Fisher says.

In one of his books, Freud quoted with thorough approval another theorist who had written prophetically, in 1886, that "a man deprived of the capacity for dreaming would in course of time become mentally deranged." Summing up his own views, he wrote, "Dreams serve as a safety valve and protect sleep. In relieving the overburdened brain, they have the power to heal and relieve."

Some investigators think they can do far more than that. Dr. Charles D. Aring of the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine believes dreams can play a positive, creative role. The plot of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, he wrote in a recent scholarly essay, came to Robert Louis Stevenson in a dream. The German chemist, Friedrich Kekulé, dreamed the molecular structure of the benzene ring and greatly advanced organic chemistry. Another German, Otto Loewi, dreamed an important discovery about nerve action, for which he was awarded a Nobel prize. A Pennsylvania archaeologist once dreamed the key to an Assyrian cuneiform that had defied translation. Even frightening dreams, Doctor Aring says, when seen as confrontations with submerged drives the dreamer is reluctant to admit, can be beneficial in their self-revelation.

Dr. J. B. Rhine and his associated parapsychologists at Duke University are giving respectful attention to claims that some dreams may be, as the ancients believed, telepathic, clairvoyant, spiritually illuminating or prophetic. Dr. Gardner Murphy, director of research at the Menninger Foundation, sees in dreams fine opportunities for creativity and release. "Partly because the outer world is not there to say no, partly because the senses can contribute few and feeble interferences, partly because one has at his disposal the entire material of his life, the dream reaches heights and spreads out over areas the mind of the civilized adult would not dare to scan."

This is very close to what, for now, must be the final word, from Doctor Fisher. "Dreaming permits each and every one of us to be quietly and safely insane every night of our lives." We interfere with this quiet, safe protection, a young doctor has now made clear, at our peril. THE END

"OFF THOSE AZALEAS!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GOODYEAR

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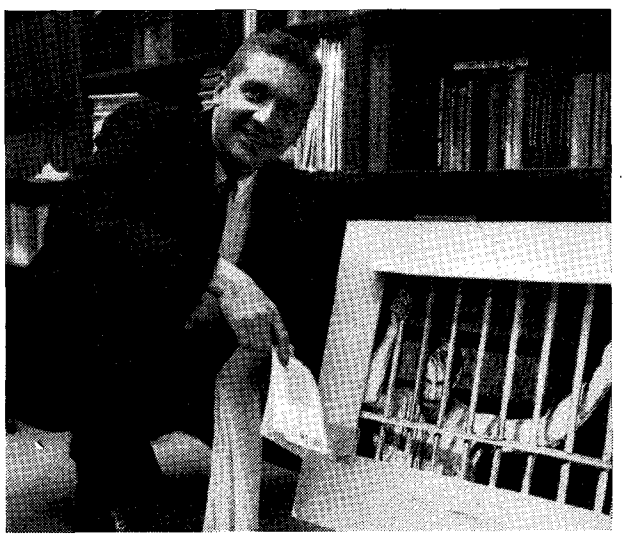
Keeping Posted

Choirboy Revives Memories

The chorus of alleluias echoing from New York's Cathedral Choir School to this week's FACE OF AMERICA feature (page 18) was captured on film by photographer **Farrel Grehan**, but the text and the idea for the photograph came to us from an alumnus of the school, ex-choirboy **Douglas Borgstedt** (see photo). In the early 1920's Borgstedt and his brother Erik were boy sopranos at the Cathedral School. Erik, the better behaved of the brothers, became a Benedictine monk. Douglas, who occasionally was caned by the headmaster, went on to become a cartoonist, then *The Post*'s cartoon editor, later a feature editor of *Yank*, and finally *The Post*'s photography editor.

Douglas Borgstedt, circa 1923.

Post Man Makes The Post



Ben Patterson—with the caged protagonist of his story.

New Orleans born **Benton Rain Patterson**, thirty-one, unlike the protagonist of his first *Post* story (REPRIEVE, page 16), never has resided in a prison cell. But he did live in a cell-sized house trailer for a while, during his years as a newspaperman in Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Alabama and Missouri. Two years ago he became a copy editor for *The Post* and settled down in suburban Willow Grove, Pennsylvania.

Patterson was graduated from Florida's Stetson University in 1950. He studied law for a year at Washington University in St. Louis, while on the staff of the *Globe-Democrat*. He has a wife and three children, all of whom attend Sunday school at Willow Grove Baptist Church—papa is Sunday-school superintendent—and all of whom clear out of the dining room by eight P.M. whenever papa is in a writing mood. Patterson plotted REPRIEVE in his mind for more than a year; the writing took only twenty hours at the dining table.

Writer Rawls and His Ring-Tailed Friends

Wilson Rawls is forty-one years old, but THE HOUNDS OF YOUTH, his short serial which continues on page 34, is the first manuscript he had the courage to submit for publication. Doubleday was as enchanted by it as we were and will publish a longer version late next month, under the title, *Where the Red Fern Grows*. It will be the June selection of the Literary Guild's Young Adult Division.

THE HOUNDS OF YOUTH is largely autobiographical. Rawls, like the boy in the story, was reared in the Ozarks—Scraper, Oklahoma, to be precise—and earned his spending money by hunting with his coon hound. ("We ran the rings off the tails of the raccoons.") He quit school to follow the trade of carpentry—and follow it he did, from one construction project to another. Three years ago he married and settled down in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Wilson Rawls—in the raccoon cage of the Idaho Falls zoo.

Author Rawls gives his wife, an Atomic Energy Commission budget analyst, full credit for his novel. She served as his typist and editor and, in the year it took him to complete the manuscript, she bought the groceries, paid the rent "and growled at neighbors who gossiped about her lazy husband."

The Seeing-Eye Sea Dog

In March of 1952, during an air strike near Wonsan, North Korea, an antiaircraft shell exploded almost in the face of Ensign Ken Schechter, pilot of a Navy dive bomber. Blinded, Schechter signaled for help. Within seconds Lt. (j.g.) Howard Thayer, Schechter's roommate on the carrier *Valley Forge*, was flying alongside him and giving him flying instructions by radio. Thayer helped Schechter bring his crippled plane in for a perfect landing on a graveled airstrip behind UN lines. The story was told in our November 29, 1952, issue—THE CASE OF THE BLIND PILOT, by Cmdr. Harry A. Burns, USN.

Thayer was Johnny on the spot again a year later, flying over Communist lines, when fragments of an enemy shell hit Lt. (j.g.) John J. Chambers in both legs and arms and knocked out his radio and instruments. This time Thayer gave flying directions by hand, led Chambers to an emergency crash-landing. Thereafter Thayer was known in the Navy as the Seeing-Eye sea dog.

Two months ago Lieutenant Commander Thayer was flying a plane from the carrier *Independence*. On a routine flight over the Mediterranean the navigational equipment on the plane of Thayer's commanding officer, Cmdr. John W. Shuff, went haywire. Thayer offered to guide Shuff back to the carrier. "With the *Independence* in sight," reported the *Navy Times*, "Shuff's plane unexplainedly crashed into the sea. Moments later, Thayer, turning abeam of the carrier to make his landing, also crashed. . . . Neither man was found. Why the crashed will probably never be known."

We salute their memory.

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